

# Weird Divide

## The Shins

Several days a month you made  
The mile to my house,  
And had me do a stroll with you. Far below a furry moon  
Our purposes crossed  
The weird divide  
Between our kinds The silver leaves of ailing trees  
Took flights as we passed so long ago  
But a short time i know. It pleases me this memory  
Has swollen up with age.  
Even time can do  
Good things to you.

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