Late Lives

Pianos Become the Teeth

How odd life would be if you had made it from Elmira to Kansas City,
Instead you cried the whole way,
punching the wheel home,
and I forget his name,
but like Billy said, "you can't be everything you want to be, before your time,"
so slow it down,
because everyone will wait for you,
there's no fire,
just the heat where the sweat never leaves,
you never fully dry out,
so stand still, the air will move,
it'll wash over you and almost cool you off,
and like you said, "what the hell is the rush?"
Well you, you're one to talk,
gone a little too soon,
but I know you hated being late,
and I guess you arrived right on time,
and I'm still here,
still on this side of the grass,
but lately I'm feeling halfway there,
and that's a long time for late lives and separate failures,
with not much to show but a lack of posture,
I know I drove myself to this,
I think you already know,
I think you already heard,
at least I hope,
how odd life would be if you had made it from Elmira to Kansas city,
and in the end,
it's like you said,
"that's as good as it gets, man."
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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