

Elisa Waut**"15"**

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15 by Elisa Waut
I want to rub your hands in mine
you seem so cold
your face doesn't smile
you make me wonder
where I've been
all these years
I feel 15

you make me wonder
who I am

I want to take you home with me
and babie you
I should have known
and now I miss you

I want to taste your velvet skin
and the taste of salt
can be very sweet
when your lips are moist
and you try to feel
all those things
you thought were real

and then you know
they were never there

I want to take you home with me
and never let you sleep again

it hurts my eyes
it hurts my ears
I'll take you home
after all these years
it hurts my eyes
and it hurts my ears

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