

## **Sarah Harmer**

### **"Basement Apt."**

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You live out where the street ends  
In a basement apt. with one of your friends  
And the tap drips all night  
Water torture in the sink  
The furnace is burning  
But it's still cold i think  
I can smell the bleach  
That they use in the hall  
But it can't clean the dirt off of me  
It's seeping under the door  
In across the floor  
It's starting to hurt  
Everytime I breathe  
Everytime I try to leave  
Everytime I breathe  
Now the toaster sticks  
And the empties are piled  
I haven't been up the stairs in awhile now  
I gotta wash the sheets on my bed  
Gotta watch the things that go unsaid  
God I wish we'd leave it at this  
And every evening you open the door  
You come down  
There's nothing like watching tv all night underground  
And no one is watching me slide  
Below street level  
Barely alive  
Now we live out where the street ends  
In a basement apt. just like our friends  
We always said that we were different  
But you know now that we weren't  
'cause there's holes in all the bottles  
And my lungs hurt

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