

For Want Of

Rites of Spring

I believed memory might mirror no reflections on me, I believed that in forgetting I might set myself free. But I woke
up this morning with a piece of past caught in my throat•
And then I choked. I tried to hide the heart from the head.
And I said I bled in the arms of a girl I'd barely met. And I woke up this morning with the present in splinters on
the ground
And then I drowned. And if I can't see it for want of you You said, "I see"
If there's nothing here then it probably mine
My turn to see if there's nothing here it will always be mine, mine But I woke up this morning with a piece of
past caught in my throat
And then I choked. I guess I've learned the taste of days that will always burn.
I guess I've learned if it in the corner of my eye I can't always turn. And I woke up this morning with the present
in splinters on the ground and then I drowned. And if I can't see it for want of you You.

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