

Harrison Wargo "Speckled"

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You speckled your thoughts on a little white box
addressed to me. You took off your clothes and you
made it known that you were free. The light pollution
tangled through the wind up/unto (?) to your hair, me
and you in a hotel room New York took care(?), New
York took care, of us laying there.

I woke up alone in a bed for 2, bottle on the floor,
needle in my brain from my vodka drain from the night
before. I watched you dress and dry your hair; powder
up your face, we lock the door and we took the stairs to
Ney York all day(?). New York all day, nothing in the
way.

And I donâ€™t know what you do or say or how you act
anymore, but hereâ€™s to thinking about you in New
York. Iâ€™ve replaced the empty space that you left
inside of my head, but Iâ€™m running in circles
thinking about what you said.

And I donâ€™t know what you do or say or how you act
anymore, but hereâ€™s to thinking about you in New
York, Iâ€™ve replaced the empty space that you left
inside of my brain, Iâ€™m running in circles thinking
about how you taste, Iâ€™m running in circles thinking
about your face, I said Iâ€™m running in circles
thinking about how you taste.

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