

# Jann Arden, Unloved

There will be no consolation prize  
this time the bone is broken clean  
no baptism, no reprise and no sweet taste  
of victory. All the stars have fallen  
from the sky  
and everything else in between  
satelites have closed their eyes, the moon  
has gone to sleep  
unloved....unloved....unloved....unloved  
here I am inside a hotel choking on a  
million words I said  
cigarettes have burned a hole and dreams are  
drunk and penniless  
here I am inside my father arms  
all jagged-bone and whiskey-dry  
whisper to me sweetly now and tell me I will  
never die  
unloved....unloved....unloved....unloved  
here I am an empty hallway  
broken window, rainy night  
I am nineteen sixty-two and I am ready  
for a fight people crying hallelujah  
while the bullet leaves the gun  
people falling, falling, falling and I don know  
where theye falling from  
are they  
unloved....unloved....unloved....unloved  
hoping that the kindness will lead us  
past the blindness and  
not another living soul will ever have to feel  
unloved....unloved....unloved....unloved  
unloved....unloved