Senja

Monita

Senja was so easily disenchanted
Who said being spoiled gives you anything much at all
Some wealthy set, their angry pet
An open case, her aching chestHer blue eyes asked,
Where does this longing come from,
Or is it just how it runs?We stood in the doorway, she asked me some questions
With the party and the drinking going on
"Who would want it?" she said, "I've had all that"
A brief escape, just another empty tasteThat's when her blue eyes asked
Where does this longing come from,
Or is it just how it runs?A pretty young face, in but out of place
Already she saw, her part and the boredomWhere does this longing come from,
Or is it just how it runs?

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