

The Color That Your Eyes Changed With The Color Of Your Hair

Carissa's Wierd

Seal this envelope with a heart that's been
Beaten black
Beaten blue
Beaten all over again
Don't leave out a single thing
Send it off with wings
An anecdote to ease the pain that you feel
Every time that you smile at the mirror

I won't need anymore memories
For the next 50 years I could still write you love
Songs
I won't need anymore photographs
To remember the color of the clothes you wore that
Night

Hopefully this won't sound as bad
As I'm sure that it is
All results will be lifeless and lead
To an excuse
To never try again, to never try at all
Staring up at the ground
Because oh how you we tried
And oh how you lied
But how could that be true

I won't need anymore memories
For the next 50 years I could still write you love
Songs
I won't need anymore photographs
To remember the color that your eyes changed with the
Color of your hair
My heart is gone
My heart is gray