Pipsqueak

Braid

fixing up the broken door
a fresh collage of wood and oil
once a stately iron gate
pressure's on to renovate
too latewater makes the hinges swing
water hinges everything
i was once immovable
eager to stay comfortable
growing up getting tall
trust in not a thing at all
i was taught to never hate
but it's too latei can taste it
not a drop is wasted
lets synchronize our watches baby
i'm afraid of the dark
when in pain you cry
from the most sensitive part of your eyeis this a come on? come on
shake me like a bad sun
till i'm cool

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