# St. Augustine

## An Angle

silver scents of Saint Augustine
fire in the ground
between my better teeth
we're dancing on the poison in their graves
at the end of the night
we'd all seen better days
i know you tried
i know you're cursed
i know your best was still your worst
when Hollywood was calling out your name
if i stayed behind
would you let your hair grow?
i will forget

the favors that you owe
I'm dreaming of car wrecks and thunderstorms bright
let's bury ourselves
and go haunt someone tonight
i know you tried
i know you're cursed
i know your best was still your worst
when Hollywood was calling out your name
Saint Augustine

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