

Where Do You Go?

Joel Faviere

About a night ago,
I threw in my gloves.

I shouldn't speak about the fight,
cause' jealouseys in season
and I wouldn't dare be breathin'

next to
my reason

to breathe

and be.

I spill all of me.

hear me out.

Where do you go?

Please, where do you go?

I wanna' know

I want to know.