

# The Lovesong Writer

## Thursday

Sitting alone in the dark of a stadium  
He whispers his secrets into a cheap guitar  
With the flick of his wrist he turns words into melodies  
Chords into church bells, fill up the allies  
Lovers entwine in the heat of the night  
And by dawn are apart in the shivering silences  
We will pretend  
That it is all just made up  
The song that he writes  
Are too personal  
He can't play them for anyone  
When he's all alone  
The lovesong writer sings  
Oh, can anyone hear me now?  
No one hears at all  
So he stumbles through syllables, cut from their sentences  
Lost letters call to him, deep in the alphabet  
Please give us meaning  
And pose for me now  
You're the broken heart  
You're the sigh in the back of the throat  
And on the other side  
You're the queen of spades  
You're the sound that she makes on her way  
There's always a way out  
There's always a way out  
When he's all alone  
The lovesong writer sings  
Oh, can anyone hear me now?  
But no one hears at all  
The lovesong writer sits  
All alone  
When he hears the sound  
Of the knock at the door  
Fifty red roses falling apart  
In the hands of someone that you scraped in and left behind  
All of the others strolled up and now showed up at your door  
Staring you down, they said  
Sing for me, sing for me, sing for me now  
Sing for me, sing for me, sing for me now  
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah

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