

Talk

Sarah Jaffe

All my young life
I've opened my mouth too many times
Now that I'm done talking
Here you come walking

And I feel ignorant to be certain
Strung out like a fool
I know I don't need to
But I know that I want you
And I feel ignorant to be certain

All your debts are paid off
You don't owe a thing
Heaven sent and precious and wise for your age
All these moves are calculated

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