

## Toy Matinee

### "Things She Said"

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Gray is not the color I expected  
On someone who is often touched by grace  
The eyes that hold the promise of perfection  
Will find the flaw that no one can erase

And though she hears the rumors of intention  
And many times I've failed to hide my stare  
She will not breach a hint of indecision  
She will not ever bend to show her care

Things she said  
Any other daystore promise  
Things she said would leave me wanting  
Run to her then run from other  
Things she said  
Broke me down and left me shattered  
Hard as diamonds, it does not matter  
Won't remember the things she said

Today I saw her face in all the papers  
(She broke me down and she left me shattered)  
A smile to empty out a lion's cage  
(Hard as diamonds, it does not matter)  
But notes that might remind her of what that smile was  
for  
(Ohh...)  
Are scribbled on a long-forgotten page

Things she said  
Any other daystore promise  
Things she said would leave me wanting  
Run to her then run from other  
Things she said  
Broke me down and left me shattered  
Hard as diamonds, it does not matter  
Won't remember the things she said

The choice she never made  
The face she never saved  
The words she would not say  
The lives she threw away

And the things she said

So gray is not the color I expected  
On one who is so often touched by grace  
But always she's the spectre of uncertainty  
I first endure, then pity, then embrace...

Things she said  
Any other daystore promise  
Things she said would leave me wanting  
Run to her then run from other  
Things she said  
Broke me down and left me shattered  
Hard as diamonds, it does not matter  
Won't remember the things she said...

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