

# No Use For A Name, Overdue

The flowers have wilted on the sill  
And words have been kept so small and still  
And yet if the great opinion speaks  
Then sadly we nod our heads and agree  
Barely a mention of your name  
On deaf ears a distant whisper  
Whatever, no one gets it

It's already overdue you will not be heard by many now  
But I'll always be amazed by every sound you ever made

While building a tolerance to them  
You made sorrow sound like a good friend  
The well where the poison pen was drawn  
The same place you trusted then but was gone  
Enemies battled in your mind  
Until all the blood shed leaked down  
Dried up and rusted the fight

It's already overdue you will not be heard by many now  
But I'll always be amazed by every sound you ever made  
And since I did not know you, I can only say but a few words  
Too bad they won't hear your song that I've been singing all alone