

## Socks

Liza Anne

The first time we made love  
I wore socks  
Now we're just worn out  
Or maybe just worn down  
We just fuck

I guess everybody grows  
Out of somethings and into others, don't we?  
But I hate the thought of  
Growing out and into another

You're my favorite pair  
Don't wanna throw you in the wash  
No, I wouldn't dare  
Lose any bit of what I love about you  
Don't wanna lose you like that

It's been a year now and  
I still feel good  
And that's strange enough  
Too soon to know it  
But for now I want this  
You're the one I see it all with

I guess everybody knows  
The younger you are the less you're sure of most things  
But I hate the thought  
Of growing out and into another

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