

Pale, The "Written Down"

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I've got four names figured out.
Written down, while I was waiting.
The expectation has me careening around corners into
your room.

What I needed was a son;
Strong and smart and never ever pushed around.
You have to know it's not your fault,
but a daughter's not,
not what I was hoping for.

I slipped and fell into your hands,
but I don't know if I can change a mind made up so
long ago.
Your mother will plead,
"Will you ever love her the way you should?"

Yelling's proof, it's good to know.
I'll never open my mouth again.
That's what you get when you tear me apart.

Yelling's proof, it's good to know.
I'll never open my mouth again.
That's what you get when you tear me apart.

"Will you ever love her the way you should?"

"Will you ever love her?"
"Will you ever love her the way you should?"

"Will you ever love her the way you should?"

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