

The Baby

Maria Mena

It took talking to him
To finally see the progress made in me
The hard work I put in
The person I am

But you're still involved
With the old me, the baby
I don't blame you,
Maybe it's 'cause I still wear her clothes
I'm wrapped in her robe

But the path I am on... is a different one

I am cold
I have been walking alone
For how long?
You could not keep up
But you could have told me to stop
That you'd had enough
And if you're not the one then he must be in front of me...

We were always three
Together, wherever,
Ana, him and me
I worked hard to get free
It brought us to our knees

I'm honestly hurt
But you can't always get what you want or deserve
These lessons must be learned
Knowledge must be earned

And a common mistake
Is not knowing when you should break

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