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Annuals "Bleary-Eyed"

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Green-leaf dawn implies something sweet in mind.
But it's still your fingers in my back pocket.
Makes me wonder why I sit here so tall, and why I run from the walls.

Critters by the litter come gushing out my eyes, like fears yet worth the fright. So, pour me a drink, and I'll spill this dark ink.

I'll tell you it's all for you, but it ain't it's just my way of coping

with this bleary-eyed baby girl. Well, it's just my way of coping with this bleary-eyed baby girl, dying on my kitchen floor.

[But it ain't it's just my way of coping with this bleary-eyed baby girl. Well, it's just my way of coping with this bleary-eyed baby girl, dying on my kitchen floor.]

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