

Sticks & Stones

NozL

You and I go together like the molar and the drill.
Flesh is weak but darling we know that the ego's weaker still.
I've been hung, drawn and quartered,
Slowly slaughtered like a goat,
By the tongue of a woman who just couldn't let it go.

Sticks and stones may break my body but words can tear me apart.
So be careful what you tell me, spare a thought for my heart.

Broken bones fuse together, bruises never last for long,
But once they're said words stay spoken
And hearts stay broken from that moment on.

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So be careful what you tell me, spare a thought for my heart.

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