

Start

Mew

They are useless hangup cures
All except that drink of yours

No one to leave the light on
And help you choose the right song
I try to write but it's wrong
Nothing feels right with you gone

Over hedges high
Climbs a smiling spy

And now you shift your shoelace
And wipe the crumbs off your face
No one should get what you got
Nothing should end where you start