

Feeling like a bag of bones, shriveled up and cold.  
Nineteen years old.

Is draining out all of my insides  
on the floor every night  
supposed to make me feel alive?  
What would things be like  
if I told you I wouldn't mind  
swinging from the tree outside?  
Would that be alright?  
I hope you don't mind.

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A train nearby reminds me I'm not the only one  
who feels left alone.  
At least it's got some place to go.  
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