

# Driftwood

## Cursive

He swam steadily for most of the day. Suddenly he found  
Himself approaching an enormous huge floating cavern.

Could it be an island? Pinocchio looked closed and he  
Saw two huge rows of sharp yellow teeth and he realized  
His mistake. So he would sulk and drink and mope

And cross his arms and hope to die

And then a fairy came one night

To bring this sorry boy to life

She pulled some strings, spilled him about

That boy jumped up and began to shout

"My arms, my legs, my heart, my face

They are alive!"

And she would cry, "Liar, liar!

What have I done?

You're no lover, and I'm no fighter" (The story goes on) So he would buy her things and kiss her hair

To show he was for real

And she would take those gifts and kisses

Though just stringing him along

She knew about those wooden boys

They take empty love to fill the void

"Pinocchio, oh boy, how your nose has grown!"

So he would cry, "Liar, liar!"

I'll prove it to you!"

But then it grew

He had grown tired of her

So it was true He left her apartment

And he walked all night long

Until he was stopped by the shore of the ocean

But still he walked on

Amongst the whales and waves

And screamed, "Liar, liar!"

And his wooden body floated away

He just drifted away And now I wonder how I was made

Now I wonder how I was made

My arms, my legs, my heart, my face

My name is Driftwood

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