

Velvet Rolls Royce

Hurt

On that day you talked to me,
I waited so patiently,
For what you gave,
When you gave.

Said my boy, it's not a toy,
That red and velvet steel rolls royce.
Now I know,
What it is.

Ever since this summers lost,
We never stopped to count the cost,
Of what you did.
What you did.

Still bestowed to sicking hands,
A boy would soon become a man.
Now I, know why it is.
Now I, know why.
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