

# It Follows

## Minor Threat

I thought I had left it behind in another fucking time. When boys were boys,  
girls were girls and faces were hard to find. It followed me.

All the stupid thinking. The stupid people thought. The rules that we lived  
by. The friends that we bought. The asshole with a strong arm. In the shape  
of floating friends. The young ladies and their secrets. In the soap that  
never ends.

I thought I had outrun it. When I crossed the tracks. I thought I had gotten  
away. When it tapped me on the back.

It followed me. It followed me.

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