

matthew hidden

"Picaresque"

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A mental state, where I'm staying awake but not
staying up late.
A fickle place, where I know I'm in love but I still want
the change.
High betting stakes; the people I'm not get back twice
what they gave.
And now I need to shave, I felt so on my own today...

Lonely minds will often wander,
And soon after, your feet could follow up.
But you won't stroll over; I cannot control how you
feel.
I'm spending too much time in my mind shaping what
could be real.

Why do you tease me so?
My heart's in a headlock; I can't get it out of control.
Float on me, feel with me; share in the rush when our
lips get too close,
And tell me, would it be better with you than the love
that I already know?

Four years of paper chase; open minds in an enclosed
space:
No time for face to face, and soon after the marks that
we left were
Erased.
But where have I been? I've hardly thought about
anything.
Now she'd this silent skin; I'm trying to find a voice so
that we can begin.

We unwind where we got tangled up:
Stop, look, listen, but never touch.
You watch as I get into bed, volunteer to leave me
alone.
But no more is no good, now I'm stuck in the mud,
crawl through under my
Legs.

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control.

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And tell me, would it be better with you than the love
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