

when i look at you
i don't know what to do
i feel i'm less than you
and lost without a clue
i don't mind that you keep my clothes forever
'cause everything you touch of mine
seems purified and new

i am touched by all your silly love stories
even though they're never about me

when i go to sleep
i dream of golden pillows
a golden bleached of white
the color of your hair
i don't mind that i feel you look down upon me
'cause i am just a boy you said
with growing up to do

i would talk forever if every word i said
would make you laugh until you'd cry

lollipops with silver fairied polka dots
is all i ever wanted to come from you

everybody's cool except for me