

Maps

The Front Bottoms

There is a map in my room on the wall of my room and
I've got big big plans.
and I can see them slipping through almost feel them
slipping through the palms of my sweaty hands.
and I move slow, just slow enough to make you
uncomfortable.

you say I hate you you mean it and I love you sounds
fake
its taken me so long to figure that out.
I used to love the taste I would do anything for it.
now I would do anything to get the taste out of my
mouth.
and you're so confident but I hear you crying in your
sleeping bag.

but you were broken bad yourself
you were mad as hell you felt
if you had done anything with anyone else it would have
worked out so well.

But you are an artist and your mind don't work the way
you want it to.
one day you'll be washing yourself with hand soap in a
public bathroom.
and you'll be thinking how did I get here
where the hell am I
if the rolls were reversed you could have seen me
sneaking up, sneaking up from behind.

She sees these visions, she feels emotion.
she says that I cannot go she sees my plane in the
ocean.
and what about your friends don't you love them enough
to stay.
and I say if I don't leave now then I will never get
away.
let me be a blue raft on a blue sea I'll blend right
in.

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