Poems

Hippo Campus

Mary packed her bags and left home on a Christmas Eve
For sea soaked skies and dashing lads with cars
An actress orphaned by the social constructs of her art school
A victim of their esoteric rule
So pretentious that she almost thought it cool
But all you'd hear isLa, la la la la
La la la la la, la la
La, la la la la
La la la la la, la laPurpose was a vague ideal that she would always talk on
Till she fell in love with the salesman from TV
Yeah, she fell in love with a salesman from TV
While all of Hollywood sangLa, la la la la
La la la la la, la la
La, la la la la
La la la la la, la laPearly, pretty prize, and a ribbon box of sighs
In a collared shirt
She thought it wouldn't hurt
Certain love of mine with the palest blue eyes
In a collared shirt
I thought it couldn't hurt
Wood flavored kiss taste the concrete of this
It really fucked with me, it really fucked with me
California eyes are a death witch from design
You really fucked with meLa, la la la la
La la la la la, la la
La, la la la la
La la la la la, la la
La, la la la la
La la la la la, la la
La, la la la la
La la la la la, la la

Songwriters
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