

# Chapter 13

## Patrick O'Brian

And my heart hangs from this noose  
Like your footsteps in crowded rooms  
Filled with sweet scents of autumn blooms  
Is this what you imagined? Catch a glimpse from her empty stare  
    Hidden eyes behind her auburn hair  
    Catch my breath for the smoke to clear  
    And it's just as it should be  
    My best laid plans  
        Will build and break your heart  
        Her guilty hands  
    Tear my whole world apart  
    My mind keeps racing  
        She's softly dreaming  
        I'm scraped and sober  
But there's no one listening  
    And we'll wake up in vacant rooms  
        Pull you close to my aching skin  
        Broken glass on the porcelain  
Is this what you imagined? We'll forget what we used to say  
    And our lives won't mean anything  
        Pull me close as I drift away  
    And it's just as it should be  
    My best laid plans  
        Will build and break your heart  
        Her guilty hands  
    Tear my whole world apart  
    My mind keeps racing  
        She's softly dreaming  
        I'm scraped and sober  
But there's no one listening  
    And we'll both take our revenge  
        But we still don't feel any better  
        And we'll both take our revenge  
But we still don't feel any better  
    And we'll both take our revenge  
        But we still don't feel any better  
        And we'll both take our revenge  
But we still don't feel any better  
    And we'll both take our revenge  
        But we still don't feel any better  
        And we'll both take our revenge  
But we still don't feel any better  
    I'm scraped and sober  
        But there's no one listening  
        I'm scraped and sober  
But there's no one listening  
    I'm scraped and sober  
        But there's no one listening  
        I'm scraped and sober

But there's no one listening to me at all

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