

## A Cursive Memory

### "This Is Why We Don't Have Nice Things"

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I guess it's where we had to let it end. It seems our best intentions came up shorting us again. Can you see the sunset from the highway? And can you leave those plans for us behind? Cause broken hearts they mend, to fall in love again... You won't see me breaking... When I leave you're keys there on the night stand, and lock the door so I can't walk in, and make sense of this, cause there is no sense to this. When I break a window and cut my hand, through shattered glass I'll climb back in, and lose my head again, and wonder where it ever went. This is where we found ourselves again. The same old resolution loses meaning once again... And can you see the sunset in New Jersey? And can you leave that place we knew behind? Cause love it tries to bend, the breaking point within, you won't see me waiting... There's time's I can pretend, that I felt home again. But I keep wa

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