

Ann Beretta, Upstarts And Runaways

Write a letter to myself with destination unknow
self destructive tendencies
self help's left me alone
beaten by myself sometimes & kicked the whole way down broken is around
tonight we dance until we're so far away
break the molds we're made gotta get away
I know you don't listen to a word that you hear me say
fading fast hindsight was lost on us anyway
no where last no control like upstarts & runaways and tonight we dance
open letter never sent
neon skies above our heads
desert sands below
and I know you don't live the life I see you live everyday and tonight we dance.