Terminally Chill

Class Actress

Just asleep, she's been waiting to creep
For a long time
Friendly eyes, so small, they rise
From the waist line
In dreams came callipygous things
To my bedside
And shrimped so she's pullin' the plugs
To the outside
Like the days when the lovesick haze
Chemical fried
Lock your face, point to minimum waits
Friends to decide
Mostly nights when your perfumes hide
To my eye
On all my soup we caught
In the tide

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