

This Town Needs Guns "Rabbit"

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Move over itâ€™s getting kind of late.
Eyelids grow heavy and at this hour start to ache.

The covers hide away
All our mistakes.
And so do I
stop to question why doâ€

â€White feathers dance in my room while Iâ€™m too
tired to sleep?
It seems your pillow case all trussed in lace was no
match for me and you.

No matter what it is
Your hurting again.
Like lessons learnt in ways,
stunned silence reigns.

Clear like chrystal I understand your malcontent
and while words may not quite mean as much,
I hope this never ends.

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