

Ralph Bowen

"St. Louis"

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Held it up,
You pushed it down.
Looked so wicked,
Wearing your crown,
Of cotton thorns.
I guess you fake the pain, the pain.
But since I can't really afford,
To give you what you want, what you want.

Here I am,
Come and get me.
Bundled up,
Just like my grandma sent me.
Why'd you give it up,
It's like you never tried, you tried.
But if you try for something more,
You'll be giving up again, up again.

Picked up a rock,
Wishing it was skin.
Never did know,
Where to begin.
To be more of me,
I need to see less of you, of you.
But since that same old feeling has gone,
This won't be near as hard, near as hard.

But since that same old feeling has gone,
This won't be near as hard.

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