

Trip Me Up

Fredrika Stahl

They call me the odd
You're the author of that name
I like you a lot
But I hate you just the same
I smile and take it on the chin
Could answer your backstab
With a little face slap
But bite my tongue 'til it bleeds

Trip me up
I know you'd like to see me fall
Just like I hope you will do
I know it feels hard
For your sensible heart
I'm always on the run and I hate copy paste for god's sake
I push you over
You know I like you more from far
Won't drown in the middle with you
It's sad but true
I'd rather risk losing you

I comb your hair
Braid it into a thick rope
Add a red and white rose
Swirl it neatly 'round my throat
You see I took it on the chin
But gathered every sharp word within

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