

PFR, Tried To Tell Her

She wallows in her misery
What made her think that this would be
That this would be any different
From the first mistake she made
Still she dove without a care
For the second time around she'll pay

And wallow in her misery
The first to fail the last to flee
She thought she'd figured out the answer
To some long forgotten page
From some long forgotten book
On how to get her own way

I've tried and tried to tell her
It's not what you do
It's what you've done
With what you did
I've tried to tell her

She wallows in her misery
A failure at failure she fails to see
That this overacted part
From this never ending play
Is just her substitute
For reality anyway

I've tried and tried to tell her
It's not what you do
It's what you've done
With what you did
I've tried to tell her