

# Hiding

## Modern Baseball

Take the train to Frankford  
I won't answer when they call  
I guess that's just my gift to myself  
Drank a lot and danced to The Cure  
Holding on for dear life  
To the frayed edge of a feeling we misplaced years ago  
And knowing we should really get back homeMade mistakes  
The plants died young, like all good things  
But I wish my small self had known  
How much water to use  
Still some nights I find  
The ideas that bring me rest  
Are the ones that used to prod and pester and keep me up  
Swinging open doors I swore I'd shut  
Pouring pewter  
Amassing coins to displace debt to you  
My straight-line shooter  
Let me learn here  
I am in pursuit of all I can undoEntertain the cancer  
We all answer upwards either way  
The waiting game is tied again  
Backs of hands and phrases  
Misplaced gazes  
Things we still deny to selves and hesitate to talk about  
A call from high school two drinks in  
I smiled but you could not see  
Your tin can cell receiver Hummed its New York static song  
The lever pulled and all at once  
The floor was false  
The center seam divided  
Lace and well-pressed cotton  
Found the flood we'd since forgotten  
We still leave our shoes at the door  
Before we wring out our wet clothes  
Across your floor and futureStitch the gaps that destiny assumed  
With floral sutures  
Are you hiding or have I abandoned you?  
Let me learn here  
I am in pursuit

Of all I can undo

Of all I can undo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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