

Desa "5 Year Reunion"

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Another youthful plan gets dragged ashore.
One more angel fails her pregnancy test.
Diploma dangles amid grade school photos.
Yearbook autographs are my only connection.
The disappearing ink signatures are like fossils now.
I've driven stories into the ground.
Lost track of faces I swore I'd always remember.
Childhood left without a sound.
I stare at old drawings and things I've written down
and I think the disappearing ink sketches must be from
another world.
9 years ago I felt like I'd be young forever.
Now phantom former loves have apartments with no
address.
This shapeless poem throws new shadows
as it stretches farther across my lined paper life.
Another color fades from memory.
One more dream gets tangled and threatens to drown.
Kisses sparkle between cloudy weekdays we waste for
a rent check.

It's checkmate for most kids. We play by the rules but
it's
someone else's game. How I miss the secret sounds. A
fluttering eyelash or a
dance floor collision.
Childhood left without a sound.
Our eyes were stuck on angels as the plane went down
in the distance.
The search and rescue future still has much to figure
out.
If I knew then what I know now, I'd know this thought is
over.
Why waste time on time machines?
They don't exist or make you younger.

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