

## **Dannel Vonn Dillon**

### **"Worn (And Of Plastic)"**

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It's just so worn and dusty, tattered, torn, and dark and  
musty  
Unventilated quarters, spider webs have taken over

Your head is on my shoulder  
As your heart is growing colder  
Feels like we're both in prison  
Just seems like the right decision

It's all because we're drifting farther than we've ever  
gone before  
And I can tell what's missing while you're listing  
promises made before  
It's taken our lives over, I'll just take mine back and hit  
the door

But it's got your impression deeply at the core

So much of stale, of plastic, no such luck and lack of  
magic  
It's just depreciation, drop and lull then full deflation

My heart is growing colder  
As your head rests on my shoulder  
We need a new beginning  
Even if we both aren't in it

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