

J Church **"Styrofoam"**

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She has a wall made of Styrofoam,
She's a Catholic girl from a Catholic home,
She stares into the space of her computer screen,
Schizo between hyper and fatigue,
She's rarely less than an hour late,
We both have learned I'm willing to wait,
She's not insane, I'm a little surprised,
That there aren't many clouds floating in her eyes

I declare this our private little park,
Snow is falling after dark,
It's not a secret but it's one I'll keep,
For bad, bad people doing bad, bad things

For a girl who dreams of John Cusack,
She's got a lot of Satanists and lumberjacks,
She says it's not a pattern,
She just might be right,
But she'll never take her own advice,
She is not alone,
She is on her phone,
She is the unknown, she will drive me home,
She is the unknown, she will drive me home

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