

Rage Of A Kid

Phoebe Green

The hot party girls are considering babies
And I'm still convinced procreation is crazy
I'm pushing thirty still feeling fifteen
Perverted and fragile and overly keen

I'm haunted
By a former love
Or was it a projection
Onto somebody's son

I never really knew the feeling
Til I assembled my parts
And built a woman
And so a woman I want

I stopped kissing men that tasted like pity
The spit like poison a that one day would hit me
And feeling dirty became less routine
But I'd stare in the mirror just to feel seen

I'm haunted
By a former love
Or was it my reflection
That wasn't clear enough

I never really knew the feeling
Til I dissected my parts
The broken woman
Is his work of art

I thought I was clever until I grew up
I was wise for a child now I'm old and I'm dumb
I've had this body since I was too young
To know how to knot what was pulled undone

I'm haunted
By a former love
I thought that I was special
Til I stopped getting him off

I never knew what I was feeling
Til feeling's all I did
I kicked and cried and took a bite
Consumed by the rage of a kid