

Hat On, Drinking Wine "Pictures Of Your Exhibition"

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A daytime moon in an empty sky, through our bedroom
window frame

A coffee cup left on the deck, half-filled up with rain

A lonely arm in an unmade bed that you splattered with
drops of paint

And me standing there on the front porch steps
holding postcards from our pain

Chorus

The pictures of your exhibition came in yesterday's
mail

And so I get to see once more how we managed to fail

The souvenirs of our inhibitions splayed there on the
page

Your frigid touch, an empty glass, and all my pointless
rage

I can't stop staring at the one of our son, fallen in the
backyard dirt

You framed his head with yellow light, like a halo that's
not quite done

He's got a busted truck, a face full of mud, and grass
stains on his shirt

And you painted us both there in his face, our tears
streaming down in the sun

The pictures of your exhibition came in yesterday's
mail

And so I get to see once more how we managed to fail

The souvenirs of our inhibitions splayed there on the
page

Your frigid touch, an empty glass, and all my pointless
rage

Instrumental Verse

There's a rainy glaze over everything, battered trees
stretching for the sky

Kids playing ball, a street full of cars, a coffee shop's
neon sign

Fire hydrant yellows and new car reds, riding on

asphalt gray

And I see it all through your window frame, and you
see it all from mine

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page

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rage

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