

If you're bummed out  
Feel free to talk with me  
How does lunch sound  
I'll ask you about your week  
And the comedown  
Always rehashing scenes  
When the sun's down  
And half of the world's asleep  
I'm half-asleep

And I wonder  
What you would have done  
If I kissed you  
I had my chance  
I held your hand  
And leaned up close to you  
Now it just seems like I messed up  
I don't know what to do  
All I know is I'm nervous that you don't like me too

I thought that home is where you are until that home is where I left  
I found a home inside myself since no home for me was left  
I slept with poems in my hands for seven days  
Slept alone and wept by twilight so I thrown aside a phone in heaven's name  
Cause home can change and it does  
Corny names for new love  
Joining strange depictions tinted with that rose from my bud  
Cause blood is thick but smoke be thick as hell  
Eyes all on my mind, my shell in shell shock  
With lonely mail all cluttered on my desktop  
Used to got the best box and cutter slice and dice with sideways stump  
Stutter with that t-t-tongue  
I scream gently how'd you undo us  
For goodness sake you make me undone  
These poems underneath my nails  
Sweat makes the ink run  
Smolder-heavy memory brain showed her a pink love  
My poem's in the mail  
It was tears that made the ink run  
Heavy multi-memory brain shed in a pink tongue

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