Driftwood

Cursive

So he would sulk and drink and mope
and cross his arms and hope to die.
And then a fairy came one night
to bring this sorry boy to life.
She pulled some strings,
spun him about, that boy sprang up,
and began to shout,
"my arms, my legs, my heart,
my face, they are alive"
And she would cry, "liar, liar!
What have I done?
You're no lover and I'm no fighter."The story goes on.So he would buy her things and
kiss her hair to show he was for real.
And she would take those gifts and kisses,
though just stringing him along.
She knew about those wooden boys,
it's an empty love to fill the void.
Pinocchio, oh boy how your nose has grown.
So he would cry, "liar, liar!
I'll prove it to you."But then it grew.
He had grown tired of her,
so it was true.
He left her apartment and
he walked all night long,
'til he was stopped by the shore of the ocean.
But still he walked on
amongst the whales and the waves
and screamed, "liar, liar!"
and his wooden body floated away.
He just drifted away.And now I wonder how I was made.
Now I wonder how i was made.
My arms, my legs, my heart,
my face, my name is driftwood.

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