

## 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