

# 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