



To my darling GF,

I've seen your shoes

There's no other witnesses, just us two

Two people living in one small room

From your two half-families tearing at you

Two ways to tell the story, no one worries

Two silver rings on our fingers in a hurry

Two people talking inside your brain

Two people believing that I'm the one to blame

Two different voices coming out of your mouth

I didn't mind you blaming me for your mistakes

I just pinned you to the door frame through all the earthquakes

- Good E. Little