

Thanks

[Kevin Devine](#)

I never knew things could be so slow
I could wait so long
Be so still and calm
And get where I want, on your arm Thin streaks of tar spill off your right eye
Where my fingers find
Their way there every night
We sleep side by side, your hands in mine And when you get here, it's so nice
It's just the part where you leave I don't like
When you get here, it's so nice
It's just the part where you leave I don't like Such a happy accident, a note in your sneaker at ten in the morning
And all my worry that you were offended
And the catch in my breath when you weren't
It's like I woke up and got handed a present

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