

# 13 Months in 6 Minutes

## Wrens

not yet 21  
with introductions done  
a first slow dance just ends  
    I was at my best  
    we ignored the rest  
    (my band and your friends)  
    but as better night became best day  
    we left the party while last records played  
    what started as dessert back at your house  
        ended on the couch  
        hours at your mouth  
        sunday's on our hands  
        we followed were it led  
        I followed you to bed  
        we started secret plans  
forward 7 months: I've only seen you once  
    I never call on time  
    trying to seem tough  
    I said one visit's enough  
    enough to keep you mine  
        (of course it wasn't)  
        we were done by June  
you'd graduate and leave for london soon  
your layover at newark's near my house  
    we met for dinner there  
    just one hour to spare  
    your 20's all mapped out  
    I'm in my driest drought  
    feeling old and shot and how  
    and this is what I thought:  
        I seem to still be caught  
        I'm a footnote at best  
        I envy who comes next  
    wish we could just make out  
        'The hour's almost up'  
        you said into your cup  
and it makes no difference now  
    as I help lift your bags out  
    that I'm lost and out of rope

while on my wrist you wrote  
your newest number down  
I kind of said your name  
but you'd turn to your plane  
so I backed my car out  
I knew we'd never write  
(somehow that seemed all right)  
but this counts as calling three years out

Lyrics provided by  
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