

## Kina Grannis

### "Grapes"

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Despite what you recommend  
Despite what you implement  
This just can't stand anymore  
3 A.M. at my door  
With no one to tell you that it's wrong

Drugged for some seasons  
Sure we were pure  
Like cancer's quick miracle  
Or resin chalk spectacles  
Party after party  
The laughs they just told you that you were on  
And the luckiest asshole I've ever met  
Is playing music on my bed again  
Sharing wings and boulders  
Bringing me back in

Those who all give advice  
Those who all recommend  
Those who know everything  
Kitchen philosophy  
Those who speak quietly  
Words wide and sympathy  
They don't know of your eyes  
Six inches from mine  
Or the taste of your hips  
With the windows wide open

So here we hang loosely  
And dry on the vine  
I put my hair up and think of us marrying  
This garden's the same but these fruits have new  
names  
I have wanted you for so long  
And the luck of the lasso, for once I wept  
Never seemed to get more than a glance  
And the feathers and boulders I once possessed  
They found a home in age and circumstance

