Opportunistic

Hippo Campus

an opportunistic kind of phase,
laughing about trying to save face at the party
where all your friends are so coolfaded off liquor we found our
eyelids getting heavier,
we shared a brief look and just gave ourselves to the nightwe'll just fight to be the ones we hatewe rose in the morning
confused by what we were mourning
for some things are better left in the adolescence of youthdo me a favor she said,
"i'd like you to savor the taste of me on your lips,
i swear it's the last that you'll get."grace do you want me, grace till you die.

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