Still Photo

John Wesley Harding

I saw you yesterday
I couldn't let you be
I had to sift through broken glass
To find out if you missed me
But all I found was a slow fade
And a gift-wrapped box of band aids
With a note that said "i'm never coming home"Beneath my single bed
Everything's haphazard
There's boxes full of bits of you
And none of them are numbered
And when I search, it's deja vu
Things I think I knew
I should have thrown away this time last yearEverytime I touch you
You move so slow
And you're still like your photoI heard me yesterday
Repeating my own name
To convince myself
That none of us had changed
And now I'm walking round the grooves
Of a record I lost when we moved
There's dust and scratches mixed with all these tearsEverytime I touch you
You move so slow
And you're still like your photoShould we throw it all away
The failed long shots through far distant styles
Those forced smiles, those forced smiles
It started so on the mark
But it missed by one million milesNothing has developed
This darkroom gets me down
I'd throw on all the lights
But I'm afraid you'd come around
You're living in a limbo hell
A life that's only parallel
Is the real you aware what's going on?Everytime I touch you
You move so slow
And you're still like your photo

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