

## Peach "Beautiful Toys"

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Maybe fifteen, maybe sixteen  
Years have have passed since I was crying,  
I remembered what it felt like  
To lose something that you'd die for.

Where are my beautiful toys?  
You took mine the way I took yours.

In Tunis and in Margate,  
You advised me get a life and  
Stop treating me like I'm a plaything.  
You said that I was childish,  
Couldn't treat you like an adult,  
I remembered what it felt like  
To lose someone that you'd die for.

Where are my beautiful toys?  
You took mine the way I took yours,  
July, we'd run wild,  
But things would always run down,  
Things would always run down.  
I won't tell if you change your mind.

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