Custom, Like You

sitting in an empty house
on a simple chair in the corner
of an empty room
on a wooden floor
with nothing between here
and where i came from
except for a girl
waiting for the bus
with a leather knapsack
over her shoulder
and hope in her eyes
and enough beauty
to fill this empty room
a thousand times

like you
like you
just like you
like you

she ties her legs in a bow
and like butterflies
her eyes close
then her soul stretches
like paint inthe rain
she breathes
her arms fall up
stretching up reaching
she moves the sun

like you
like you
just like you
like you