

Misery

Creeper

Pretty, but he don't tell you about it.

Winter scarves and skirts of velvet.

We still drink just like we did in school. I passed your old house down by the cemetery.

Club nights and university.

When your friends sing 'Born To Run' baby resist, because we were 'Born To Drift'. If you could see the wreck

I am these days, you'd have new reasons to stay away.

Just hold my hand for a little while.

Misery never goes out of style. I see you sometimes in dreams I have, in your bra in the room you used to rent.

Do you ever wish you could wake someone else? So I wrote down a list of coroners, their names, their office phone numbers.

To pronounce dead the thing we had.

In tombs, ex-boyfriends bedrooms. I'm your chipped nail paint. I'm the fabric of your coat.

You are all I fear. You are words I never wrote. You are years ago.

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