

## Owen

### "Never Been Born"

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These old bones don't feel so old when I'm home with you. When I'm not with you, I'm getting drunk with college kids, learning lessons that didn't stick, telling lies to stay interesting

These old bones don't feel so old when I'm home with you, In bed with your youth, they way your skin sticks to your ribs, the way my hips fit in your hips, I'm 18 again, dependent like an infant, content like I've never been. (But I was born to a rose and her thorn), and they were about as old as I am now.

These old bones don't feel so old when I'm home with you. When I'm not with you, I'm shitting blood and puking piss, sweating (bile) and awkwardness, it's a young man's game, about time I quit

Brown Hair in a Bird's nest:

Brown hair in a birds nest, a pile of teeth under a tree, the frayed sleeves of a poorly tailored jacket... another wasted night searching for life, digging up graves 'cause i've got something to say to the dead and buried.

You know how my mind, it drifts, a small boat lost at sea- (callow) and rudderless, to say the least. I swear on my mother's gravy that I didn't lie to you. I was only, as usual, confused

It was wrong of me to curse your family's name\* and your faith in an answering machine that I knew but didn't know how to use, for how long must I lay awake? for how many long nights shall I keep digging up graves?

Well I swear on my mother's gravy that I didn't lie to you, I just didn't tell the truth

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