

Tyla, Untitled

If you really loved me
Like you say you do
You wouldn't put me through
half the things like you do.
Sometimes you make me feel like there
is nothing else.
Then you leave me in this cold place
looking for help.
It used to be free
but the price went up, like everything else
I have nothing left to sell
In the boot sale in hell.
When I lost my address book
I also lost my friends
But I know you'll always want me
If I ever make it again. But as for now
I'm content with my stories, and my memory
serves me well, there's a distant face
lives in Camden, says to drip by
I might as well. I have nothing more
left to say.
I'll just curl up in my memories
and quietly fade away.