

## This empty room

Woodward, Lucy

I sit inside alone, piles of scattered memories surround me  
Torn pieces on the floor, bags outside the doorway  
If only I had a dime for every time I just didn't find my heart

I'm clearing out this house of clutter  
I toss my trash into the gutter  
It's over, at least it will be soon  
Boxes full of lies and letters  
Pictures ripped up so much better  
It's over, now that's its me and this empty room

I got a special kinda of paint, to brush away the frenzy  
Left behind, I the bed a mess on his side  
And wear his t-shirt on last time then I dust with it again  
I could try a thousand times to just defy his heart

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