

Lyndsay Diaries, The "Des Peres"

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In and out of intersections in a suburb of St. Louis,
Misery.
In the back back seat of your parent's gold Volvo,
we waved to passing cars,
and talked about who would win the world series.
And now we could care less about baseball,
or how much the rookie card is worth.
We could care less.

Do you remember those days at all?
When we threw it back in their face.
All the girls we kissed,
and how we thought those days would never end.
And here we are today.

And now you're getting married,
and I'm struggling to find a date.
I'm struggling.
And all the games we play are the same today as
yesterday,
the rules have changed.
Everything has changed.

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