

Kimya Dawson, My Bike

my bike it is broken sit on it and close my eyes
in my mind go for a ride go for a ride inside my mind
in my mind there's nothing broken arms and hearts and wind and strings
i close my eyes and nothing's broken boughs and promises arrows backs and wings
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i wish my brother could always be happy
but because he isn't he is strong just like me
he is what i lean on to keep me from collapsing
everyone's relapsing he's the only crutch i need
the only god i need twins get in for free
h'j'pneji

whole truths halfway spoken footnote 20/20 spies
incarcerate parentheses a 50/50 compromise
in my eyes the truth is spoken lying accidentally
mechanisms defenseless a prepositional prophesy
over under around behind and right in front of me

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