

Forever Untitled

Larrikin Love

I yearn for all of this to work,
I'm barely nineteen and I'm feeling stuck,
The only thing right is this female touch,
Would it really be an honour to be born this year?

I've been blinking at the news,
And I want to get away,
Because I'm tired,
I've been drinking, I feel abused,
This is my last day,
I'm not flattered

Oh come all you people in your fields of gold!
It's time we told you the story of how the soul grows
old,
And how a young boy grows up in a world that's cold,
And how our youth is stolen by those bearded fools,

I've been blinking at the news,
And I want to get away,
Because I'm tired,
I've been drinking, I feel abused,
This is my last day,
I'm not flattered.

There's a boil on my heart,
To a windswept coast I will restart,
I'll build a house, with a horse and cart,
And while this world dissolves,
I will laugh!

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This is the story of how I claw at life,
Oh! I'm so male,
I'm quiet the utter fool, I have nothing good to say,
Sometimes I lie,
What can I say,
But that I'm sorry....?