

The Summer Shane Moved to Idaho

the summer Shane moved to Idaho / there was no wind for weeks / just the heavy heat of living / it
all weighed down on us / and no matter how many fans we turned on, it wouldn't sweep the dread
away / and the summer Shane moved to Idaho / I stopped dancing / picked up drinking instead / it
was easier that way / we all want a better ending / but not all of us get it / I traded mania in for a
tank of gas, a hazy porch light, and half a bottle of Adderall / went to some show just to wish I
wasn't there / went back to California just to wish I had left / watched the park near my house burn
from fireworks / watched my friends sit on moving boxes and talk about the moon / watched
everything unravel / named every bush in my backyard / I thought about getting a tattoo that said
"wild child" as if there is something radical about waiting for the depression to pass you over /
thought about moving back home where it was all so much easier / I thought about chiseling my
body open, pulling out my rib cage / thought about shaving my head, then did it / thought about
finishing off that bottle of pills, then did it / thought about punching god in the throat, then did it /
I plucked the sun right out of the sky, hung it in my window / said you've got to make me live,
alright? / I'm trying so hard to //