

Aimée Allen, Little Happiness

When nothing matters now and you're not sure if it ever did
When life is grey or black or whatever color it is
When the sound of his voice screaming in your ear
Melts with the tender vision the noise disappears

You're letting him back in
To break you once again
You're crawling in your skin
You're forgiving him
You hold it in

Her mascara draws his picture on her face
And all these pictures that he's framed take up his space
These awkward elevator moments of happiness
Just keep her open to the cycles of viciousness

Letting him back in
To break you once again
You're crawling in your skin
You're forgiving him
You hold it in

Letting him back in
To break you once again
You're crawling in your skin
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Holding on
For a little happiness
Holding on
For a little happiness