

## Run Wild, Young Beauty

Hotel Books

Sometimes I feel like some sort of gold being.  
I'm some sort of metal that only has purpose  
when someone needs something.  
And people wouldn't chase after me  
if it wasn't for greed,  
if it wasn't for the purchasing of some sort of peace.  
And my hopes and dreams are put on display for all to see,  
but under heat, they bend, they bleed.  
And maybe you couldn't tell,  
this was once beautiful,  
it's pure gold, just covered in black ink.  
Covered in the charcoal colored remains of ashes  
from the last time something burned me.  
But baby, I can be something you need so bend me in that fire  
until I fit a shape that can offer you some sort of utility.

I can see you, but I can't touch you,  
I can touch you, but I can't feel you  
I can feel you, but I can't see you  
I used to, but then I went blind.

Mend me into a cup,  
so when you get too drunk, you will think of me  
or mend me into a ring, or some sort of jewelry,  
so I can hold some sort of diamond within me.  
And people won't notice me,  
but will see I possess something with beauty.  
Make me into buckles for the shoes on your feet,  
so when you run away from this broken down street,  
you can take me with you when you chase your dream.  
Make me into a music box so when I am opened,  
People can feel enlightened.

Make me into a trophy, so someone can hold me high  
as they boast to the sky that they don't need anything.  
make me into a medallion, a true sign of victory,  
but not as flashy as a trophy, so it possesses some dignity.  
Make me into a locket that you can wear around your neck  
so I can possess a picture of the man who made you feel the best,  
or at least better than I ever did.

I can touch you, but I can't see you,  
I can see you, but I can't feel you  
I can feel you, but I can't touch you,  
I used to, but then you left my life.

You are not one to look for gold,  
or any sort of monetary value,  
and that's why I will always love you.  
So don't make me into anything you might lose.  
Please don't make me into another excuse.  
Make me feel like me me so I can make you feel like you.

I can feel you, I can touch you,  
I can't see you. Where have you gone?

I can feel you, but I can't see you,

I can see you, but I can't touch you,  
I can touch you, but I can't feel you,  
all I can feel is that your love makes me feel alive.