

Lightyear, George My Shit

(Bleugh)

(Woo!)

(Like this!)

I didn't care
About the reason why he never wrote
Just a nine year old
Hanging on a single thread of hope
Is it really too late for you and me?
What's it like to have a Dad?
Maybe I'll wait and see

And now I can't define
Between reality or TV
And the people stare right through a dying man
They don't even want to stop and see

If he's okay
He's okay

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