

Loose Ends

Rosie Thomas

She's like a sweater, old and used
Tossed and overworn too many times through
And she used to look so bright
All her seams were tightly tied

She's like a sweater that's just worn out
Fading, coffee stained and out of style
And she's just about to run
Before her stitches come undone

She's gonna pack her bags and leave
No more loose, unraveled seams
She is young and she still has her confidence
And it's not too late to tie up those loose ends

She's like a fire in the rain
His words will damp her eyes and heat her veins
And the love she thought she found
Was just another hand-me-down of dwindled greys

She's gonna pack her bags and leave
No more loose, unraveled seams
She is young and she still has her confidence
And it's not too late to tie up those loose ends

She's found a refuge for her face
A wall dividing her unfortunate displace
Now she stands too high for them to wring her dry
She's found her way

She's gonna pack her bags and leave
No more loose, unraveled seams
She is young and she still has her confidence
And it's not too late to tie up those loose ends
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