

Dancing Behind My Eyelids

Mum

See the fog on my horizon, it's dancing
And it smells like a teenager
See the bones behind my eyelids, they're dancing
And they sound like tap dancing shoes
See the bones behind my eyelids, they're dancing
And they sound like tap dancing shoes
Worms on the bones under beds of insomniac eaten teenagers
They whisper and they sound like a crooked flute

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