

Human Drama, Quiet Desperation

Says she's made out of steel, but I know she's flesh and blood
Saw her through the window last night throwing needles at the wall
She begs to the prophet, point the path of least despair
Wipes mascara from her face, pulling wildly at her hair
She says to no one there, "You know I'm made of steel
Do you know where I'm coming from. Do you know how I feel?"

We live, we breath, we walk and talk and love
In quiet desperation

I've got poison in my ring, I'm not afraid to put to test
She claims as she begs him to stay
For she fears the loneliness
Like everyone else he says as he faces her threats and needs
You'll find me, too, on the floor tonight
Begging answers on my knees

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In quiet desperation
We live, breath, walk and talk
In quiet desperation

Says, "I'm nobody's fool", as she waits for the phone to ring
Cries hard while the call doesn't come, even harder when it does
I look out the window, staring at the Moon
Wondering how I ever got here and will it be over soon

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Desperation