

Look Out

James Vincent McMorrow

Out with the golden we sew,
and the lower past that crawls.
Now to the doorway you run,
to the girl that's not enough.

Show was looking,
now we're peeking over.
I was lucky.
From the corner feather flip the so,
of harlot's.
All the same,
So, I hope I'm still in love of course,
and doesn't listen.

Now, in the passed them again.
In the dawn then we hurry.
So, I have gathered to craze.
And I placed it in my.

Show was looking,
now we're peeking over.
I was lucky.
From the corner feather flip the so,
of harlot's.
All the same,
So, I hope I'm still in love of course,
and doesn't listen.

You'll be lucky once,
waiting for the center arms
When the summer comes,
dry tears from my eyes.
So you cover up,
as the weather starts to change.
And you settle in,
at the best has yet been made.