

Rubble

Ambrosia Parsley

I keep my closets closed
It's silly I suppose but no one really knows
And I can't help it
But I feel like he's on his way
And I'm in so, so much trouble. I never rest my head
Too close to the head of the bed.
Well I'm guessing he knows what I did.
I'm afraid they will put me down with the rubble... with the rubble.
I know it won't be long.
Until I'm here and then I'm gone.
There'll be no heart to rest your head upon.
Look away when they put me down with the rubble... with the rubble.

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