

Mom says it doesn't matter  
If no one else can see  
Take time alone  
Get out of the tree

There are things to some whom  
So treat them as such  
No need to look through others  
Don't value that too much

Brother says I shouldn't suffer  
With no need to  
We latch around  
Don't touch the ground  
I want to find the new [nude]

These wise things come from every mouth  
That says edit well  
Select and run with what you get  
And let the wise things swell

So the frost of all the love [low]  
Has showed me  
Take some clothes from everyone  
Mum, dad, brother, sister, friend.  
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