

7th Standard "Blush"

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Iâ€™m not wasting another day,
Planning ahead as if I could care.
What happened to you?
Your eyes are so open wide.
Did you think I would run away?
Did you think that I would stay here?
I guess you never knew I didnâ€™t know what was
happening.

And every day you work yourself and your hands down
to the bone,
Thinking that nothing counts, but everything counts,
Including every last cent youâ€™re underpaid.
If I could pull myself together, I would drive so far
away;
And force myself to have another glass,
Until the very next time that I get paid.

What would your mother say?
What would your father think of you?
Is your face turning red?
I think I changed my mind.
I never know what you say to me.
I never know what goes on inside there.

Iâ€™m always the first one to target and patronize,

But I know that

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