

Braid, Grace Car Part One

i saw your picture today on a card
i tried so hard
to remember that smiling face you placed
on my prince's pillow in that broken down car
last summer
you sang to me so beautifully
you were promised to me like a ring to a tree
but you cut it all off and
that's what kills me

pilot of lies
who sat at the bat while i sat home and cried
your hands were not tied
you knew exactly where to hide
and hitch a ride
to
one two three
caliFORnia

"now honey i'm so sorry
if i whistle hollywood happy
look where it gets me."

you show so painfully long
but i sat and stared as if nothing was wrong
as for the songs
the beauty is there
but the grace car's gone

and i don't want to be a part
of music vs. the heart.
we all stay in tune
we all swear it's true

(without going overhead or upperhanded jests just fly by more time to get to know you and less of n