

American Minor

"I'll Be Gone"

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It was a long hot summer day
We're in the living room watching the light drain away
Too tired to read what your cards foretold
Inside of a yawn
When she said,
"the first time you show me your true heart I'll be
gone."

The numb ringing after the bell was rung
Playing red light green light, such timeless fun
There was no way to kickstart any conversation
It was like the beginning of 2001
When she said, "i'll be gone."

The air isn't moving and
The women have nothing on their lips
But the kind of breath that you keep for the hospital
bed
Pregnant with the timeless drop and the wind
How the air leeches the gold out of everything elusive
and stolen
I'll be gone

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