

Catch, Over Again

I'm not aware that pushing forward constitutes an advance.
That memory's best served by one backward glance;
But I'm concerned for people like you who think it's okay to do what you do to me.
Well it's not. You see.
Yes. I am scared that if I challenge you. You'll push me away.
Or strike me dumb when I have so much to say.
I've practiced these words. Yet now they accuse.
My heart's fit to burst with all I could lose from love. Did I choose love?
Oh . my burst balloon. Oh my shattered dreams.
Oh. My so -called life. This tired tune. My burst balloon.
I don't agree: if you can't kiss another you're not free??
Go satisfy your lust - forget about me.
But what will it mean when everyone's gone ? your body is queen.
Your mind carries on empty. It was not meant to be.
I won't be scared: I won't hold back . I'll make my point . I'll seek my fact.
I won't be quiet. Won't settle down. You picked me up. You hung around.
For now it's my turn to do the same? I never played those games.