

Youth Group, Baby Body

Listen now my sweet Anne, I never meant to cause you pain.
We could've spent all summer sitting here making daisychains.
I lie awake at night staring at my roof.
Now you're gone.

For weeks I've had your pretty face hanging in my brain.
It's suspended like the reflection in a window pane.
You hang just like a ghost over city streets.
Now you're gone.

How could I begin to finish what I couldn't start?
I'm more General Haig than Napoleon Bonaparte.
Go now, just leave. No more words please.
Now you're gone.

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Now you're gone