Got Well Soon

Breton

If anything like this ever struck you
If ever a likeness had you scraping, the pockets avail
Whatever you're like when you came in
Whatever you use, whatever you choose,
Whatever your acronymThey say that either you're out, or you're in
Or you're on
They say that either you're out, or you'll swim
On your ownYou start around with sounds
Teach them how you moved around
You tell them all so well, I had to memorize
You pour a few tears... there's the ground and there's your feet
And never two shall meet

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