

Sleepy Towns And Cemeteries

Nicole Dollanganger

He casts the kind of glow only a city knows
Light creeping into the coffin
Of these sleepy suburban homes
He's so alive in the places everyone here has a hole
Bury myself in the front lawn
Hope he'll come dig up my bones

Streets here are cemeteries
They feel alive when they're dead
He wakes up all of the skeletons
Every time I look at him
He reminds me beautiful things
Can come from something ugly
Flowers grow amongst the weeds
Good things have come from nothing

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