## **Bella Donna**

Turnover

I've got rustled hair and my best shirt lying on the floor And you're still in my bed It's barely light out But there's an aching in my head Left from the night before

I forget how you prefer your coffee Pardon me It's been awhile since our last mistake And you're still lying there so delicate Like glimmering glass You're porcelain and I'm afraid to break

And knew that you were gone The moment I walked in Figured there's no need to wait around And talk about the sins that we committed Or the ones still yet to come So we skipped the awkward goodbyes You never were one for convention

And I hope someday we meet again Under different circumstances maybe Maybe just as friends Because as lovers I shattered you And even though you'll never see it Picking up the pieces cut my hands up too