

Jenny Wilson

"A Hesitating Cloud of Despair"

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Posters from teenage magazines,
Closed the door , you locked it with a key
The pictures would keep you company at night
Handsome strangers to hold on tight
You put some music and it filled the room
Gently like a snowfall.
We were always interrupted by your mother
She was knocking at the door, offering cookies,
Candy, ice cream from the store.
I thought you were spoiled, you screamed
"Piss off you fuckin' whore"
And then you whispered
"Let's steal some wine, mom won't notice anything "
And while the music melted down
We heard her steps, she was staggering.
We were bored, but you know,
You're not supposed to play at that age
The only thing you talked about was guys
And getting laid
You had big tits and every boy in the school wanted to
fuck you
You told me stories about what these boys could do
"they rip off your clothes, all they wanna do is screw"
Cans of hairspray piled up like skyscrapers
I remember the smell of dark
Fat food that your mother fried in the cigarette smoke
And in a hesitating cloud of despair.

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