Bakelite

Pollyanna

Blood is wrong
But always on the corner of the tabletop
A bag of bones that sits and smokes
And laughs at all your stupid jokes
It's such a fuss to fall for love
Not fall in love
To fall
A drug
So smug at first
Then learns the thirst
Gets worse and worse
And all your new found
Hope is gone
But all along
It always was
The same old song
And dance for now
You dance so proud
You sing so loud
You break apart
A work of

I hate myself so full of shits
A giggle fit
For wasting time
And passing by
I settle down
Into a frown
So many years
Of wearing down
And out of this
It's ludicrous to amputate
A simple wish because it sits
Just right outside appropriate
And your
Hope is gone
But all along
It always was
The same old song

And dance for now
You dance so proud
You sing so loud
You break apart
A work of art

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