

So chewed out at this point lol, is it sad or is it funny, I don't know man, I don't even
know

Bologna, June 2023

I wish I knew where to place my hands, without them holding me back,
I wish I'd learned where to rest my eyes, wished they'd stop making me look like I'm on
crack,

Life is not a wishing well, though I guess most have been granted for me,

But my excuses and endless rationalisations will protect me as I flee,

Because really, I'd die if I actually tried right,

Like God forbid I take a bite, not mere minutes before my flight,

I'd have to sit there in a drunken state, waiting for the plane to break, or maybe just a little
late,

And then I'd have nothing to convince myself of,

I need the belief of an unreachable and eternal love,

Otherwise I'd have to work, like real effort and shit, not lit.

And that would suck so much more than beating yourself up about 100% of the shots you
didn't take,

I actually think I'd have an easier time deciding if something was or wasn't cake,

But I don't even eat cake, no cap,

I wish I wasn't such a flake, run the lap,

More cap, I don't even run, but words and words I've got on tap,

But it would be nice for once to be able to make a move,

When did telling a story stop being so damn smooth,

Or maybe it never was, but fuck me it used to work,

Now I hover in silent corridors, technically I lurk,

When I smile I feel like it looks terrifying,
My words run out, still helpless and slowly dying,
Fucking tell her a story,
Hand hard it can be?