

Blinker The Star, Kween Kat

All my days are lightning
Still don't need a friend, I'm left to move
Picture spread still frightening
I burn those sticks alone
It's not my home
I feel her hand upon my leg
Am I still or am I true?
The words no longer feed my head
A cat would never mess my bed
Bold as thrills are sometimes
You can't bleed every day, I'm packed away
COLD as he will tell you
My sign is what I say
And I can't say
The father came, hit and run
We never knew where he came from
The father came, hit and run
We never knew just what he'd done
I'm left undone