

Unkind

[Rachel Ries](#)

I know the best years of my life are ahead
You don't have to tell me again and again

The paints peeling off of my sweet, smiling face
and someday soon all sweetness will be erased

I met you in Texas, I left you in Rome
I held your hand through an Irish storm
I know I've been unkind to you
and I can't say this chapter is through

My youth; it keeps me cold
I've married another and bore him a son
and now I run through the world trying to be made undone

I just want for someone to swallow me whole
and then I'll rise up and I'll ride on a chariot

I'm crazy don't you know
I fed the horses cardboard and coal
and now I'm saving up my soul
To barter later so I can get back home
To barter later so I can make it home

I loved you in Texas, I hated you in Rome
I tried so hard to care in an Irish storm

I know I'll never be kind to you
So I best be going, you take care of you

Lyrics submitted by Mary.

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