

## **Kind Of Like Spitting "Afraid Of Crushes"**

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The way your hair fell across your eyes spoiled my plans to never fall again. And when in vain I said so plain, that I could love, love that face hold those hands, love that place make big plans. She almost cried. And is it alright if I bury myself in your charms? And is it alright if I swear to you without a sound? How odd behaved in situations like these, I cant believe that I'm here I can't believe that you'd care. And if or rather when it all goes wrong will I retain any dignity at all? Unlike the last one under a cold sun. Unlike the last one. I almost died. Is it alright if I bury myself in your charms? And is it alright if if swear to you without a sound?

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