

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