

## **Bad Books**

### **"Mesa, AZ"**

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We passed eight hundred miles  
Talking circles about living with loss  
You said your sense of humor's  
Always helped you get above and across

Every hurdle, every chasm  
Every shocking and unspeakable blow  
Just proves the universe is chaos  
So you laugh to clear the lump from your throat

But if you're fixed on being bitter  
Go be bitter on your own  
We're still two hours from El Paso  
Arizona's such a long way to go

The chemicals were coursing through  
Our bloodstreams at incongruous rates  
I was time traveling inward  
Through a past life I can never erase

You were hanging out the window  
You said, "We're just a beggar's banquet in space"  
You were laughing at the moon  
You were cursing it for wearing your face

Me and New Mexico are orphans  
Or is it bastards? Either way  
I think I know a guy in Roswell  
We'll hitch a moon ride, steal you back your face

You sleep and whistle 'Blackbird' backwards  
While my eyes cut her name in clay  
You wake to Mesa, Arizona  
Say, "Let it go, she'll change her mind someday"

You took the wheel in Mesa, Arizona  
"I got the rest, man  
You can drift away"

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