

Onelinedrawing, My Little Relief

fold up clothes and pack away
I'm finally here it's all too much
I'm a brick of salt and aging well
there's a wish for holding hands
foster please peace understand
crow up the debt and cradle
make the deal and move through this
what you steal is what will fit
I don't want this to be hard
You don't want to
Let some kind saint hold you
It's not love now, I'm just through
let's hope go, it's a crutch
let this just be new
you've seen the way she cries
let old achind be dust
little sage around new doors
oh, there i am, there I am!
this my little relief