

Mazes

"Messes"

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I caught the hold on all your dresses, in and off the
post you got some love
Reach out through your neat convictions, stressing
out in all your clothes.

Losing out and had new jeans, stuck here old, you're
all alone.
Bust you out, moving in a motion.

Everyone makes messes, you know I'm not the only
one.
Even if some confesses, oil spills that can be thrown.

After first night fills your closet, I pause it into
everyday.
Run out, run in, got to love you, changes caught in
arms away.

Everyone makes messes, you know you're not the only
one.
You need it, not thinking, falser up but want your love,
And use your love and is your friend.

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