

Park

"Nice Night For A Fist Fight"

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Take back your new yellow dress
the one without the blood stains that makes you feel
the best,
but insincere and moving scared you were just waiting
patiently
for a moment between the second you knew would be
there

Maybe if I could have held out longer
I would be sharing with you my last cigarette
and maybe if I could have let go sooner
I wouldn't be telling to you my first six regrets

Act out your clueless distress
and try not to forget the numbers scratched onto your
chest
but in-between and out of scenes

you were sprinting for an epiphany
hoping this would all make sense

And maybe if I could have held out longer
I would be sharing with you my last cigarette
and maybe if I could have let go sooner
I wouldn't be telling to you my first six regrets

I'm sure it felt good to you
to find a wound to bleed through
a sense of security the feel of someone to cling to
the fuel is fear the scenery's not that clear
but as for insight it's a nice night for a fist fight.

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