

Abby Travis, Everything's Wonderful

Why must the birds sing when it's raining deep inside
Must the light refract like that as I reenact our last goodbye

He could have been a soldier
And I could have been his prize
But it wasn't worth fighting for
It came as no surprise

He could have been a stallion
And I could have been his ride
But he spooked when the wind blew
And the cinch wasn't tight

He picked me up
Then he dropped me on my ass
I could have shattered
But honey I'll tell you
Everything's wonderful
Why do you ask?

The birds they chirp for no one and the dusk it cannot hide
The residue from unlit stars that stain my weathered hide

He could have been a blind man
And I could have been his sight
But he had a sheperd
Who kept him warm at night

And he picked me up...