

Blake Babies

"Her"

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I went to her house
She had relics everywhere
From her line she said to him
Things she couldn't share

Said that she had died before
I couldn't quite believe her
She always seem concerned
About how I would perceive her

She held onto her memories
She had a fruited seed
She always seemed corruptible
Her house was always clean

She used to walk with confidence
Style, down and empty street
Now she just walks quickly
Staring at her feet

Then I saw her yesterday
She still seemed really proud
Her eyes were red her brain was dead
She was talking really loud

She caught a look at me
With the corner of her eye
I left town in a submarine
Before I made her cry

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