

**Kevin Devine****"11-17"**

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I thought I was in love  
It felt like it from close up  
But someplace to spill my blood  
Was all it ever was  
I felt I was in debt  
Each night spent in your bed  
A dream I let drop dead  
And never had again  
You were the moon held high  
You broke black with your clean light  
You're words I can't say right  
Anytime I try  
You said, "Sing from your joy!  
You sound bored, you sound annoyed.  
You can't keep what you did not have;  
Can't even give it back.  
So go, write from your spine.  
Tell the truth and you'll be fine.  
So what if your truth's just another lie?  
No one seems to mind."  
These sour grapes when the joke goes bad

This same smirk, same bullshit laugh

The egg on my face when I can't go back

I didn't plan for that

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