

Dagenham Dream

Blood Orange

We received our bloody circles in the mail
Only see what's really important when it's nailed
As a teen, my Lord and savior was a male
Tire trucks and six steel strings that keep me frail
It's the worst I've ever felt when it hails
Broken teeth and bloody nose but least it snowed
Instantly tried, oh, I cried and cut a line
And my eyebrow acted like the boys who tell
And my teacher told me that this made her sad
Had to act just like the others to get around
Friday nights alone in heaven with my board

Like, growing up I have always heard or like, I was always hype
raware of
The things that the people around me who were charged with my c
are
Or told me, like, be silent or be quiet
Or be ashamed or hide
Or perform a version of myself that wasn't really me
And so, I think that through my life I've always been hypercons
cious and aware of not going into spaces and seeking too much a
ttention
Um, because part of survival is, like, being able to just fit i
n
To be seen as normal and to, like, quote-unquote belong
But I think that so often in society in order to belong means t
hat we have to, like, shrink parts of ourselves