

# Custom, Like You

sitting in an empty house  
on a simple chair in the corner  
of an empty room  
on a wooden floor  
with nothing between here  
and where i came from  
except for a girl  
waiting for the bus  
with a leather knapsack  
over her shoulder  
and hope in her eyes  
and enough beauty  
to fill this empty room  
a thousand times

like you  
like you  
just like you  
like you

she ties her legs in a bow  
and like butterflies  
her eyes close  
then her soul stretches  
like paint in the rain  
she breathes  
her arms fall up  
stretching up reaching  
she moves the sun

like you  
like you  
just like you  
like you