

Eulalia, Eulalia

Braid

open the desktop behind me
sending crayon valentines

i reply

"will you marry me, loligirl?"

my second grade heart

looks more like a broken you

and me,

nineteen and crying for eulalia...i'm still youngin the presents of an eight year old

model planes and model everything

in the presence of an eighteen year old

in a sense innocence makes you tense

in the presense of an eight year old

writing cursive on loose leaf paper

in the presence of an eighteen year old i will be waiting for you loligirl

the little girl that i knew loligirl

and if you're waiting for me loligirl

oh yeah and if you see me loligirl bring back the boy i used to be

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