

**F. Scott Fitzgerald**

Your eyes, they conjure up those cliffs of Moher  
 Far away and not listening anymore  
 Dreaming of life on another shore  
 Not here, not now, with me, the bore  
 So I stopped talking, fade to bleak  
 Feeling insignificant atrofied and weak  
 Even though it's not who I know myself to be  
 The queen, the confidence doesn't speak  
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best  
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah  
 My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest  
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest  
 Your eyes, they drown me in your sadness  
 Your words, they bring hurricanes  
 I'm braving Shakespearian tempest  
 The Mighty Tiger doesn't blink  
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best  
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah

My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest  
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest  
 I think you were the one  
 Silent suffering inside  
 The one got away  
 I was too dangerous to hide  
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best  
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah  
 My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest  
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest  
 So I stopped talking, baby  
 'Cause you always want me to shut up  
 Take this ever, stage meanwhile  
 While I become you trusted silent prop  
 So take good care  
 This mighty woman's ready to explode  
 Fire here below the surface of my volcano