

Boy in a Magazine

Socratic

I'll crack my head,
then pour in some sorrow,
I stole some things from you
I could have easily borrowed.
When you were pissed and on the rag.
I waited around but now I'm packing my bags.
To live on a street in Hollywood.
Will they love me there?
I'll be a boy in a magazine.
I'll mean nothing to you,
you'll mean nothing to me.
You asked to go so I guess that I'll leave
and just be a boy in a magazine.
I won't have a bed.
I'll still have my string stained hand.
I call home where animals are buried in the backyard.