Falling Solo

Emma Dean

thought you'd saved me from falling solo
but i was busy playing marco polo
i used to think i could write about love
but nothing's more wrong than a fearful poetsomeone move me between these feelings
and punctuate this hope i'm stealing
i'm so guilty, without to meaning
to be just one more mess that needs cleaning upsomeone stop me just like i've dropped me
and i will swollow the whole world laughing
but don't get me wrong, it's kinda funny
when something solid now runs like honey

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