Holding Patterns

Kind of Like Spitting

Dan and I got stoned
On my porch the day your ashes hit the river
I considered irony
I couldn't quite think of any word
"B" thinks I should write you a letter
That it might be better than just lashing out
So I gave it to a typewriter
And it was also ridiculous written downI remember so much light off you
Every song held a smile for youI often do these things like you
Laughing out the side of my face
Dancing to your old mix tapesA sweater soft, a hug goodbye
When you called us three days later
We all knew you were high
We all knew you were tired
But we thought you'd make it through the nightEvery song held a smile for you
I remember so much life in you
How I never had the guts to make a move
I remember walking out on you

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/