

# 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.