Pathetic Justice

Codeseven

gold ring
my heart string
I have nothing
but a gold ringI took a pastel picture
my head was in a jar
and I know just where she keeps it
to keep her friends this close
there's a crack in the crystal glass
and I know that this will all passShe took it apart with a piece of the picture
now I can't get back to that place
and I know that when she sees it
she keeps her friends this close
there's a crack in the crystal glass
and it holds the memories of our pastgold ring
my heart string
I am nothing
but an old dream

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