

Frida, The Way You Do

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 match 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