

# Pollyanna Flower

[Alanis Morissette](#)

Through you, I see I  
Between a broken nose and a fake smile  
Between piety and gunpowder  
Between fighting and fleeing the scene  
Between murder and diplomacy  
Between aggression and implosion  
Between brutal and realistically well behaved  
Between screaming and pulling in the reins  
Between tiptoeing and ambling  
What am I to do with all this fire?  
(I'd like to hit you but I'd never hit you)  
Would you stay with me in this red space?  
(I'd like to slap you but I'd never slap you)  
Between violence and silently seething  
Between my fist and my Pollyanna flower  
Between 'Fuck you' to your face and it's alright  
Between war and denial  
Between violence and silently seething  
Between my fist and my Pollyanna flower  
Between 'Fuck you' to your face and it's alright  
Between war and denial  
Between flying vases and secretly weeping  
Between loose cannons and ever downplaying  
Between bruises and nobly differing  
Between bursting and boiling  
What am I to do with all this burning?  
(I'd like to hurt you but I'd never hurt you)  
Do I overwhelm you in this place?  
(I'd like to kill you but I'd never kill you)  
Between violence and silently seething  
Between my fist and my Pollyanna flower  
Between 'Fuck you' to your face and it's alright  
Between war and denial  
What am I to do with all this fire  
Can you understand me in this place?

Songwriters

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