

## Whitlams "Cries Too Hard"

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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 colors 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 Kahlo poster on her door

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