

## Teenage Fantasy

### "Bedroom Galaxy"

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When your grandmother dies,  
will she fly to the afterlife,  
or will she haunt your children?

My thoughts are logical in my bedroom.  
I lay awake with a desperate moon.  
I'm wishing it all away (I wish it away).  
I don't need the anxiety.

Dirty yellow star hinting at who you are.  
Do you feel dead, sinking into my waterbed?

The stars on my ceiling are glowing  
(while) your life is a constant impending doom.

Watch the sun melt all the icicles.  
Making friends is never logical.

Toss your body to the ocean for the gulls and seabirds.  
They will watch with sun tan lotion in the salty air.

I know who you are,  
dirty yellow star.

Thanks to Razvan

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