Wait! Stop! I'm not ready.

She left me dead in the van.

My stomach feels like it's burning.

I tried to write but I can't.

So now I lay with the yearning to know anyone but any of you. If you only knew the amount of thought that I put into you.

And I can't stop thinking about the way this one called my name .

Before we pulled out of the driveway
Just to tell me to check my messages
Don't need to tell me about my messages.
There's a few that I've been putting lots of myself into.

Fuck it, hang up.
It's not easy like it was in the fifth grade.