

Beach House, Childhood

Beginning of the end
of the heart was once my friend.
The nature of that place
sends a sweet smell around my head.
Oh well.

The hardest thing of all:
the heartbreak of our loss.
Hiding on the tire,
we were cast out of everywhere.

But enough.
Last time...
The last time I remember...
The last time I remember,
it was God(?).

How I want you to know
how far west we will go.
Hand in hand (?)
All our days in this love.

All my toys are dead (?)

Unravelling at the stairs.
Open, but who cares?
Why?