Squirtgun, Neverfit

I thought you might appreciate the fact of my dream: a few shapes and lines, skyscrapers flew off. A satellite fell in the center of and broadcast teh fault that i had become but faraway far away you sang next to refrigerators ate a crabapple and faraway faraway i woke up in a heart with a sign that said drowning

I woried alone:
I knew i'd never be king
of some broke rome
fell apart at the knees
and i worried today
about the number days
that i'd really get
before they'd wipe me aweay.
but in this world, in this world,
so many bright-light people end awhole lot dimmer
And in this world, in this world,
my very blackest days you could never call tragic.

I wont be anyone with a point or a bullet me drink all my fun from a sea, the bluest one. Break my dish on teh stairs to the stars. i dont care for a blank associate who wont cry- who will fit I'll never fit, wouldnt dream of it i wont fit never dream of it