

There's a poem that she wrote
And hid under the mattress,
And if you find it please leave it alone.
With a picture she took of a girl on the subway,
With orange barrettes
And the saddest face she's ever known.
As Rachael starts to wonder
Was it hers to begin with,
Or was the memory from someone else's sleep.
Cause there's a hole in her heart
That still harbors a question,
Whose answer just might break it
So she's hanging on.
At least it's hers to keep.
So I asked her:

"What if this does not belong to you,
And all the things you thought were true
Turned out to just be someone else's lies"
Baby this does not belong to you,
This does not belong to you.
This does not belong to you.

There's a fleck in her eye that no one ever noticed,
A pretty birthmark for such a beautiful face.
All the men from her past
Seem to have left her abandoned,
I guess there's some things
That you can never erase.
I've seen her play with her hair
In a moment of tension,
I've seen her with her guard down ready to cry.
Cause there's a hole in her heart
That still harbors the question,
Whose answer just might break it,
Still she's hanging on,
Cause no one wants to die.
Then she asked me:

"What if this does not belong to you,
And all the things you thought were true
Turned out to just be someone else's lies"
Cause baby this does not belong to you,
This does not belong to you.
This does not belong to you.