Damn Sure

Laura Gibson

Damn sure about itWe covered our bodies in the mud and moss
Drunk on the rhythm of a cricket's song
We were damn sure about itAnd love was a shape in the slippery light
A flame on a moth at moonless night
We were damn sure about itCaught in the arm of a blue-eyed storm
Rain on cloth on muscle on bone
We were damn sure about itAnd love was a half-blurred poem you wrote
The creak in the moan of the hardwood floor
Damn sure about it
We were damn sure about it
We were damn sure about it
We were damn, damn sure about it
We were damn sure about itWell, I changed my name the day I left
I cut my hair, I hemmed my dress
I was damn sure about itYou were playing piano in an empty room
Ringless finger, a calloused thumb
Damn sure about itWe were damn sure about it
We were damn sure about it
We were damn, damn sure about it
We were damn sure about itNow I'm lost in the belly of a cold museum
Staring at the beaks on the bird-faced men
Now you're sitting in the kitchen with someone else
Stacking up peels of your clementinesDamn sure about it
We were damn sure about it
We were damn sure about it
We were damn sure about itDamn sure about itDamn sure about it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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