Panda

This Town Needs Guns

Im in love!are the 3 words I hope to hear next year.
Another place another time another twinkle in eyes caught between awkward glances
in crowded social scenes, another breeding ground for apathy
to tire me into indifference.Now that Im numb
to places I had run from.
Know when youre wrong
its cos youre fallible just like everyone.Just stuck between a lampshade and the drunk.
Sentenced to an evening as the party entertainments prop.
Oh but its only you that I am thinking of.
Please return to me, cos its soSo hard to take that I might break.
Im discovering that theres so much to consider worthwhile,
but most of all Ive learned to hate that Im still stuck on you.If time has taught us this much,
its that honesty is the cornerstone of trust.
Well to tell the truth Im tired of watching clocks,
waiting for endings of evenings that never seem to stop. Enough!In short Ive come
back to the places I had run from.
You saw it all
fall to pieces, now its so

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