

Day At The Fair, A "So Much For Nostalgia"

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This story keeps writing itself,
pages and chapters of you and I,
of things that I wish would have happened,
of things that I wish you would say,
then you whispered to me said I missed you,
as I silently basked in your words,
these eight letters that keep me from growing,
out and away from you

we still return to the seasons where
these corners and cracks of this street
are still leading me home

this tongue just keeps tying itself,
unspoken words from the mouth of a
bottle of things that I wish I could tell you,
of things that you can't understand,
and we still return to the life where these...

I keep running back in your direction
, to these beaches and swings that we know,
it's as empty as when we had left it,
still writing these letters to you

the truth behind story incredible glories
of you and what my mind has made you,
the life bearing pictures these porches these
splinters and summers that are making me whole

still I fly high and away from these dreams
still I fly high and away from these things

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