

You're All Telling Stories

Maria Mena

You look like you just lost your dearest friend.
Played a round of a sisterly game called "pretend".
The dice landed on feelings not returned,
I was a fool I didn't learn.
Close to the fire felt the burn.

This is a tale 'bout loyalty to me.
A friendship's end, of course, amicably.
I must apologize for my cold goodbye,
This is my life, the reason why,
You're not allowed here back inside.

I remember when I first laid eyes on you.
I thought here's one that understands my truth.
You seemed as openly-closed as myself,
I felt intrigued I felt unwell,
I had no choice I had to tell.

But once entrusted with my biggest fears
I've questioned where I've had you through the years.
You kept a portion of my heart to sell
You did not treat it very well
Although I begged you not to tell.

You're all telling stories,
You're all telling lies,
How come you're so blurry?
You're all in disguise.

There are some people you'll know all your life.
A constant group that leave you feeling safe.
But I have learned that some are there to change you,
Leave you wiser, rearranged but then are better left estranged.

I heard you met him out the other night.
And drunkenly expressed with all your might.
That you still miss our friendship but abstain from taking action,
Still the same, I don't miss fractions, can't complain.

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