

Keaton Simons

"Burch Mog"

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Drunken
She waits watching the distance
Dreading the fear
Brought by each freshly fallen tear
The words can barely crawl up
her throat
She doesn't want to be you
Don't let her slip
They all badger
But I couldn't even cause her to
She thinks I want to be
Just like her
Drifting
With misguided direction
Luckily, or so it would seem
Caught by the same constant branch
A plummet becomes a swan dive
That becomes a glide
Silent, like a feather far from your ears
She doesn't want to be you
Don't let her slip
They all badger
But I couldn't even cause her to
She thinks I want to be
Just like her
Darling
Your smile can make the sun rise
Anytime at all
So clear your eyes
Rid the sorrow
Make the sun come up tomorrow
Settle down
Take your time
Have a ball
She doesn't want to be you
Don't let her slip
They all badger
But I couldn't even cause her to
She thinks I want to be
Just like her

