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Pressure

I can tell by the look of your eyes that Im lost
maby the future has allready come and gone
Im still here
so now what?

I go to work, pay my bills
everyday
everynight
Its all so confusing
like a motion of real life

is it imaginary?
the illusion of oneself is far, far from
the one you think Iam
couse in my head...

you merge gently whit the world
its spinning in your hand

like a toy from outofspace

your eyes on me
like a merrygoround in my head

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren JohannaMJansson med Poeter.se id #24005 innehar upphovsrätten