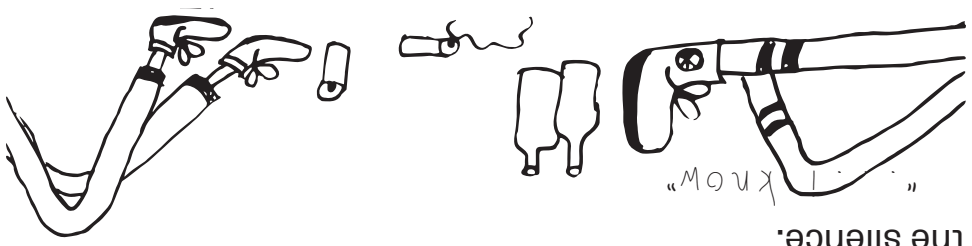


Love Songs at All the Wrong Times



Disco lights flash. Red.
Blue. Green. Red. Base
humming. Shitty music
playing over it all. I stare
at the cute boy sitting
across from me. His voice
cutting through the noise
! still love you
"means . . . !
dont love you
any more charlie"

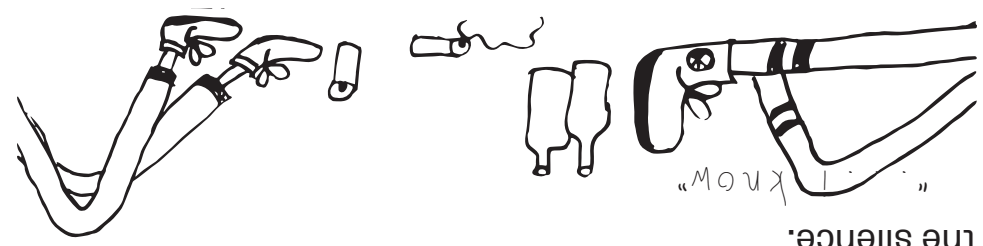
As Tongue Tied by Group-
love comes on I whisper.
"means . . . !
dont love you
any more charlie"

"whats that mean
forgy?"

"I know"

the silence.
my own barely audible in

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