

# Blinker The Star, Kween Kat

All my days are lightning  
Still don't need a friend, I'm left to move  
Picture spread still frightening  
I burn those sticks alone  
It's not my home  
I feel her hand upon my leg  
Am I still or am I true?  
The words no longer feed my head  
A cat would never mess my bed  
Bold as thrills are sometimes  
You can't bleed every day, I'm packed away  
COLD as he will tell you  
My sign is what I say  
And I can't say  
The father came, hit and run  
We never knew where he came from  
The father came, hit and run  
We never knew just what he'd done  
I'm left undone