If Not For My Glasses

Dear and the Headlights

A postcard of apple cores on spit strained wooded floors
I spent an evening getting practice looking bored
And there's a leaf on the sill but it won't be there tomorrow
Just some memory that I made it never really goes the way I planned it to
I'll tell it like you want all parts appeal and none that don't
I love your face the way it moves your murky mouth your eyelid brooms
And I'm feeling that cobweb apprehension
You're taking pictures of me as I fall down the stairs
And it seems so awful if not for my glasses and hair
You say I'm your white cast kid, I was born for your cares
Why you gotta label me now, why, why now?
So I opened up the door I know now what you're for
But still not who you are
So who, who, tell me who
And then you leaned into me and whispered rather softly
"Your feet don't fit the branch"
It never really goes the way I planned it to
I'll tell it like you want all parts appeal and none that won't
Like worthless words that you spit out, the foaming garbage of your mouth
I'm always listening; I go rummaging through a dumpster of speech
You're taking pictures of me as I fall down the stairs
It seems so awful but this never happened who cares
I'm your T.V. taught child; I'm your sweetest affair
When the alarm clock goes off you will disappear
But I loved your face the way it moved your murky mouth your eyelid brooms

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