

# Rubble

## Ambrosia Parsley

I keep my closets closed  
It's silly I suppose but no one really knows  
And I can't help it  
But I feel like he's on his way  
And I'm in so, so much trouble. I never rest my head  
Too close to the head of the bed.  
Well I'm guessing he knows what I did.  
I'm afraid they will put me down with the rubble... with the rubble.  
I know it won't be long.  
Until I'm here and then I'm gone.  
There'll be no heart to rest your head upon.  
Look away when they put me down with the rubble... with the rubble.

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

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