

The Rent Is Due

You, Me, and Everyone We Know

Last night, my mind dreamt
across 8 state lines
to lull into dreams of sleeping, lying
but not so alone this time

could you feel it when i stole covers,
kissed your neck
and wished you one goodnight
i hoped to remain in for the rest of my days

now these north breezes haunt me so teasingly placed
once again in my path, once again i am faced
with the cold truth of autumn the tease of her taste
my bags have been packed for days

So make it a point to
say you miss me
and tell all of your friends
of the boy from which your accent comes
oh wont you hold it, against me
for knowing the words
what you say to make your heartbeat stop

last night, my arm stretched out
up new england and into the deep south
just to pull back clouds that hide the sun
just to burst through your windows just for fun

could you feel when i snuck in?
starting slowly a battle i could never win
could you feel when i burst through
i am the sunligh drenching you

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