

Just Out Of View

Blake Mills

A queue that wore the mark of her thumbnail
Has been pulled down
From off the wall
Daring the billiard ball
To bait its own narrow trapThe young one finds the doorman quite good looking
He considers me a fag
Because he's the judge of "all that"
He and maybe a dozen bros
That have been unloved by the dads
The young one goes to gather all her catcallsI'll play dead through every song
That ever tried to write those wrongs
That will start a talk we don't wanna have
I see the mark from that little thumbnail
Now she's done with me
Just look at what she's done to me
Out of sight without a mind
Like a mess in a room you don't see
Laying in the queue
Just out of view

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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