

Oliver

Gemma Hayes

oliver you kicked a hole through my heart
and left me with a whistling sound
as the wind blows through
with duct tape and an old bin bag
i covered it up and put back on my sweater
so i looked the same
but i'm a little different now

i might look the same
i might look the same
but i'm a little different now,
i'm a little different now.

oliver you ripped the smile off my face
and fed it to the winter birds
what a wicked boy
oliver you are my blackness
oliver you are my lightness
my devastator

i might look the same
i might look the same
but i'm a little different now
i might look the same
i might look the same
but i'm a little different now
i'm a little different now.