Disenchanted

Unfinished Thought

What's The Matter Baby
You Don't Like The Sighs
The Cries Inside
I Know It's A Tough Trip
So Heartbreaking
To Forget Me
So Sweet To Think You Cared Enough
To Stare At The Wheels Turning Round
Screeching To A Halt
When You Echo My Name
How Are The Nights Treating You
With The Sun Breaking Daze

Does It Help Or Hinder
Your Thickening Haze
To Hear That I Don't Care
Of Course This Is Fair
You'd Do The Same If You Had The Chance
To Make It Last
But My Poor
Sweet Baby
You've Had Your Chance

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