

Facing New York, Styrofoam Walls

Our home is made of styrofoam.
We speak right through the walls.
Our floor is made of red wine stains.
It makes me want to sing:

Our home is made of styrofoam.
Their laughter stains the halls,
Greyish blue and salmon red.
Kelly Green she said:

So I sit quietly, enjoy the company.
I will wait patiently, it won't get the best of me.

Our home is made of styrofoam,
And if it ever burns,
We will build another house,
Without the full turn.

Our home is made of styrofoam.
We live right through it all.
But my room is made of plexiglass,
And I'm a fly on the wall