

# Rachel Ries, Unkind

I know the best years of my life are ahead  
You don't have to tell me again and again  
The paint's peeling off of my sweet smiling face  
And some day soon all sweetness will be erased  
I met you in Texas, I left you in Rome  
I held your hand through an Irish storm  
I know I've been unkind to you  
And I can't say this chapter is through  
My youth, it keeps me cold

I've married another and bore him a son  
And now I run through the world trying to be made undone  
I just want for someone to swallow me whole  
And then I'll rise up and I'll ride  
On a chariot  
I'm crazy don't you know  
Feather horses, cardboard and coal  
And now I'm saving up my soul  
To barter later so I can get back home  
To barter later so I can make it home

I loved you in Texas, I hated you in Rome  
I tried so hard to care in an Irish storm  
I know I'll never be kind to you  
So I best be going  
You take care of you