Cater

Kind of Like Spitting

i've catered to the likes of you. believed you knew something i didn't. the whole is huge, but barely wide enough to blacken everything and sustain a lie. we turn the couch around and dance again, destroy a living room with all my friends. a secret key, a confidence. one heaven sent. a halo not yet bent. you can compete. it makes life sweet. we haven't seen anything. you so complete. so much cooler than me, you will be the catch of a lifetime. you in your sleep, still could land on your feet. you will be the catch of a lifetime.

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