

## Veruca Salt "Earhtcrosser"

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Sleep little flea  
Little boy  
Me a freak  
Am I clean?  
I feel like men  
I feel like boys  
I think I'm peeling the ringing in my ears from playing  
too loud  
I hear the ocean  
I hear the crowd  
I'm disconnected  
I am unattached  
An unmade bed makes me feel like a failure  
Bedroom eyes lead to blurry vision  
And the ringing in my ears from playing too loud  
I hear the ocean  
I hear the crowd  
Too pale  
Too sick  
Too scrawny  
But I'll sleep here anyway  
And the sheets smell like bodies  
Not mine  
Not yours  
It's two a.m. and it's quiet again  
Where's my lip gloss?

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