

Portrait of Ned

Rex Orange County

Where is home?
Streets are home
I walk them time and time again
And each time I am alone
Where is she?
Visions of her speak
Visions of her and him together
Living by the sea
But please don't drown
Or let him hold you down
With the waves above your head
And please don't sleep yourself into a dream
I stay beneath your bed

But don't go please
A cold breeze
Pulling teeth
Pissed off and nosebleeds
Stay here just for the weekend
See friends later
I wish that I could hate her
But they're just the words that I sold, to you
Maybe girl we could grow old
But the shower is cold
And I'm sour sold
And darker than the black night
This age is old