

Green Eyes

Suburban Lawns

Green eyes have not yet been known to me
For I have not your eyes
My waking has not yet been grown at all

Oh, this endless day
Pigment gray on the second floor
My friend died last night, or tried
Lights are not bad for such a small place

He's posing like he's quite big-headed
I know you're a heartfelt mind
The shades are the Venetian kind
They are drawn down blind
For only lines are shadowed in angles
On my wall in the daytime

My tales have not yet been seen by them
They are only paper
Screaming ladies, converted shirts
I wish and wishes that never came through

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