

King Nancy, Player In A Tragedy

I didn't mean to hit the ground,
but it's the fall that saved me.
Started when i had to see her,
then i had to hear her voice,
It got worse when she taught be to breathe.
then she convinced me that i wasn't leaving,
and she pulled me back in,
oh, i'd let her do it all again...as if i had a choice.

I went back on who i am to be here alone,
back on who i am, now she is my home.

I hadn't had much experience,
with this happiness thing.
but she forced me upon this good mood,
like i lonely soul that takes to drinking.
then she struck my weaknesses,
with a devilish glare.
her oh so purpetual pout,
and the smile i'll ever find so rare.

I went back on who i am to be here alone,
back on who i am, now she is my home.

back on who i am to be here alone,
back on who i am, now she is my home.

Am i happy? I can't tell,
but the smile suggests i am.
Maybe i'm a player,
in a tragedy i wrote.
but the audience is laughing,
so i'll keep handing it out,
and smiling politely,
smiling politely,
smiling