

Pollyanne

Meredith Brooks

Here we go again
Same old argument
You're callin' me Miss Pollyanne
You see the world as cruel
And being mad is cool
You think that I don't give a damn
You don't have to shout to be heard
Who said, "Dark is deep"
You'd rather flip the bird
I'd rather show you signs of peace
Love ain't a dying art as far as I can see
Yeah, oh, sentimental me
Fist up in the air
Mine used to be up there
You only give yourself away
So paint your roses black and blue
Use the fuck word I can too
When I have nothing else to say
You don't have to shout to be heard
Who said, "Dark is deep"
You'd rather flip the bird
I'd rather show you signs of peace
Love ain't a dying art as far as I can see
Yeah, oh, sentimental me
Yeah, sentimental me, yeah
You don't have to shout to be heard
Who said, "Dark is deep"
You'd rather flip the bird
I'd rather show you signs of peace
Love ain't a dying art as far as I can see
Yeah, oh, sentimental me
Yeah, sentimental me
Yeah, sentimental
Here we go again
We may never change
So you can call me Pollyanne

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