

Something Someone Jr.

The Growlers

My spine just squinted and my eye is weak
I can't find peace in a form of speech
My views change color red hot, ice cold
Black ain't a color happiness ain't gold

It's hard for me to feel normal easy to feel free
It's hard for you to understand if you can't feel me

I ain't in a western in a way I can grasp
I try to hold on to something that is fast

If something is a way of saying you don't know
Then a name is just a way of being visible

My name is someone junior
Who is my dad
Mama is a Catherine Anne Hoover and she's all that
And a bag of crypt

I'm a municipal and the mundane
I try to keep weird keep away from the same
I haven't read an outline on how to pass youth
Rather than get passed I pass doobs

I'm out I'm in it's hard to live in this given culture
All the hers and hims
All of the rats, snakes, and youth vultures around
My heart's out of shape and my head's in a cast
I try to hold on to something that is fast
If something is a way of saying you don't know
Then a name is just a way of being visible....