

## She Cried

### Toad The Wet Sprocket

Solitaire, such a fateful game  
She turns her cards and writes her name on the napkin  
Now she turns another card  
She dreams about the house and romance  
He promised but won't deliver

She waits alone  
With dried out hopes  
And dormant phone  
She waits for years  
And fantasies melt  
New ones appear  
But they won't help

And again she catches him  
Eye pulls away with light too dim  
She calls his name and runs around  
But he was faster  
All alone in a bad part of town

She waits again  
With dried out hopes  
And things made for him  
A little ride, a little fun was all  
He held her tight, got tired and then let go

The strain on her heart  
She believed a lying blackheart  
Painted with promises  
Then he left her on the floor  
With only the mirror to curse  
"Should've known better"  
But how she cried...