Junkyard

Stakka

You, me, and all the kings and queens
Buried in the junkyard,
And every time the herald Cherub sings
We rattle with the car parts
I was born to lie here patiently
Be dragged on by the black star
And you were told to glow majestically
And love until your hands bleed
You stole your mother's whitest gown
Swallowed like a sunbeam
And I stole your father's crusted crown
It shook us like a bad dream
They warned to lie impatiently
Waiting for the big swing
And you were more than dressing for a feast

Eat until your teeth bleed
Oh my royalty my hand goes out to you
You look painfully true
But I saw you cry
Like you used to laugh
When you looked around
Were you looking back
At a lonely love
As to sprouting beans
No one's quite as bloom
As they play to be
I would love to stay
But my work is through
I'm the truest song
That was never true

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