My Life As a Typo

One Dead Three Wounded

If we're still breathing when this river invades our lungs, I'll save a bullet for you. Our insecurities lay naked on a bed ripe for a bashing. This is my burden and my crippled legs, can't run away from this. In this suit and tie, I hang myself from this nylon noose with polyester pride. Bleed me dry; for I am a dollar sign. (And growing old is dying slow) My Green eyes in the limelight. (And growing old is dying slow.) Not every cowboy rides on into the sun. Some of them stay home and die young. So....Leave me, my love, as the dead leaves fade into dirt. Leave me, my love, for I am not worth fightin

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