

Cecilia

"The Favourite Son"

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When the word is spread,
nothing can stop it,
like a disease it
infects your mouth,
when you've gone to bed,
you can not drop it,
thinking about what
you could have done instead,
oh, my god, what have you done?
you could have really
been someone, you were
the favourite son,
wasn't it awful
when it all was a lie,
all the damage it has done,
you don't know where to run,
how does it feel when
everything's opposite,
down means up and left is right

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