

No Wonder

My Darkest Hate

No wonder she suits him
She never disputes him
The conversation's not too exciting
But oh, what a change it must be
To spend an evening where there's no conversation
Must be a relief after me
And thought there's nothing much to challenge your mind here
Who cares when the food's so delicious?
Not to mention these beautiful dishes
A matched set from France, yet
No wonder he loves her, no wonder to me
With ribbons and laces in all the right places
I must admit it's all very pleasant
And this is a comfortable room
And if he likes the smell of lilacs and roses
Then maybe he likes her perfume
And thought her silky hair
And milky complexion are nice
Still they're not that distracting
So what accounts for the way he's been acting?
Her softness, her sweetness
How could he resist her and why would he try?
No wonder he wants her, he needs her, he loves her
No wonder, so would I

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