

Underneath

Wildpath

Among the crumpled tissues white like daisies fell like soldiers dead determined

I surrender

CD cases broken in a desperate chance to find the perfect ballad

To move you

Fight with little purpose

Only meaning to scratch the surface

It's not pretty underneath

There among debris find casual in casualty

It's not pretty underneath

A bottle meant for two a glass that's full of legs but free of any fingerprints

From you

A neighbor one time pounding on the wall now lulled to sleep by lowered voices

Is waking

Fight with little purpose

Only meaning to scratch the surface

It's not pretty underneath

There among debris find casual in casualty

It's not pretty underneath

My eyes are on your hands I'm helpless when I'm looking at you

Be very very careful not to

Crack the seals of last year's arguments they don't hold a candle to the one

This year

A disagreement used to be a speed bump on a highway going eighty

Fight with little purpose...

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