

Young Fiction Writer

Kind of Like Spitting

Save face and leave, before she gets mean
You know how to act, you scripted the scene
This film's more a short, a monologue of sorts
Whatever is invalidate the mind reading smile
Now ask yourself quietly
You're a bright breathing funeral
Was it worth all the agony
Your last fairy tale?
Scribble out the trite words, on paper always smarter
Looking for the video locked in your left brain
A string of stealth encounters, making sex under the table
Perfect simple positions, like the truth you've learned to bend
Now ask your friends quietly
You get worked over nightly
By the brutal reality
Of your last fairy tale

Lyrics provided by

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