Tough Luck

Skyla Burrell

She puts her pen to paper
Lines across their hearts
You didn't want to raise her
You left her standing in the darkThis time she's praying for silence
Hoping that you would understand
That she's just building these roadworks
So that it's clearer when they landYou can't still own what you let go
What don't you understandTough luck I said I'll be here in a month
But you waited two
Only coming back round
'Cause you heard I was with someone new
And I was waiting hear 'til you came back
My heart was bleeding black
It's tough love, I'm giving you
Yes, tough luck on youHe asks a question, she answers
He made a crossword spelling guilt
Empty boxes filled with chances
But you can't just leave a rose to wiltYou can't still own what you let go
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