

Growing skin last washed forgotten, when it would be getting rotten but for the rain. Sold times zero to shut out the refrain, "How come we never got to see you again?" Not so much trapped as preferring to hide. Don't open the door unless you're going outside. Living on nothing getting too expensive. Turned it inside out and lost the friendship. With a mood of defiance and not wanting it, becoming reliant on the fact it exists. Searching for something better than this? Throw out the pieces that never would fit. And throw out the jig:saw you coming for miles. Emptied the bin with a, picked up the phone with a, had a few words with a, wrote it all down with a smile. And time stood still like good times do, while bad times hovered in the recent past. Talking them over lets you know you can choose between cutting them dead or letting them last. And the choosing is the using of your own self-esteem. Did you like it as it was? Or has it never really been? Some people want it dirty and others like I clean, denying there's an area that's lying in-between. Watching the blind leading the blind gives you the time to use your mind. Plenty of skin to grown back again, plenty of room outside the one you're in.