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Veith: Two Face

Two Face

Thomas Veith

My headlights are on but they don't see much It's still hard to see And I've managed to get my windshield fogged Maybe it'll help if I don't breathe

It's a dark, wet, warm winter night Such a strange setting for Illinois Snow is melting and rain is falling In a soft parade of joy

The lines on the road fly by me Ever so mockingly As if they are thoughts I cannot escape Forever stalking me

The stars serve as a constant reminder That I'm probably wasting my time I can curse their name or turn my eyes away But they are still going to shine

As I reach home and step out of the car I can see the moon through dead trees The glistening branches look like Christmas lights And there is beauty in everything