Things

Duels

Here comes the thunder,
And here comes the fear.
Another year she wonders
Why is she still here?
"Boys will be boys," she thinks,
"What can ever come of this?
I've tried so hard to makes this work
But nothing ever seems to fit..."

So many explanations
And so little resolve.
A shudder at the slightest inkling
That you should get involved.
"Oh, but I'm alright," she cried,
"I just feel a little compromised.
When I was a little girl,
I never had to try..."

(Is that all you want?
Is that all you need?)

Look at all these things we own,
Look at all the things we own
You know these things don't make a home.

Here comes the thunder
And here comes the fear,
Another year he wonders,
"Why is she still here?
Oh, but girls will be girls," he thinks,
"What will ever come of this?
We've tried so hard to make this work, but nothing ever seems to fit..."

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