

# Winter Break

Penelope Scott

For however many centuries, we've said to one another  
That we don't know what we've got  
Until it's gone  
And I'm a quite fucked up young girl  
And I cry tears like big fat pearls  
Sometimes I measure love for the living  
By pretending they've passed on  
I'd say:

"Oh, God, I loved him  
Oh, I loved him!"  
Oh, I love my darling boy  
"And without him I will never be the same  
Perfect eyes, a perfect nose  
On such a perfect little face  
But best of all  
He would take me far away

He was gonna get me the fuck away  
From either goddamn coast  
This boy was gonna help me learn to take my meds"  
So when he dies in our real home  
Instead of only in this song  
I'll put our dusty, unused pistol  
To my head

But, I hope you have a good break  
Sometimes that's all that it takes