

Cries Too Hard

The Whitlams

Torch the moon, burn the schools
She wrote in red on her bedroom wall -
"Nothing's pure", the paint runs to the floor
She laughs too easily and cries too hard
Shouldn't drink alone, the colours run
How can she forgive
When we know well what we do?
Feather scratches on her wrist
Dry run with a bread knife for a final twist
It wouldn't be for show if it should come to this
She was born to feel it all, to see it all
When I feel so lightly it's still burning brightly
And she won't look away
Torch the moon, burn the schools
Why it's a man making all the rules
Frida Khalo poster on her door