

Paris Texas

"Ghost Boy"

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Innocence is topped not
Lost just overung And
There's times I would forget
But I Knew I didn't
Want to lose you little 9
Year olds Where bareskin
Boys plot shirtless ploys
To steal the evenings and
Then turn the night to day
You always try to minimize your loss.
Disenchant my life to
Wrapped up in a bottle
Thrown out to sea My life
Flip and flop turn and toss
I'm drowning slowly don't
I listen carefully This like
My life rapped up in a
Bottle just as you always
Do Stay right here for the
Remainder of your life Just
Like you always do

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