

Blank

A Balladeer

So here we go again
Straight into reverse
Now that I have made these scenes
I could hardly make it worse

But I hate to see you 'happy'
How you've gotten on with life
And bored with me so quickly
It hurts, but I tell you that

It's that blank that kills me

So here we go again
If you think to know this tale
Go on and roll your eyes
Or bite a bitten nail

How I hate to see you like this
Thinking that you're all that
Yes, I hate to see you like this
It hurts, but I tell you that

It's that blank that kills me

Yes, still

How I hate to see you like this
Thinking that you're all that
Yes, I hate to see you like this
It hurts, but I tell you that

It's that blank that kills me

I'm thinking that you're all that