

Paulson, A Great Pretending

Comfort me. Choose a friendship that's not made of plastic. That was me: eye crossed, stars wide
Breathe in my poisoned heart; suffer from a great pretending. Discard this mask of ours; may we see
Try to smile when you're lying in a field of daisies. That was us: truck top, July, the engine was running
I still believe that the world is good when we stop pretending.
Breathe in my poisoned heart. Suffer from a great pretending. Tremble at this world of scars. May we