Weird Divide

The Shins

Several days a month you made
The mile to my house,
And had me do a stroll with you.Far below a furry moon
Our purposes crossed
The weird divide
Between our kindsThe silver leaves of ailing trees
Took flights as we passed so long ago
But a short time i know.It pleases me this memory
Has swollen up with age.
Even time can do
Good things to you.

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