

## David Arn

# "I'm Leaving You"

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I'm leaving you the big picture of our one ballroom  
dance

The frame is held with pins and glue, it might have a  
chance

I'm leaving you lush gladiolas you bought on Saturday  
Hope they will be okay with this low room light

I'm leaving you prescription bottles empty on the floor  
Your garden shoes and magazines, the junk at the  
door

I'm leaving you vintage maps to see where we agreed  
And where we'd cast away from each other's shore

Christina said she'd drop by to help you get better  
On her footpath she found the button to your pearl gray  
sweater

No one knows what's written in the stars  
She saw what's in the cards I'm leaving you

I'm leaving you your religion that cuts its losses every  
week

Can't turn its pockets inside out when the poor and  
hungry speak

I wish I was simply leaving for a stroll down the hall  
There were times I wished we were that close to call

And when Christina comes by, my car's south of the  
station

The first demand on your list was reliable  
transportation

Blanket of clouds is coming off the hill  
I can almost feel the chill I'm leaving you

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