

Denali Gillaspie "Flavor Me Red"

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Flavor me Red

Half of all the skin Iâ€™ve known has been
Somewhat relative to my own, my own comfort levels
Turn the volume, make a spin,
Circles in the sand have been
Promising sleep and devils.
Boy give me two names, maybe one for the picture
frame,
Now Iâ€™m a familiar face,
The other one could be just for fun,
After all, weâ€™re just bubblegum trying to keep our
taste and

Flavor me red, soak me in Iâ€™m a sunset, made like
your
bed,
Waiting to be tangled.
Flavor me red, soak me in Iâ€™m a sunset, made like
your
bed,
Waiting to be gentle with you.

Weâ€™re bright as day when we talk our talk,
But dim as night when we listen the listen
Counting cows, or counting sheep presleep is old milk,
it just donâ€™t keep.
Boy stay awake for ten more minutes,
To give the digital clock some kisses,
Make a wish that wonâ€™t spoil overnight,
And pretend that the monsters are living ladies who
you
think you might like to

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Imagine a boy. Now imagine a man man man man
man.
Imagine a boy. Now imagine the big hands for big
boys,
and extra floor space from lack of toys.
He's gotta be someone so silly that laughter's more
common than words
He's gotta give valentines to his friends, his parents,
his teachers, and a girl.
I wanna pretend that my eyesight never landed in his
face.
And I wanna write anonymous like letters, but decide to
put our signatures at the bottom of the page.
Imagine that. Mmmmm imagine that.

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