

Sponge, Severed Hearty Mums

A row of yellow in this yard
A million if you said you wanted
I would do just about anything
As they grew I sat and hoped for
Your forgiveness but none offered
You chopped them down and you walked away
I thought everything was alright
Can you see the differences in me
But everything has turned to night
And all that grows here is weeds
Severed hearty mums