

# Jewel, His Pleasure Is My Pain

A man stands in the doorway like a small child  
Angry fists  
She lies on her bed her head buried in her pillow  
And she stares at the moon  
He speaks to her all the words she's heard too many times before  
And pretty soon she just let's his voice fade away

And she thinks...

This was a gradual steel frost  
That started with cold feet  
And ended with numb hearts

This was once satisfying sex but now no longer is

It was once filled with the possibilities of new china or old stone  
But now it's exaggerated and waterlogged no longer what these  
Hands had  
Intended and still I cry in my sleep

He always said I was too sensitive,

But I say

(chorus)

At least I never meant to make him cry.  
At least I never meant to make him hurt that way  
Nooo I never meant to make him cry  
Never meant to make him hurt that way

Yes it's true, I'm too sensitive  
But he takes pleasure in my pain.

Yes it's true, I'm too sensitive  
But he takes pleasure in my pain.

And the unheard hours they fly by  
She goes to the window  
She puts on a nightgown and brushes her hair  
He's already asleep  
By the time she

Goes and lays herself back down.  
She thinks

My god, what am I doing hear?

My bones have grown tired of his hunger, of his gray eyes,  
And I feel if I were to stay one more night here I'd die or explode  
Or worse yet just fade away.  
There have been days so dark that I felt like august  
And that I soon too would turn to fall.  
He always said I was too sensitive that if I cared so much  
The world could kill me that way.  
I wonder if he's only half alive or if he's simply always been this  
Inarticulate,  
Cause I say

And she get's out of bed and looks at her feet as though they  
Were the wings for her freedom  
She gets up and goes to the door  
It's a moment in which anything can happen

Instead she gets out some clothing  
Puts it in a bag and leaves him sleeping  
While she heads for the door.