

Rockettothesky, Fourteen, Fifteen, Thirteen, Four

Fourteen-fifteen,
I'm thirteen-fourteen,
you're a girl, you're a boy, you're a girl
and I l o v e y o u.
Pretend his hand is my hand on your thigh!
Pretend his eye is my eye on your breasts!
He's a boy he's your boy he's my puppet,
and I l o v e y o u.

Comewithme-come.
They say this theatre is haunted!
Solfeelhandsandskintouchingalloverallover!
There's nothing i can do about it.
This ghost has the f i e r c e s t t o n g u e!
And I rub him;
I pass him on to you.

<small>
can you feel him?
can we share him?
he makes a chain b e t w e e n o u r b o d i e s
</small>

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