

Easter

The Prize Fighter Inferno

I don't want to run around, run outside you kitchen.
In the front yard, outside where the children play.
Sandbox drifting in the land outside your missing.
Sail until Sunday just till the evenings gray.

It's Easter, the sun & Cecilia.

I don't want to lie against duck-tape cracked or crooked.
In the out door, left outside in the rain.
Bus ride longing for the face that I've been missing.
Seventeen looking for a day I long again.

It's Easter, the sun & Cecilia.