

The Brilliant Green

"It Was Pancho Villa"

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Remember the famous last words that someone
famous said,
"tell them i said something, don't let it end like this,"
On a re-upholstered leather couch in a cloud of tv,
Smoke, and cigarettes, or a mattress on a hard wood
floor
And an old acoustic missing stringed guitar
Playing that same stupid punk rock song,
"weve been at the end all along,"
A bathroobe in the hall from a long time agos lost
friend,
And a note that waited ten years to tell me to
remember him,
He said; "its been too long since we had a day together
in new york,"
Absences as long as life is short,
In the first chapter of the best book that i ever read in
my life, it said,
"to be reborn, first you have to die,"
Hey, would it be alright if i used your couch to get too
drunk tonight?
I've spent so many days pushing my skies away
So i can keep my sights squarely on the ground,
Reincarnations killing me

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