

lost years

He said:
I've been waiting here all my life
The dream of you brought me to life.

Are you real ?

Am I crazy?

I used to think I saw you on my street,
but now it all seems hazy.

I'm glad you're here
Lets make up for our lost years.

tragic magic

turned inside out
every seed I planted withered in the drought

your laugh was like sweet summer rain that washed away my pain

I let you pour yourself out so I could be quenched
Every blood soaked knife was aimed at you,
but you never flinched

you stayed the course as I grew worse

every night my dreams became nightmares
you couldn't hear me
I screamed for you to see me

you held me tight and told me it would all be alright

then I started that fight
and every fear I'd ever conjured came to light
The silence lingered for months,
I avoided all our old haunts

I let you think I had forgotten your smile
and how you walked with me every mile

I used your magic
and I came out a little less tragic.

regrets in july

You called me that night in late July
You asked If I was doing ok and said you just needed to say hi
I should have told you that,
After all this time, I still love you too.

But,

Could I really drink you in for the rest of my life
Or will the taste of you turn bitter in my mouth?

on the cutting room floor

They played Lady A on the radio today
It made me sad to think of you being so far away

Sometimes I pick up my phone to dial your number

I always stop myself and ponder

In creeps doubt, and I wonder:

Do you still love me or are we just a memory lying on the cutting room floor?