

Too Scared to Move

Owen

Calalily, can you hear me?
Cross-eyed again?
Cursing the wealthy?
In all the things they have that we don't.
I'll shut up and let you rest.
But if I were raised to fight, that would be me,
Standing up against the light on the TV
That I die in front of each night
My tail between my knees
Well I know that you want more from me,
I'm too scared to move.

Calalily, would you make room for me in this bed?
So I can kick my feet and bang my head silently.
I swear I won't ask again.
Well I know how you need your sleep,
But my skin's crawlin
Well put that book down
About the end of the world.
And let your hair down
Like it's the end of the world and we'll make love.

Calalily, will you still love me come tomorrow knowing that I've
done nothing
But put sorrow to a soft melody