

Alanis Morissette, Pollyanna Flower

(through you I see us)
Between a broken nose and a fake smile
Between piety and gun powder
Between fighting and fleeing the scene
Between the murder and the normalacy
Between aggression and oblivion
Between the brutal and realistically well behaved
Between the screaming and the pulling in the reins
Between tiptoeing and ambling

What am i to do with all this fire?
(I'd like to hate you but I could never hate you)
Why are you still with me in this red space?
(I'd like to slap you but I could never slap you)

Between violence and silently seething
Between my fist and my pollyanna flower
Between forgetting (or fuck you to) your face and it's alright
Between war and denial
(Twice)

Between flying vases and secretly weeping
Between loose cannons and ever down playing
Between the bruises and the nobly differing
Between bursting and boiling
What am I to do with all this burning?
(I'd like to hurt you but I could never hurt you)
Do I overwhelm you in this place?
(I'd like to kill you but I could never kill you)

Between violence and silently seething
Between my fist and my pollyanna flower
Between forgetting (or fuck you to) your face and it's alright
Between war and denial
(Twice)

What am i to do with all this fire?
Can you understand me in this place?