

Pale Green

Veruca Salt

I am fourteen
Wrapped in a white sheet
Rain's coming through the window
The moon lands on my feet I am pale green
I think she laced it with pc
I feel like I'm in hell now
I want my dad
I want my dad
I am somewhere far from seeing seeing seeing And look at me now
It's seven in the morning
You're dreaming where it's storming
I miss you
I miss you without warning
I am somewhere far from seeing

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