

Big Big Plans "Julia"

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Something is so strange about the way you seem to
move along so carelessly:
To carry on, but never sink.
Another metaphor amongst a million locked inside this
book of tricks,
Still much to nobody's surprise.
But volumes of poetry couldn't come close to the
damage you're doing
Yourself and those around you every minute you open
your mouth like a wound.
Before this timer times out, take your hands off the
mouse, won't you?
Makeup and gossip was never enough for you;
Are you having a good enough time dear?
Makeup and gossip means you get what you deserve.
You're big enough; you should know better by now.

Get back to the real world, won't you, Julia?
Nothing ever changes for you; it's time to act your age.

So come on down to the stage, where you're taking the
lead,
In this play that I'm writing for the drama you make.
In this diary in verses: This life laid out in pages,
Where you're my tragedy in lyrics and I'm the author of
those eyes.

Get back to the real world, won't you, Julia?
Nothing ever changes for you; it's time to act your age

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