

Who Cares?

Ashley Parker Angel

Staring at the sky,
There's angels in the snow.
Wishing she could fly high,
Above the world below.

All that she wanted,
Is to be wanted.
She's sitting on the stairs,
With ribbons in her hair,
Waiting for someone who cares,
Who cares.

Pouring over magazines,
She soaks up every page.
Each picture like a daydream,
She never wants to fade.

All that she wanted,
Is to be wanted.
She's looking in the mirror,
Wondering what to wear,
Hoping she'll meet someone who cares,

At the window sill, she's looking out on,
Strawberry daffodils,
Butterflies and broken roller skates,
The colours bleed like finger paint.
Yesterday...

All that she wanted,
Is to be wanted.
She's rocking in a chair,
Silver in her hair, still waiting for someone...

All that she wanted,
Is to be wanted.
She's sitting on the stairs,
Ribbons in her hair,
Waiting for someone who cares,
Who cares.