Favourite

Ruth B.

Rough around the edges
Hates when people see him weak
But I don't think he's thinking
When he's all alone with me
Blues turn to an auburn red
I make my mark in his head

I see his walls come down
One by one
One by one

He writes poetry, but no one knows
I think I love him cause no one knows
He don't have a favourite color
He says it's too hard to choose
But I'm his favourite girl
I'm his favourite

Tells me all his secrets
I promise that they're safe with me
I know that no one's ever gotten this far in his dreams

I watch his walls come down
One by one
One by one

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I think I love him cause no one knows
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I'm his favourite
I'm his favourite girl
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He writes poetry, but no one knows
No one knows
I'm his favourite girl
I'm his favourite girl
I'm his favourite girl
I'm his favourite

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