

**Graydon Pryor**

**Home, with you**

Wake me up to the smell of smoke,  
Midday, in dirty sheets with window open,  
Your newest song on the speaker,  
A cold coffee left by my side.

You sing along to your favourite lyrics,  
Hazy summer light filters through torn curtains.  
You shed dust from your eyes,  
Blood dripping from your next cigarette,

And we feel bored and lazy,  
And my parents can't tell me enough,  
That I'm wasting my life away—  
But your room is my escape,  
You, with my heart in hand, my home,  
Until you're gone.

Wake up alone to empty thoughts,  
In the early evening now, day dead,  
And there's no song on or cold coffee left,  
And there's no dusty sheets or torn curtains  
Or your voice.

And, I wish  
We could waste another afternoon  
away.