

Haste

"To My Last Breath"

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Summer with the lights out finds me in my parent's
basement, watching bedroom movies.
Pictures and holidays hang in the hall. Guided by
memory.
Where we stand is where we'll jump from.
It doesn't seem so far from finding common surface
and to still retreating hearts.
Once choice turns two aside. A direction thought in
common.
A passing glance serving as a makeshift altar.
Whispering, we confess. Where we stand is where we'll
jump from.
It doesn't seem so far from finding common surface
and to still retreating hearts.
From the playground to my last breath doesn't seem so
far from finding common surface
And to still retreating hearts. Keep hoping for movie
miracles.
The windows are frames and the scenes can change.
I would have had to kiss you at the drive-thru window if
they had their way.
Where we stand is where we'll jump from.
It doesn't seem so far from finding common surface
and to still retreating hearts.
From the playground to my last breath doesn't seem so
far from finding common surface
And to still retreating hearts.

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