

Juliets Wishing Well "Marble Box"

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Big heavy things
Seem so dumb
Just like bells
Thirty times
Start to swell
March is near
Five feet away
And so is jim
We love him so
So make it loud
Something so bright
Takes me inside
Draws me to the marble box
little rocks
where
I dream
Ripped up shirts
Blue, white, and brown

Buttons gone
And so is he
Let's make him proud
Something so bright
Takes me inside
Draws me to the marble box

Little rocks
smells so free
I put my hands up on my head
And think myself to sleep
If what i feel is wrong for them
Then wrong is right to me

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