

## 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.