

Your glasses

Maria Mena

What could you possibly see in me?
Is it my soul hung out to dry?
I think my dysfunctional family
Has shaped it thoughtout my life

What could you possibly like in me?
Do you like my ability to bend?
I think my fear of intimacy
Has shaped the time we spend

No it's not you it's me
And it's not us it's them
Sure it's not her
It's the way she moves you
But she kisses harder then me
She kisses harder then me

I always looked in through your glasses
But all I could see
Is the specter of me reflected
The empty shell of me

What could you possibly love in me?
Is it the way I wear my smile
It hangs from the tipof my tongue you see
Oh this might take awhile...

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