

# She Wants Revenge, Rachael

There's a poem that she wrote and hid under the mattress,  
and if you find it please leave it alone.

With a picture she took of a girl on the subway,  
with orange barrettes and the saddest face she's ever known.  
As Rachael starts to wonder was it hers to begin with,  
or was the memory from someone else's sleep.  
'Cause there's a hole in her heart that still harbors a question,  
whose answer just might break it so she's hanging on.  
At least it's hers to keep. So I asked her...

"What if this does not belong to you,  
and all the things you thought were true  
turned out to just be someone else's lies."  
Baby this does not belong to you,  
this does not belong to you,  
this does not belong to you.

There's a fleck in her eye that no one ever noticed,  
a pretty birthmark for such a beautiful face.  
All the men from her past seem to have left her abandoned.  
I guess there's some things that you can never erase.  
I've seen her play with her hair in a moment of tension,  
I've seen her with her guard down ready to cry.  
But there's a hole in her heart that still harbors the question,  
whose answer just might break it, still she's hanging on,  
'cause no one wants to die. Then she asked me...

"What if this does not belong to you,  
and all the things you thought were true  
turned out to just be someone else's lies."  
Baby this does not belong to you,  
this does not belong to you,  
this does not belong to you.

"What if this does not belong to you,  
and all the things you thought were true  
turned out to just be someone else's lies."  
'Cause baby this does not belong to you,  
this does not belong to you,  
this does not belong to you.