

Aloud, Julie

Step outside
And smoke your cigarette
You're so mature
You never seem to fret
Those eyes
Abandon all contact
Your painted lips
Add color to the facts
But oh, Julie then you'll see
When you run back to me

So demure
With what you would reveal
We all know
The pain is very real
And I
Know what makes you tick
You repeat
Until it makes you sick