

Consolation Prize

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I came to you,
My conscience clean,
Blood on my knees.

The moral of the story
Is don't walk away again.

I called you out,
To see my bow,
Our final scene.

The moral of the story
Is don't look away again,
To find a better conversation.

I saw you there,
Your friends aware,
Without a care.

The moral of the story
Is don't lie to me again
To find a better conversation,
So I can be your consolation prize

You ran away
To stand your ground,
Look what I found.

The moral of the story
Is don't walk away again,
To find a better conversation,
So I can be your consolation prize.
To find a better conversation,
No, I'll never be your consolation prize