Yellow Snow

Patent Pending

I hope you fall face first into some yellow snow.
I hope bad luck plagues you where you go.
Everytime I stop and think,
I think of how you lied.
I wish upon a star,
I wish I wish you never tried.
I hope you make a stupid face
And its stick that way.
I hope you make the time to find inside
that it's not okay.
I think you think, I think you think,
That this will go away.
This is not okay.It's clear there's nothing left to say
it's clear you wouldn't have listened anyway
You got your grand prize,
When you stab your best friend in the back.
A suicide slack coming at me,
Like a heart attack.
I'm a broken knight trying hard,
to get my courage back.
A four fist fight
And now I'm running on an endless track.It's not right, I wont fight. [repeat x4]Good, Great, Grand,
Wonderful...No yelling on the bus!

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