Slum Creeper

Calla

I feel I've said all that I could say
See it your wayI'm tiredIf You could see what You mean to me
In my eyes
You're blind as to what You do
So go your way out of my way
ByeOutside, beside
Run, please hurry
If They come They'll come
Don't worry
You could be my Mother Mary
Hide behind my insecurity

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