

The Hanks

"The Lunchtime Crowd"

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The lunchtime crowd is clearing out when, with feigned casualness, you say,

"It's a shame we're out of time,

'cause I had something on my mind.

" I thought, "God, this sounds meaningful in an awful way."

I say, "You can't just leave me with that.

My head is cluttered up enough with facts, to be filled with apprehension."

So you say exactly what we've both been feeling in our gut but hoped we would never have to mention.

So I'm lost again and I've barely begun.

Thought the journey mattered more than the destination.

Am I just in love with the idea of you?

And will anything else ever do?

The phone rings. I hesitate then answer with a sense of dread.

We talk for hours, least we move our mouths, but it's clear nothing's really getting said.

I hang up, and my spirits sag.

Why do we play love like tag? And why's the word "commitment" lack euphony?

We still kiss like we're young, so maybe I'm jumping the gun, but your silence seems to say that you agree.

So I'm lost again and I've barely begun.

Thought the journey mattered more than the destination.

Am I just in love with the idea of you?

And will anything else ever do?

As the planes touch down, the terminal frowns at the people departing while it waits.

I board and look back at the connection we lack.

Even before I left you seemed so far away.

So I'm lost again and I've barely begun.

Thought the journey mattered more than the
destination.
Am I just in love with the idea of you?
And will anything else ever do?

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