



Jawbox

“Savory”

*For Your Own Special
Sweetheart*

01/1994

Atlantic

We Were Teenagers, Akin to Being on Fire

Joey Gould

those abrupt three notes I would air guitar
brutal like I'd destroy the invisible strings
bend the neck screeching
savory rather than sweet what
an unsettling riff consider this position
knock on the glass of Jeremiah's hatchback
condensation the crumbly hometown pavement
the small rented house holding out a portable phone
tragically you're 15 years old lying to mum
consider the basement I went down
& never returned left the window open all night
when you peeled out to Greg's then Kat fell asleep
on my lap whoops! assigned seat between high school
antagonists both slept as I tracked the mile markers
trying not to disturb the delicate hatred
how could I learn to prefer coffee black savory
joe all night Bickford's chain smoking watch Jeremiah
walk away all X'ed up then moshing at the espressobar
one hand will come down on the back of your skull
whoops! [teeth] stop motion strobe *I drove you home*
then you moved away whoops! but *one hand will*
wash the other like savory not sweet when you saw
him again he was [quote] not in a kissing mood I came out
of the closet wearing Allison's shirt whoops!
Julie's dress whoops! as close as I was I didn't
consider how many riffs never knew sweet
[something about how I used to have teeth]
sang about what's set *a-flame to be consumed*
becoming husk like after the car Adam bought
for a buck exploded I watched

& did that really happen? they redid the pavement
where the shattered glass landed & I never
kissed her again after wondering if it'd ever be
yes Allison I am only half-
kidding confessing *hey angel whatever*
the non-committal hey game back then
too cool for every single fucking thing
regret only ever pretended to play the guitar
in front of the stereo but screaming for sympathy
for your hand for currents reaching a sea
& these years when I kissed someone I pretended
you never moved away you started straightening
your hair *easy now* the strings bend around our frets
soling to the fade so much noise but so few words