

## Velvet Rolls Royce

Hurt

On that day you talked to me,  
I waited so patiently,  
For what you gave,  
When you gave.

Said my boy, it's not a toy,  
That red and velvet steel rolls royce.  
Now I know,  
What it is.

Ever since this summers lost,  
We never stopped to count the cost,  
Of what you did.  
What you did.

Still bestowed to sickening hands,  
A boy would soon become a man.  
Now I, know why it is.  
Now I, know why.  
Now I, know why it is.  
Now I, know why it is.  
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