

Together Again

Matthew Wesley

Change your hair,
Change the colors running deep from some shade of faded auburn.
And you're there,
But you're not exactly the same person I remember you'll be gone.
Yeah you're just as good as ever,
and more if not forever,
I admit, That I can't stop looking at you,
from across this stupid room.
Like your pictures on a wall,
See I hate growing up. Yeah we were perfect little lovers,
addicted to each other.
I'd call you, and the emotions we provoked,
and I guess it's just a joke and a tease. And now,
If it pleases the court,
I'm submitting evidence,
See I'd like to explain my side,
This isn't who I am. But in the years when you'd tackle me,
by the swing sets,
and the honey in your eyes,
that took the sting out of it quit,
I could see us on television. They'd say oh wait here comes the climax,
it's the turning point of this,
see the stories getting good,
and then we just grew up. And we never got back together again.
They'd say wait, is that how that ends?
All the shit they went through they just quit?
Well that's gotta be the worst ending I've ever heard of.
I'd say yeah. If you think it's bad to hear about,
you should have seen it going on.
When she knocked him to the ground,
he never got back up. But in the years when you'd tackle me,
by the swing sets,
and the honey in your eyes,
it took the sting out of it just quit,
I could see us on television. They'd say oh wait here comes the climax,
and it's the turning point of this,
their stories getting good,
and then they just grew. Heaven knows I've heard you sing such little symphonies before.
Above the world, I bet you know that you were made for something more.

But in the dawn just before the cannons roar,
somewhere deep in the woods is something you've heard before.
And you'll sit back and wonder who I am,
Who am I? I'll introduce myself now.
I'm only five foot something small but in the heart I'm built,
a bit bigger than anyone you've ever known, now grown,
I bet you know that I was made, for something more.
But I'll be gone by the time you realize somewhere deep in yourself,
naive with child eyes.
It's just a room then enter you, and boom, it's only where I wanna be. I can't stop looking at you,
from across this stupid room.
Like your pictures on a wall.

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