

Vinegar Vera

Rialto

Vinegar Vera, packed his bags and left home to make his mark. Nobody missed him, because he was back before it got dark.

Vinegar Vera, lying on his bed cursing the ceiling. Because the world turned, and turning it ran over his feelings.

Vinegar Vera, now that you're almost 21. Vinegar Vera, locked in the bathroom at your mum's.

He looks in the mirror, and rolling the words around his mouth. He doesn't want to come out, he doesn't want to come out.

Chip on your shoulder, is harder to hide the more you get older. With every summer, feeling the world get colder and colder.

Vinegar Vera, now that you're almost 31. Vinegar Vera, wondering what you have become.

Vinegar Vera, lost his mum in the zoo when he was 5. The Hare Krishnas gave him a biscuit as he sat and cried.

Vinegar Vera, never thought life would come to this. Vinegar Vera, drowning in your own bitterness.

He doesn't want to come out, he doesn't want to come out.
He doesn't want to come out