

Instead of Beauty, Branding

After The Sirens

I meant to see you one more time
in that white dress splashed with brine
from the northern coast
where we learned our lessons the first time. A line assigned to paper,
maybe lines under the eyes.
We meant to write each other,
but it never quite worked out right. Your eyes were light when there was no light. The cans are scuttling;
the end of summer brings an allergy to common things.
And you could be on an eastbound train in half a day
but I wouldn't meet you
except on paper and maybe film.

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