

Josh Rouse, Lavina

Sending post cards for a dime
It fills the day
Occupies her time
Lavina sits alone in a chair
She doesn't speak or write
Of any despair

And you don't know what that's like
You don't know what that's like
Fall so hard to stand up
The pain she cannot hide
No, you don't know what that's like

The years have crippled her right inside
She has her friends
She has her pride
Maybe later her pa
Can go for a ride tonight
Now wouldn't that be nice

And you don't know what that's like
You don't know what that's like
Fall so hard to stand up
The pain she cannot hide
No, you don't know what that's like

Frail heart
Frail heart
Frail heart
Yeah yeah