

## Fingers. Voice. Heart. Shake. Shake. Shake

Suis La Lune

Why? Oh why do I make you cry  
The way you haven't cried since then  
When your heart was trembling?  
You just say that I don't see anything.  
I guess it would hurt like knives  
To say that you are just too shy  
To tell me that you don't want me around,  
At least for awhile.  
Only if you could see  
It was not them but me  
Who broke the last two pieces of your heart.  
A heart so fragile. A heart so caring,  
So caring that you forgot to care for yourself instead.