

Socratic "Boy In A Magazine"

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I'll crack my head,
Then pour in some sorrow,
I stole some things from you
I could have easily borrowed.
When you were pissed and on the rag.
I waited around but now I'm packing my bags.
To live on a street in Hollywood.
Will they love me there?
I'll be a boy in a magazine.
I'll mean nothing to you,
You'll mean nothing to me.
You asked to go so I guess that I'll leave
And just be a boy in a magazine.
I won't have a bed.
I'll still have my string stained hand.
I call home where animals are buried in the backyard.

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