Boundaries

Clique

the bus driver screams at me
out of his half-cracked window
it's all biological
whatever i tell myself
motherfucker ran me off the road
rolled up bill or two
drink nine or ten
can't feel a thing
except for shame
apologize
i'll never die
every time i am the same
i wake up sick
then start over
and test the boundaries again

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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