

Semaphore

James

I may as well try semaphore
As words no longer work
This fool's feeling cornered
 And he acted like a jerk
 He'd tell you he was sorry
 If that made good the hurt
 It's too late now for sorry
 It's too late now for words
We survive despite our desire to stray
Hell to pay, thought you knew my desires
 It's innate, it's not going away
 I hope you're not going away
 It's a question of convenience
 How pain, with time, will fade
 Surrendered to acceptance
 Dark night gives way to day
 It was meant to be a gesture
 That mark across your face
 It's too late now for sorry
 It's too late now for grace
We survive despite our desire to stray
Hell to pay, thought you knew my desires
 It's innate, it's not going away
 Hell to pay, thought you knew
 Hell to pay, thought you knew
 Thought you knew, thought you knew

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