With This Easel.

Fair To Midland

And there we go instead a tease that mocks the beggar,
It looks so flawless,
I've seen them batt their eyes and come a dime-a-dozen,
Just take two steps back.Hold me.
No, not you but the other,
The one with the rags on.Hold me.
Substitute rain with some poison and drink to the sequel.Torching, torching.You seem withdrawn and plushed until you talk to others,
Wish i'd been gift-wrapped.
Just hope to catch a gaze and just because it's chipping,
Doesn't mean it's useless.Somehow i reduced,
And a surgeon told me it's no good,
You'll have to double your intake,
And the risk?
Hearts were made for cigarettes,
Little girls love to light up.

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