

tin cup

I've been feeling old.
And feeling the need to take things slow.

It wasn't love, then.

We nailed planks into the wood and painted the walls green.
Nathan put sheets over the door.
Even the dog wouldn't leave.

The crickets were loud then.
I was so small then.

I've been feeling old.
And feeling the need to take things slow.

We nailed sheets over the windows and covered the walls.
It kept the neighbors out.

The dog hid in the closet then.
We were so small then.

It wasn't love, then.

I closed the door, then.

The walls fell, then.
You got wet, then.

We shared a bed, then.

We were old then.