

# Between First and A

## Punch Brothers

I've never dwelled on leaving  
Only getting somewhere

But darling I'll miss these evenings  
In my fourth floor walk-up  
Villagers stumbling below  
Trying to catch each other  
On the very street where I caught you

With three drinks  
Maybe more  
Four blocks  
In the summer rain  
And one kiss  
At my door  
We brushed  
Off the cabs  
Looked up  
Past the fire escape  
To find us  
Looking back  
At what we're leaving to get somewhere

Darling I'll keep that apartment  
In some loud  
And reckless  
Recess of  
My heart

I moved  
There alone  
To leave  
With a girl like you  
Your love  
Drives it home  
And I might look over my shoulder  
But I'll never dwell on leaving  
If I'm getting somewhere

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