

her poor heart

I saw from the start that the man didn't care
it's complicated - I felt I couldn't share
the patterns I saw, drawings down on the ground
he wouldn't be happy til he heard the sound

of tears, falling

"it's not my intention, it's just how life goes"
she's heard it before, conversation she knows
she had a good feeling 'bout this one before
despite all the drama, the slamming of doors

again, and again

then it passes,
nothing lasts as long as it should
he didn't love her
he saw her as convenient while he could

they say she's beautiful when she cries
mouth downturned and solemn doe eyes
so they push and prod and lie
she's only worthy when she's pretty, and she's beautiful when she cries

The morning dew mixes with an outflow of tears
concocting a potion of anger and fear
she's running on empty, cause she couldn't sleep
sun's rising up now, she counts another week

as it passes,
nothing lasts as long as it should
they didn't love her
they saw her as convenient while they could

she's beautiful when she cries
mouth downturned and solemn doe eyes

so they push and prod and lie
she's only worthy when she's pretty, and she's beautiful when she cries

they love to break her heart
she's too naive to see from the start that
he'd love to break her heart
it's not her fault, but I wish she could see that
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