

Orphans

Forest City Lovers

we were 16
only 16
so unprepared
left in the wilds of adolescence
and no less scared
an awkward boy
an awkward girl
what could be better
than laying in this bed feeling slightly less awkward together
the city lights erase the night
while we fester indoors
throw back the shades to erase
the lines that we abhor
an orphan boy
an orphan girl
what could be better
than laying in this bed feeling slightly more
remembered together
ohh
together
ohh thrown in too fast
no time to last
thrown in too fast
no time to last

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