

We Could Die Like This

The Wonder Years

Memories flood back like photographsâ€”all bright and out of focus, all drab with muted colors.
The whole world smells like True Blueâ€”the only brand my grandma smokesâ€”and the faintest hint of Coppertone.
I'm watching shorebirds circle in real close. I know you're gonna go.
Just please leave me a note. I left because you asked me to.
Operator, take me home. I don't know where else to go.
I wanna die in the suburbs.
A heart attack shoveling snow all alone. If I die, I wanna die in the suburbs.
Northeast winters make boys into men, staring out at snow-plowed mountains in the parking lots of churches.
The city just felt worn out, no strength to pick our hearts off the ground.
We watched the '92 Birds take the field without Jerome Brown.
We keep quiet when it gets bad. We don't talk about the setbacks.
They only hear it when your voice cracks.
You start remembering the anniversaries of the bad things.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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