

Threnody

Frida

Lilacs blossom just as sweet
now my heart is shattered
if I bowl it down the street
who's to say it mattered
if there's one that rode away
what would I be missing
lips that taste of tears they say
are the best kissing

Eyes that watch the morning star
seem a little brighter
arms held out to darkness are
usually whiter
shall I bar the strolling guest
bind my brow with willow
when they say the empty breast
is the softer pillow

That a heart falls tinkling down
never think it ceases
every likely lad in town
gathers up the pieces
if there's one gone whistling by
would I let it grieve me?
Let him wonder if I lie
let him half believe me