

That Boy

The Blow

That boy has a funny way of looking
Like everything I ever wanted and couldn't get

Right now you so much resemble
A fire hose aimed into my face
Of all the things that hurt so much
In my whole life

That's not it at all
It's a paper doll
Not even real
Not yet

Let's go out into the blackest night time
I know where there's a gapping hole
and we could stand right at the edge