

## Lavina

Josh Rouse

Sending post cards for a dime  
It fills the day  
Occupies her time  
Lavina sits alone in a chair  
She doesn't speak or write  
Of any despair

And you don't know what that's like  
You don't know what that's like  
Fall so hard to stand up  
The pain she cannot hide  
No, you don't know what that's like

The years have crippled her right inside  
She has her friends  
She has her pride  
Maybe later her pa  
Can go for a ride tonight  
Now wouldn't that be nice

And you don't know what that's like  
You don't know what that's like  
Fall so hard to stand up  
The pain she cannot hide  
No, you don't know what that's like

Frail heart  
Frail heart  
Frail heart  
Yeah yeah