

My Junk

Spring Awakening

In the midst of this nothing, this miss of a life
Still there's this wanting just to see you go by
It's almost like lovin', sad as that is
May not be cool, but it's so where I live
It's like I'm your lover or more like your ghost
I spend the day wondering what you do, where you go
I try and just kick it but then what can I do
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you
See us, winter walking after a storm
It's chill in the wind but it's warm in your arms
We stop all snow blind, may not be true
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you