

Bankrupt

"Drains To The Mississippi"

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So where did August go?
The leaves are shriveled up and dead.
What started yellow has turned to grey.
I turned you red.

I was suffocating so
I took a breath and let you go.
You left me leaning and I spent the evening pounding
sand
With pounding head.

I woke up to the rain.
It won't be the same here without you.
So goodbye and good luck, know it won't be the same.

Was kinda drunk that night you know,
And now I'm outside kicking stones and getting drunk
on grief.
Down and incomplete, walking Carson street alone.
The summer heat it grabbed me
By the neck and hung me out to dry.
Dropping into cold,
Twist my fists in folds
Of my winter clothes.

Alone, I'm going home to an empty room,
To have on Orchard road.
Absurd fucking world.
Feel like dropping dead, but I laugh instead.
Dumb guy, smart girl.

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