

Primary "Shame"

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Comes across like a fear of,
And add a wall of feeling to it.
Push it back in slowly,
You know it's hard to tell.
And it comes in twos by
Let me choose with or whether
Such a notion a doosy.
I wouldn't ask if I knew it well.

Let me little by the intermediate,
Couldn't check if I wanted to.
And I worry that I can't do better,
But you make the sell.
So, we come in ones and twos by,
Like the ringers of a ten tonne bell.
Here I am, just single Human,
You wouldn't let me, you wouldn't let me be one.

And I tried to let you get so close to me.
And I tried to let you break the mould.
I wouldn't have it, I wouldn't have it - this.
And I tried to let you get so close to me.
And I tried to let you break the mould.
I wouldn't let it, I wouldn't let it come to this.
Never wanted this.

Keep me outside more in the morning.
Mamma doesn't let it, when I'm in the awning.
I came here last night, but daddy wouldn't take me,
Let me have it, let me have it - this.
I keep my lips 'til they're two foot shorter.
How can I learn to and then it gets sorted?
And then, they came and they left somebody.
I wouldn't let it, I wouldn't it come to this.

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