

Pompeii

"Catalogue"

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Pillows over your head, scared your thoughts might
seep
Through doors,
Loud as your creaking hard-wood floors that give you
Away.
And know today I saw a beat up car. it had rusted on
the
Roof like yours,
Had no reflection through the back seat window. I
started
To shake.
I started to.

We spread our tracks across the lawns outside our
homes,
Both driving by when no one's home, when it's too late.
If ever there were a cause for drift, I'd swear it to be
The land or air, because accounting for all that space
Between us would make it seem like we don't care. no,
but
We still care.

If ever there were a cause for drift I'd swear it to be
The land or air, because accounting for all that space
Between us would make it seem like we don't care. no,
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