

# Baumer, Hard Drug

My mind can't piece a sentence.  
She talks slowly with the pace of kisses.  
Confident like a boxer first-round she knows them out.  
And I can't think of anything charming to say.  
No, I can't do anything to make her want me,  
to make her want me.

Why can't I forget.  
Lips I never kissed.  
She's a dull ache from a hard drug.  
Things I used to crave,  
don't fill me these days.  
Nothing feels good now, now even love.

She moves closer 'til distance is inches.  
My body caves 'neath the weight of her attention.  
Ignorant like a guest on a talk show  
applauding a cruel joke.  
And I can't think of anything charming to say.  
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