Your Death

Paris, Texas

before i left we looked at hooks and lures in your old box the silver gone the red of rust was better and we talked about your brother the crook who broke your window and who stole the show at your own father's funeral i wasn't there but i cried for you he stole from death and from life at the same time and that's why i never want to live my life saying things like i wish i knew what always happened to you and this is what your death would be like i'll crash alone and clean alone and this is what your death would be like i'll drink alone and dream alone your number like an epitaph was scratched into my head and it replaced what common sense i had left and i found it out with a fake name and spanish accent and a story practiced before calling your parents and you know i think they knew i planned my death and my life at the same time and that's why i never want to live my life saying things like i wish i knew what always happeded to you and this is what your death would be like i'll slip alone and sleep alone and this is what your death would be like i'll drive alone i'll be alone and one month isn't long enough to put yourself inside a box i wanted you to hear this song a love one not a requiem it says things i could never say or at least could not explain it's for you as well for them a love one not a requiem

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