

Bedhead

"Haywire"

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You want to talk about things you won't understand?
then give me your ears. put them in my hands. give me
your hands. put them over my ears so I don't have to
hear a thing I say
If it makes me think.

I can't talk about things I don't understand so I leave it
here in empty hands and I leave off the ink so I don't
have to think or sink that low ever again.

Because my memory of what's good is leaving me. I
knew it would.

That part of me makes no sense.
That part of me is my conscience.

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