

The Same Tattoos

Fences

And I was born in the same town as you,
Hell, I even think we have the same tattoos.
Mother hates it when I smile and she sees you coming through me
,
Like the sun shines through thin glass.

It's not like you were really gone, gone, gone, gone,
But you were and I never felt love.
It's not like you were really gone, gone, gone, gone,
But you were and I never felt love.

My uncle gave me on the day that I turned 13,
A black box that said "Gillette," rusted and scratched,
And it was full of memories and memorabilia,
And a necklace with a saint I wore in class.

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