

# Page France, Junkyard

You, me, and all the kings and queens  
Buried in the junkyard  
And every time the herald Cherub sings  
We rattle with the car parts

I was born to lie here patiently  
Be dragged on by the black star  
And you were told to glow majestically  
And love until your hands bleed

You stole your mother's whitest gown  
Swallowed like a sunbeam  
And I stole your father's crusted crown  
It shook us like a bad dream

They were born to lie here patiently  
Waiting for the big swing  
And you were more than dressing for a feast  
Eat until your teeth bleed

Oh my royalty my hand goes out to you  
You look painfully true

But I saw you cry  
Like you used to laugh  
When you looked around  
Were you looking back

At a lonely love  
As to sprouting beans  
No one's quite as bloom  
As they'd like to be

I would love to stay  
But my work is through  
I'm the truest song  
That was never true