

Emery, It Always Depends

I wish I could put you into words, so it would all make sense.
I'd write you a thousand times, your faces in pages.
Run your answers the best way you can,
It's that you never thought that you'd be coming in last.
(this is the wrong time, the wrong place)
I was waiting for pages to read from,
But you never decided to show your face.
(you're always the same way, the fresh starts with stained hands wear you out)
The weekend towns, the picture frames,
It's my favorite shirt, i'm so glad you came.
And I think you're wrong, it's not just vacation,

It's more than boys and girls and late nights.
(the lines fading. why can't you see?
if you're everything, there's nothing left of me)

Don't bother now you just said enough.

crbt2('Emery','It Always Depends')

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