17 years old, virgin like the stars

with the sun on the hands, like a far distant dream

hidden among the small country clouds,

seemingly unachievable, as the love we never end up finding

Counting parrots before the midnight sleep

when girls talk come straight to the head

and confuse up what is held uncertainly true

undue unresolved

down this road slipping out of home

Hello Kitty super powers

riding on a kangaroo..

Now that years have passed by

and virginity was lost

with un-lubricated smiles

Can you make up all the reasons

which have brought you far away

will you lay there in reverse

silent waiting for a sign?

Innocence is a sweet suicide machine

a way out the muzzled world

a bomb ready to explode

on our beautifulness