

Peach, Beautiful Toys

Maybe fifteen, maybe sixteen
Years have have passed since I was crying,
I remembered what it felt like
To lose something that you'd die for.

Where are my beautiful toys?
You took mine the way I took yours.

In Tunis and in Margate,
You advised me get a life and
Stop treating me like I'm a plaything.
You said that I was childish,
Couldn't treat you like an adult,
I remembered what it felt like
To lose someone that you'd die for.

Where are my beautiful toys?
You took mine the way I took yours,
July, we'd run wild,
But things would always run down,
Things would always run down.
I won't tell if you change your mind.