

Like You Like an Arsonist

Paris Texas

i have the same dream everynight and in the end i always wake up right before i cry out like a child in the dead of the night scared of thunder scared of might but you're by my side and we were both born on the fourth of july about fifteen minutes before midnight my mother's bridesmaids dressed in black and her bouquet was drenched in gas some tradition from her past my father's hands were painted red to show that he had some success i guess and they were both born on the fourth of july about fifteen minutes before midnight

i feel like an arsonist because you are my perfect match and you light up everything around you i feel like an arsonist and it's not an accident that you light up everything around you my mother's hair was braided black and running clean right down her back cutting her white dress in half her ring it sparkled ruby red her lipstick kissed into a mess i guess and they were both born on the fourth of july about 15 minutes before midnight i feel like an arsonist because you are my perfect match and you light up everything around you i feel like an arsonist and it's not an accident that you light up everthing around you i was never under control and i knew i would never get old i was always fast and so free and taller than the highest of trees it's time to take it up a degree and there is really nothing i need i just have to remember to breathe and guard against the heat when around you

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