Making Friends And Acquaintances

Cursive

Loose-lipped secrets
I've seen those birdies chirping
Another promise perched on their fragile branches
Cradle and all...We all hide a diary beneath some mattress
And someone has slept in my bed
Sometimes I get so naked I sing like a canary
And I scream out what I shouldn't screamSome lies last a lifetime
They keep our diaries hidden
They don't let the whispers slip
Between the cracks of the bathroom stalls
Or be written on the bathroom walls....But still I can hear those dirty birds chirp away
It's a song I know by heart
Sometimes I resent making friends and acquaintances
It's a thin veil between us --Between the bedsprings and the mattress
I keep my secrets
The ones I can't keep
The ones you took from me
The ones you scattered with your wingsIt was nice to meet you...
It was nice to meet you...
It was nice to meet you...

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