

## Trees III

McCafferty

I'm scared and lost  
Your hand in mine  
Shut up, fuck off  
These thoughts won't stop

One for the money, two for the show, three for the things your  
dad don't know

Four, five men inside my bed, six more times I wish I'm dead  
Skies of blue and skies of grey, I will love you anyway  
You're a poet too, so I trust you understand my pain  
I'm hoping you can fix me, there's something wrong inside my head

I have these messed up thoughts like a lightbulb burning out again

When I was younger, I felt stronger

When I was younger...

And I can count the marks on your arms, and I can see the scars  
on top of scars

I can see you at work crying in your car feeling like the life  
you have to live is somehow fake

Why did God give me such a shit hand to take?

I think we can stop here for the night, it looks like a nice place

It means no worries son, so please have a nice day

I can feel this poison spread from my heart to my brain

And I can feel the sorrow spill out of my mouth like tar, and I  
wanted to tell you that I love you before I die

Whether you care or not it's important for me to get off my chest,  
that I miss you and miss being your friend

Out, let's come out and kiss on the lips

The mosaic that we painted with the tips of tulips we stole from  
the garden we grew

When you were younger you hated the truth, that you were attracted  
to people like you

There's something that's hiding inside of my room and when we hold  
hands it felt like I am free

I hear that your father hates faggots like me

They pray for the cure because that's what they need

A straight man at church but a gay in the sheets

How could you do this to your family?

We can't help who we're attracted to see

I asked you a question so please answer me

You know what mom? Fuck you, you'll never love me

You'll only accept me, that's all that you'll be

Won't celebrate what I want, or I need

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