

This Empty Room

Lucy Woodward

I sit inside alone, piles of scattered memories surround me
Torn pieces on the floor, bags outside the doorway
If only I had a dime for every time I just didn't find my heart
I'm clearing out this house of clutter
I toss my trash into the gutter
It's over, at least it will be soon
Boxes full of lies and letters
Pictures ripped up so much better
It's over, now that's its me and this empty room
I got a special kinda of paint, to brush away the frenzy
Left behind, I the bed a mess on his side
And wear his t-shirt on last time then I dust with it again

I could try a thousand times to just defy his heart
But I'm clearing out this house of clutter
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