

Hund Bob

"Your Day"

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You look so worn down and I
Brush hair away from your face
My eyes can't meet yours
And as I watch you disgrace
Faster than the shedding of tears
Tissues cannot absorb
And though you think it makes your day
You like it more when it goes wrong
And I accept the thought that someday
You'd go back to where you belong
And as all the bags are filled
With all the items that you own
Can you leave faster
To prevent myself from
Stopping you I'll show you the door
That's open for you
And though you think it makes your day
You like it more when it goes wrong
And I accept the thought that someday
You'd go back to where you belong
I decorate where I saw differences
Knowing why eyeliner runs
Dampening the warmth of your face

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