

# Sugar

April March

You took me into the forest  
I liked you right away  
Your eyes were like cherries  
Your skin was like clay

Shirt in your hands  
Your nails were not clean  
But your hair was jellied  
And the moonlight, it gleamed

I was a girl  
I had no fear  
Till you took my sugar  
And left me tears

You lay under the aspen  
You put your hand in mine  
I wanted to smile  
But your grip was unkind

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