

Saves The Day "I'm Sorry I'm Leaving"

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Your middle finger was clutching my thumb through
the park
and over macedougal.
The torches were blazing about our street and just
down from the sky.
Casey stepped with Anna off the curb.
His shoes are clogs, did you see?
They dipped in that puddle, the one catching green.
They were tripping up and slipping around,
singing 'Rosalita come out tonight' and oh I wanted to
pull you down.

roll on top of me, baby. just roll.
we'll wreck our clothes.
we'll scrape our knees.
we'll taste the scabs.
you, sweet, are worth these next four months
until I bail out and kiss behind your ears, drive off in
the van.
oh my god, I think I'm dying in this car seat, where I'll
spend through winter.

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