

Saves The Day, Jessie And My Whetstone

To me, the only thing left after a while was that night we
watched documentaries up through morning and then you
kicked me out.

You opened up your screen door and threw me off the porch.
It was summer then and I drove home whistling muddy waters
down the pike.

And that was that: our one sweet night together.

Under highway signs I watched our love start fluttering and
dissipating.

I counted all the headlights to make sure I was all right.

Now I'm wondering is it me or is it me that can't see silver linings?

So I fucked it up.

I watched you go.

I saw my hand not dialing the phone.

All I'm left to do is remember the dull room
we sat in blue stream light watching the strike of '59.

I dreamed of wrecking my underwear.

Oh can't I touch your cheeks somewhere under dirt filled rainy
nights with my socks stuck in the mud?

Please come dive in puddles with me.

our one sweet night together.

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