Haircut

Deep Sweden

I saw your haircut in a storefront:
The choppy sides and perfect bangs.
I loved the way it framed the model's cheekbones,
The blank expression on her face.So I went inside and tried to buy it,
But I got told it's not for sale.
I got embarrassed and I decked the sales clerk.
I stole the wig and ran like hell.And I figured I would come and show you,
So I kept running towards your house;
Then I remembered I don't have your address
(At least not the one you live at now).So I hurriedd home to get collected,
To let the red flush from my face.
I took out my notebook and I sketched you smiling.
I like to think of you that way.Then I put your haircut in my closet
Next to your t-shirts and your cards.
I turned the lights out and I sunk in, slowly,
Counting sheep and breathing hard.But when it comes it's way too quickly,
And it busts apart the faith I've grown:
See, I can't stop myself from hurting you,
So I guess I won't.

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