

Lannen Fall, My Sweet Pessimist

Your heart's been used as target practice
but I'm not the one holding onto the gun.
Or wounds,
you've sutured tight with tears and silence.
Save yourself from the scars that wrap around your wrist
and keep you numb.
I can't rewrite the soundtrack
to your dreams but I'll sing you to sleep.
There's irony to this story when I can't let go
of someone who just wouldn't hold on.
We've become just another young tragedy.
Save yourself from the scars that wrap around your wrist
and keep you numb.
I can't rewrite the soundtrack to your dreams
but I'll sing you to sleep.
Do you find safety in number and
wonder what's in between seventeen and me?
Do you cry out loud?
My sweet Pessimist
I can't rewrite the soundtrack to your dreams
but I'll sing you to sleep.
I can't rewrite the soundtrack to your dreams
but I'll sing you to sleep.