

Harry Chapin, Burning Herself

She was crazy (she was beautiful),
I guess she had to be.
I was angry (you were blind),
because I could not see.
I saw only what her cigarettes had done to her skin.
I should have known the outside world
would reveal what was within.
She was burning herself,
and her hair was filled with ashes.
She was burning herself,
and her life becomes a flame.
She was burning herself,
and the flame became her passion.
She was burning herself,
and her passion,
her passion was her pain.
She was trusting (you could have saved her too),
all hope had passed for her.
I was lusting (and she gave to you),
that's all I asked for her.
The marks upon her body
and the marks upon her mind.
I could have erased them
if I'd only taken the time.
I never saw her do it,
I only saw the scars.
I never could imagine
what would make her go that far.
I wondered,
was she driven by desperate need to feel,
to find out she was living,
to discover life was real.
Or was it that the pain
slicing through her like a knife
was easier to take
than the emptiness of life?
Had a strange sense of drama
caught her in a role,
or was she trying to cauterize
the chancres on her sole?
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know...