Peach Boy

Jay Som

And when the time has come will you run off to make your mark?
Your secret lullaby will pull my strings to hurt my pride
I'm wandering off again
You're bored again, so cold again
I'm counting the fingers off my hands

And when I tell you so your lips they smack with tight control
You smoked the rest of me and crushed me on the cracked cement
If you're so bored if you're so grown why don't you run away?
I'm counting the fingers off my hands

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