

Swift, Dr. Shaw

Five years old with an imagination the size of the red sea
and every night he's out to get me
I can't escape from his clutches I don't know one day I might just run away with nothing left to give
every time I lay my head on my pillow I get fucked up
well I know that I can't wake my dad up or he'll send me back to bed with a spanking
and I can't tell anyone at school they'll just laugh and treat me cruel
actually this guy is chasing me inside my head
I don't know if I'm alive or I'm dead
will this guy fucking leave me I can't seem to escape from these dreams and this madness
I gotta go wake my grandpa up because he's the only one who'll understand
won't you stop chasing me because in these dreams I cry
but no one hears me
frustrated at what I am I don't know I talk to the doctors
but they can't help me
I don't know which way is up or down all I know is he's chasing me
won't you stop chasing me because in these dreams I cry
but no one hears me
and I still get chills remembering the way that my head was tucked between the cold wall and my leg
I can hear it cutting the air and I look up to him and I say

I hope your shoes shine from all the tears that you walk on

and I ran all the way home