

# To a Poet

## First Aid Kit

And you said, "Don't give me nothing  
you don't want to lose"  
I said, "Darling, I'll give you everything I got  
if I want them to choose" Then I got on a plane and flew  
far away from you  
Though unwillingly I left  
and it was so, so hard to do The streets here at home had rapidly filled up  
with the whitest of snow  
And they don't make no excuse for themselves  
and there's no need, I know Now I miss you more than I can take  
and I will surely break  
And every morning that I wake  
God, it is the same  
There's nothing more to it,  
I just get through it  
Oh, there's nothing more to it  
I just get through it It always takes my by surprise  
how dark it gets this time of year  
And how apparent it all becomes  
that you're not close, not even near No matter how many times I tell myself  
I have to be sincere  
I have a hard time standing up  
and facing those fears But Frank put it best when he said  
"You can't plan on the heart"  
Those words keep me on my feet  
when I think I might just fall apart Now I miss you more than I can take  
and I will surely break  
And every morning that I wake  
God, there is this ache  
There's nothing more to it,  
I just get through it  
Oh, there's nothing more to it  
I just get through it  
Oh, there's nothing more to it  
I just get through it And so I ask where are you now  
Just when I needed you  
I won't ask again  
Because I know there's nothing we can do  
Not now, darling, you know it's true

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