

17 Years

Bodyjar

Seen how you treat her
Don't wanna turn out like you
So well adjusted
You leave me feeling confused

I've wasted
The last seventeen years of my life
I'm not going back
But I'm not gonna run away
Anymore
Not anymore

Under the carpet
You know the things that kids say
Cracks in the in mirror
Words in a darkened hallway

All I remember
Spending December alone
Blank photo pages
There's nothing left in my home