Boys Don't Cry

Area 7

I met you on friendster, your name was all weird, I feared the worst but the more I learned it all became clear, you were a female peer, just a few years younger than I, and you wrote the longest letters, the very best size. You live in London, used slang like prat, you were dating the gym when it came to tight abs, I'd spend the days half, trying to make you laugh, you would and write back give me some more of that, well after one week, I knew I was hooked, you'd blush at each key stroke of X O, without getting one look at the other side guy his pics might be fake, this type of shit happens every day.
I'm no rock star, a clock watching drone, who's breath stinks of liquor, all stoned like lawn gnomes. No girlfriend, no hook ups, just lovelorn and fucked up, no friend to just vent on, one who'll, say all bets off. concert was cancelled, you answered my email. Turns out you're bummed out didn't want to give details. A mate had od'd, I could feel your heart beat. I miss you never met you, X O M C.
Boys don't cry, they prefer ballin' and shot callin. Teardrops fallin', I'm jonesin' harder than gollum, please god say that's London callin.

why ya gotta be so far away, why do plane tickets gotta cost an arm and a leg, maybe i should save a couple dollars a day, so without delay, i can look at your face, smell your hair, rest my hand on your neck, never mind neckin, you know that comes next I'll buy you a dress at that place owned by dodi fayed. give ya head every night before bed.
but you might not D I G M C, might think me too brash or condescending, a sad finish without taking a first step, can't avoid saying something that I will regret but I bet that we would hit off great I could come to you, or you could come to the states, get you a job at mtv, whatever you need, I'm a slave 4 u like Britney was for jt. romance is a cruel trick. playin me like school kids, don't know if I should do this, if i'm stupid or just foolish, can't help but (pursue) this, despite you being half a world from me, what I wouldn't give to sit and sip a cup of tea, while you nibbled on a crumpet, I'd love it indeed, sincerely yours, X O M C.
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