

Spookeddekoops

Brieve Morison

Don't do that to me I'm easily spooked  
Look into my eyes you'll see  
And whatever it is you'll think it's the truth  
Unless you're out looking for lies  
Climbing into somebody's roof  
Rummaging around their old supplies  
Frantically focusing your eyes  
On anything that might be of use

If you ever want out of there  
I'm fair so just ask  
I'll release you then and there  
To repair to your imagined task  
Maybe you need some air to breathe  
As you hear your voice become a rasp  
And the lungs behind your ribs begin to heave  
And your mind beneath your skin .begins to seethe  
That this could be your last

Now it's adrenalin your handling and you're hooked  
A million thoughts are dangling  
All angling to screw you up  
So this is paranoia pal  
Where everything rhymes with fucked  
It can hit you at work or in the mall  
And you'll wish that you never had looked and that  
You never shall  
Don't do that to me  
I'm easily spooked  
Look into my eyes you'll see  
And whatever you see you'll think it's the truth  
Unless you're out looking for lies  
Climbing into someones roof  
Rummaging around their old supplies  
Frantically focusing your eyes on anything that might be of use