

Burning Herself

Harry Chapin

She was crazy
(She was beautiful)
I guess she had to be
And I was angry
(You were blind)
Because I could not see Except for what her cigarettes
Had done to her skin
I should have known the outside world
Would reveal what was within But she was burning herself
And her hair was filled with ashes
She was burning herself
And her life became a flame She was burning herself
And the flame became her passion
She was burning herself
And her passion, her passion was her pain She was trusting
(You could have saved her too)
All hope had passed for her
And I was lusting
(And she gave to you)
That's all I asked for her The marks upon her body
And the marks upon her mind
I knew I could have erased them
If I'd only taken the time But she was burning herself
And her hair was filled with ashes
She was burning herself
And her life became a flame She was burning herself
And the flame became her passion
She was burning herself
And her passion, her passion was her pain I never saw her do it
I only saw the scars
I never could imagine
What could make her go that far I wondered was she driven
By a desperate need to feel
To find out she was really living
To discover that her life was real Or was it that the pain
Slicing through her like a knife
Was easier to take
Than the emptiness of life Had a strange sense of drama
Caught her inside a role

Or was she trying to cauterize
The changes on her sole? I don't know, I don't know
I don't know, her passion was her pain

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