

## 7.THEA.MY JUNK

In the midst of this nothing. This miss of a life.  
Still there's this one thing just to see you go by.

It's almost like lovin'. Sad as that is.

May not be cool, but it's so where I live.

It's like i'm your lover or more like your ghost.  
I spend the day wondering what you do, where you go.

I try and just kick it but then what can I do?  
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you.

See us, winter walking after a storm.  
It's chill in the wind but it's warm in your arms.  
We stop all snow blind, may not be true  
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you.