

# Michael Penn, Innocent One

Sweet Miranda brings me the wine  
We have had our fill  
of almost everything  
turning thistledown laughter  
I would take her blue cue too late  
I would say the words  
almost anything  
just to catch what she's after  
but you don't believe that I'm  
a partner in this game  
how can you believe that I'm the innocent one  
When the bow broke in pieces we fell  
we would scream and shout  
almost anything  
but the point is we fell dear  
There will be no more wishlessness  
There may be some doubt  
No new day without  
Best that we say farewell here  
but you don't believe that I'm  
a party to the pain  
how can you believe that I'm the innocent one  
I saw this girl crying  
by the wheel of her car  
she had balloons in the back seat  
the front door ajar  
She never moved so I just whispered goodbye  
she reminded me of you when you cry  
and I didn't mean to make you cry

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