

## Big Ben

Jaymay

The stripes you wore  
The lines you get  
The holes in your sleeve  
You told me to leave them alone

Does "House of Leaves"  
Still lie on your bed?  
You told me to read  
But I still never read  
Your mind

When I look at my city  
Something's not right  
No doubt it's so pretty  
But they turned out the light  
And instead of good morning  
They tell you goodnight

You hung yourself  
On the wall up above  
The bed you made love  
The girls you don't love  
To touch

And they never guessed  
The girl you loved best  
To draw, always drew  
Pictures of you  
Undressed

When I look at my city  
Something's not right  
No doubt it's so pretty  
But they turned out the light  
And instead of good morning