

Rockettothesky, Too Many Emmas

There are too many Neils, too many Neils, there are too many Neils walking my street -
up

There are too many roads, too many roads, too many roads going up and down and up and down a

Sink down instead!

And take Neil with you!

There are too many Emmas, too many Emmas, there are too many Emmas making up my street a

There are too many legs, and too many ankles! Going up and down and up and downthis body.

Earth, swallow them and pluck Emma between your teeth and your tongue

(if you see him, see Neil, tell him: Jen says hi, I said hello)

We were fourteen, fifteen perhaps twenty-two and you had chest hair growing out of your shirt

I should have done something, I should have turned my head but they were

Too many, too soon.