

## 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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