

Patrick Park, Desperation Eyes

December was just too sad,
For her to call a home.
Even with starry nights
And painted country roads.
There was nothing I could do for her
That I hadn't done,

And my desperation eyes showed
More than I think they should
Have shown.

She's just a whisper,
Paranoid of perfect people bound to disappoint
Her apartment life is easier
Than the one outside.
She can't get by on promises
That I always deny.

And my desperation eyes showed
More than I think they should
Have shown.