

Patrick Park, Something Pretty

Here I am, where I've been
I've walked a hundred miles in tobacco skin,
And my clothes are worn & gritty.
And I know ugliness,
Now show me something pretty.
I was a dumb punk kid with nothing to lose
And too much weight for walking shoes.
I could have died from being boring.
As for loneliness,
She greets me every morning.

At the most I'm a glare,
I'm the hopeless son who's hardly there.
I'm the open sign that's always busted.
I'm the friend you need, but can't be trusted.

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