

I d tell you why but what s the use
Cause it s the same kind of pity
a drunkard gives as his excuse
You were sharp and ideal as a bobby pin
Now your eyes are deserted and quiet
We both look like those poor shattered mannequins
Thrown through the window in the riot

She lies in his arms and without any qualms
Revels in shallow delights
She seems brittle and small it don t look like her at all
Since she came back to him After the fall