

# Johnette Napolitano, Suicide Note

Every night  
You wrote another line  
With a bloody, broken, bottle  
And every day  
You wish it away  
Why don't you pull the pin  
On that grenade  
You cuddle  
I wanted to believe  
Bodies swinging from trees  
Struggling to stand  
With your head in your hands  
A stoic last stand  
Of a dying man  
I wanted to believe  
As I watched your world  
Crumble in your hands  
I wanted to believe  
As you raised your glass  
To your last stand  
And I wanted to believe  
You would win  
The war in your head  
That I did not understand  
That I did not understand  
Every night  
The questions poured out  
Of your wounded eyes  
Damn dark things  
Every day  
You used to pray  
Listen to the black raven sing  
You wanted to believe  
As you were falling to your knees  
Struggling to stand  
With your life in your hand  
The sad last stand  
Of a broken man  
I wanted to believe  
As I watched your world  
Crumble in your hands  
I wanted to believe  
As you raised your glass  
To your last stand  
And I wanted to believe  
You would win  
The war in your head  
That I did not understand  
That I did not understand  
I wanted to believe  
As I watch your world  
Crumble in your hands  
I wanted to believe  
As you raised your glass  
To your last stand  
And I wanted to believe  
You would win  
The war in your head  
That I did not understand  
That I did not understand  
And the questions pour out  
And the questions pour out  
I did not understand  
I did not understand

I did not understand  
I did not understand  
The sound of you falling  
I did not understand  
As the trembling heart of a man  
Did not understand  
The sound of a trembling heart