

Four Star Mary, Think

Summer fields
seem brighter than before
money deals
keep ponding down my door
what am I to think
when you turn away from me once more
what am I to think
suffered once
but it's easier to hide
from the truth
never caring what I'd find
what am i to think
when you turn away from me once more
what am I to think shout at me
laugh at me
it's easier to conceive
these shouts at me and laughs at me
make you want to keep me
and I think
that I know
I've never felt this lonely
and I think
and I know
summer field are ablaze
what am I to think
whan you turn away from me once more
what am I to think