

Notes

Modern Baseball

Dear long dark hair
I write 'cause I know you'll forget
You could be
Sea green in a waste basket tomorrow
No repulsions for
My premature indulgences
If you can't recall a word I said
And I like those cheekbones
That crooked nose
No, those fellas stick around too long
Perpetuating every pathetic word that I skew
Into song
She was my trophy shelf of slip-ups
My untamed hormonal Loch Ness shit-show
On late night rotation
For months on end
A brick-boot swimming lesson
In the deep end of my adolescence
Scrawling notes on the backs of my hands
But I'll start fresh with you
Extracting the rusted
Attachments keeping the diehard nuts, bolts, and screws
We'll go from square one
With the wit of an old pro
And you can fill in the gaps
With whatever you know
My long, dark hair

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

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