

Bitter Kind

Sophie Zelmani

Tell that poor thing to open his eyes Tell him to open the door
to his house Tell him the sun is shining outside And the stars
spark brightly almost every night

Tell him some flowers already have grown Tell him the ice broke
this afternoon Tell him fishermen are out there to catch Tell
him there are lovers so hungry to match

Ask that poor thing if he is alright Ask him why he is so eager
to fight Ask him how many years that have gone And ask him why
he hasn't moved on

Warned that poor thing about who's gonna pay Mourning about the
danger in his ugly way And tell him that some smokes are too good
to ignore Tell him there are some flavours you could be born
for Ask him why yelling don't reach his mind Tell him there's
no mercy for the bitter kind