

Horace Pinker

"Nothing At All"

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i can look until my eyes turn from brown to blue and
pretend every girl
that i see isn't you does it change a thing? we're
hopelessly waiting for
that letter to arrive well i haven't sent it i'm alone with a
pen and paper
for the present it's evident my perfect descent it began
at the end and
as i looked ahead can't even take the first step can't
even try to pretend
it's all in reverse that bad day got worse your anger
insecurity pushed
me away and i should have known everything i learned
that day but you can
never know until you try never know until you try has it
changed nothing
at all i think i'll try from now on not to start at the end
get the conclusion
first and then the middle begin do you think it will work
for me? breathe
out before you suck in maybe i'll try to smoke again it
seems to have worked
for you when you wanted me and i wanted you and it
was such a simple singular
point of view an equal equation adds one and one, two
one and one, two

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