

A Day At The Fair "So Much For Nostalgia"

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This story keeps writing itself, pages and chapters of
you and I, of things that I wish would have happened,
of things that I wish you would say, then you whispered
to me said I missed you, as I silently basked in your
words, these eight letters that keep me from growing,
out and away from you

we still return to the seasons where these corners and
cracks of this street are still leading me home

this tongue just keeps tying itself, unspoken words
from the mouth of a bottle of things that I wish I could
tell you, of things that you can't understand, and we
still return to the life where these...

I keep running back in your direction, to these beaches
and swings that we know, it's as empty as when we had
left it, still writing these letters to you

the truth behind story incredible glories of you and
what my mind has made you, the life bearing pictures
these porches these splinters and summers that are
making me whole
still I fly high and away from these dreams
still I fly high and away from these things

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