

Inara George, No Poem

You're no poem,
Once you open your mouth.
I never like what you say.
A carnation,
To cover your lips.
When you speak I fall away.
The exceptions,
Are few in between.
I spend time just trying to forget,
Away, away, will you fall away.
Let's pretend that we never met.

Keep yourself within yourself.
For all that you say it never gets better.
In yourself within yourself.
If I was you I wouldn't talk, I'd just keep dancing.

If all your moves were words,
And backsteps were things you've denied,
You've said, that's right, your dead.
I'm dumb, but not deaf and blind.

Keep yourself within yourself,
For all that you say it never gets better.
In yourself within yourself,
If I was you I wouldn't talk, I'd just keep dancing.

Keep yourself within yourself,
For all that you say it never gets better.
In yourself within yourself,
If I was you I wouldn't talk, I'd just keep dancing.

Keep dancing ...