

"I kinda feel"

The beginnings of arguments too often start off that way

Well fuck how I feel

It's a bad gauge of realness

And I would like love where facts are in play

Can you honestly confess that you remember me

With all of the other lovers that you see?

But oh my God, if I hold on, will I be one you keep?

Oh, mercy me, when you hold me it's knee jerk

You require that "no work is due"

How can it be?

Is there room in your home for a man that feels prone to fall through

Can you honestly expect me to confess that we're a good fit

Or I'm worth the work it takes

But oh my God, if you hold on,

You will find I'm glad you stayed