Pallet

Your Friend

Who's (...)
you walked your son to the warfront without a coat
i wasn't watching while you were washing up on my (...)
on my back in the kitchen (...)
i was upstairs then, i promise
with your hand on my forehead
(...) in a sick bed stop counting
(...) in my hand as it softens
paint your walls paint your face
like you want
(...) you weren't afraid of my conscious
with your neck on a floor bed
(...) stop calling
i was upstairs then, i promise
with your hand on my forehead
(...) in a sick bed
stop counting
(...) smile while I'm standing
won't you leave like you mean it
don't you leave like you mean it
won't you leave like you mean it

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