Gently Hard

Malina

If I tried to think and talk on the level
I could blow a silent wave
that would break against
the grudge you bear me
And upon your ruthless raveGot a dull ache in my stomach and my
tired heart is standing stillI stay out of your
mean daily wars
I beware of getting into your fights
I'm a flower underwater,
see against the light
My leaves are perfect green,
ain't gonna be no bruisesIf I tried to draw in profile the shape
of those who vanish off the core
I could take aim and then strike
just like you did with me beforeWhile instead I observe your colours
through my window painted blue
And I try to refine my sorrow,
so I slowly bask in gloom
So now I'm standing still in this
doubtful borderline.I stay out of your
mean daily wars
I beware of getting into your fights
I'm a flower underwater,
see against the light
My leaves are perfect green,
ain't gonna be no bruises.

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