

Mates Of State

"Blue And Gold Print"

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So long,
lost loves.
I haven't forgotten you,
just yet.
I hung
your picture before I knew,
next to
scenes set in golden hues.
Your face,
still drifting inside my head.
The weight is gone,
heavy words that I could have said.
I sang instead
when other girls only cried.
I called it grace.
I am a mindless child.

But I said: He's treating me right.

You're gone.
What's left?
Memories of greater days
just hang.
Look on, you say.
Build together the obvious clues.
Taught you:
skip the series of laid out rules.
Go sing outside,
as clouds raining spark the night.
That's how we met.
Was it the greatest day of this life?

I said: (S)he's treating me right.

We're just a little bit lost
inside our houses.
We're just a little unkept
out in the streets.

But I won't ever pass up
a second to tell you

replacements a myth
'Cause I know when the kids are all grown
we will still have this blue and gold print.

He's treating me right.
I know he's treating me right.

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