

## Velveteen

### "3 Kids Home"

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Your star sign and your calendar  
show exactly that you're on top,  
but you're not.  
The quieter [you are]  
The more you know that this is not how it should be.  
Forty million different stories,  
Each of those could curse a lie.  
Trading stickers at the front porch ,  
Could have been your first resistance  
It happened while you spent your days at home

And still you force yourself to go to places  
That you think you belong, but you're wrong.  
The pressure and the preferences, it's been a while  
Since you read those parts in those books.  
Where every one tried to exhaust it  
As if these efforts made a difference  
The awful thought of not returning  
Escorted summer holidays  
It happened while you were away,  
And your bed was so perfectly made.

On the terrace they send you to see  
All the guys that would party with me.  
In this fortress that they call a house,  
And its doorsteps were tumbling down  
And its back door that always was shut  
protect white paint from down to the top.  
So what happened to you and your friends  
with the cigarette stains on their hands  
And the pale girl we met at the bar  
That I always adored from afar.

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