In Kind

Braids

Well I must have saw a girl
Who looked like myself
White cheeked and bleak
Knowing all the answers
Your freckles remind that a God is kind
White cheeked and bleak
Knowing all the answers
And is it a problem
When you see through everything
But candy spills upon it
When the lip suggests the mourning
There's no cat upon your bed
And no Mom to pet your head
Sometimes i think of how nice it would be
To pop out of the Womb again
To be fresh and white again
Sometimes I think of how nice it would be
To take a nap
Without feeling I wasted my day againSee what's going onLeft my conscience
Suffocation
See the mad side in my bald eyes
Left my conscience
In quotations
Said just what they wanted to
Say it isn't true
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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