
MICHELLE CALDER

“THE GUY”

Were you really, on the other end?
Was I alone? Were you even my friend?
I held my breath to give you room to breathe
Though I suppose you never asked that of me

I stood in line for a broken ride
Believing in the hope that time would abide
But you were not that guy; the guy

I see it now, the million ways you let me down
A catalyst, leaving me to drown
As waves of change tossed me around
And you were nowhere to be found

I stood in line for a broken ride
Believing in the hope that time would abide
But you were not that guy; the guy

You said our bond was rare
Now between us is just air
And you don't even care
Quite the pair

I stood in line for a broken ride
Believing in the hope that time would abide
But you were not that guy; the guy
That guy... the guy
That guy... the guy