Chapter 13

George Eliot

And my heart hangs from this noose
Like your footsteps in crowded rooms
Filled with sweet scents of autumn blooms
Is this what you imagined?Catch a glimpse from her empty stare
Hidden eyes behind her auburn hair
Catch my breath for the smoke to clear
And it's just as it should beMy best laid plans
Will build and break your heart
Her guilty hands
Tear my whole world apartMy mind keeps racing
She's softly dreaming
I'm scraped and sober
But there's no one listeningAnd we'll wake up in vacant rooms
Pull you close to my aching skin
Broken glass on the porcelain
Is this what you imagined?We'll forget what we used to say
And our lives won't mean anything
Pull me close as I drift away
And it's just as it should beMy best laid plans
Will build and break your heart
Her guilty hands
Tear my whole world apartMy mind keeps racing
She's softly dreaming
I'm scraped and sober
But there's no one listeningAnd we'll both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any better
And we'll both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any betterAnd we'll both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any better
And we'll both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any betterAnd we'll both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any better
And we'll both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any betterI'm scraped and sober
But there's no one listening
I'm scraped and sober
But there's no one listeningI'm scraped and sober
But there's no one listening
I'm scraped and sober

But there's no one listening to me at all

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