

# Anni Frid Lyngstad, Threnody

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Miscellaneous

Threnody

Lilacs blossom just as sweet

Now my heart is shattered

If I bowled it down the street

Who's to say it mattered?

If there's one that rode away

What would I be missing?

Lips that taste of tears, they say

Are the best for kissing

Eyes that watch the morning star

Seem a little brighter

Arms held out to darkness are

Usually whiter

Shall I bar the strolling guest

Bind my brow with willow

When, they say, the empty breast

Is the softer pillow?

That a heart falls tinkling down

Never think it ceases

Every likely lad in town

Gathers up the pieces

If there's one gone whistling by

Would I let it grieve me?

Let him wonder if I lie

Let him half believe me