

Loose Lips Sink Ships

Hit the Lights

this frame once held my favorite picture
but now it's empty, now it's broken
and that's how you left my chest
hallowed out by your hands
where you dug a grave and laid
your memory to rest i hate the way you say i told you so
this is for all the wilted pedals on the floor
this is for a waste of a dozen roses maybe more this should have ended with the kiss
that you left on someone else's lips
which turned my heart inside out
you left it looking much the same
a motionless mass of muscle and vain
as i clean up this mess you've made so as i sing you to sleep
i hope my ghost haunts your dreams
lost in your memory
as bad as it seems i hate the way you say i told you so
this is for all the wilted pedals on the floor
this is for a waste of a dozen roses maybe more
this is for how you never deserved
nothing more from a rose than the thorns so twist the knife
fashion me counter clockwise
turn back time
forget you never were mine
(with this knife i will cut
the last piece of you from me
the razor blades will separate
any connections we've made
but there's complications
in the operation
that keeps me from forgetting your face
but come tomorrow i'll rid the sorrow
from within my heart which you plagued)

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