KC

Matt Pond PA

I remember you, do you remember me?
Theres no way to the heart better than awkwardly
In Canada on New Years Eve, you said, youd never seen
Someone bleed like I bleed, perhaps I was onThe shaking hands, the hands well shake
Theres nothing that weve done you could call a mistake
We wore ourselves into the ground the humming of the traffic
On St. Catherines breaks the slow fall downThe truth is behind the hotel, the bodys underneath the maple tree
The leaves turned red when you killed me, startled by the Saints river
I wont reduce the complications to the warmer nights
When I did not know youThe truth is under the water, finally silent I could hear you speak
About the leaves and killing me, shaken by the Saints river
Theres nothing that weve done that could be wrong
Its the only way well ever understand

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