A Table for Four

Small Brown Bike

Brother of mine.
Where are you going?
Drunken stares.
This table just isn't the same.
A wave goodbye from both of our driveways.
Say anything.
You're married now.
This never-ending story of people,
leaving and going and coming back home.
Stay - Where are you going?
Why are you leaving?
Please just come back home.
Why? - I've never felt this.
No one is home now.
I'm changing for the worse.
No - Late night phone calls.
Bags are packed up now.
You can come back home.
I know - You gave it a try.
Some things don't work out.
Your family is home.
I've never said goodbye this many times.
I will try to keep in touch with you.
It's not the same.
The stories are changing.
Chairs have turned and backs will be turning.
Chicago night.
Sidewalk confessions.
"I'm going to a place where no one knows me."
We're taught to fail.
We're made to crawl.
We're built to stay together.
Don't question our ties.
I don't deny the lies we told and the stories we never sold.
We tried and some will die trying.
We just end up failing.
The bag pipes are playing our song while we wait in line for our lives.
Grab my hand before I kiss the bottom.
This table is falling apart.

Like glue:I'm bonded to you...

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