

Pollyanne

Meredith Brooks

Here we go again, same old argument
You're callin' me Miss Pollyanne
You see the world as cruel, and being mad is cool
You think that I don't give a damn

You don't have to shout to be heard
Who said dark is deep
You'd rather flip the bird
I'd rather show you signs of peace
Love ain't a dyin' art
As far as I can see
Oh, sentimental me

Fist up in the air
Mine used to be up there
You only give yourself away
Paint your roses black and blue
Use the fuck word I can too
When I have nothing else to say

Oh, sentimental me
Sentimental me
Here we go again
We may never change
So you can call me Pollyanne