

## Adam Richman "Portraits"

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I woke up in a new home  
Unsettled and alone, so  
Desperate for a sense of  
What I want to hear  
The happiest of birthdays  
Avoiding me as always  
A child living in  
Naivet and fear  
She's tearing down the portraits I had drawn  
She's planning her attack and I'm her pawn  
I'm crying just in dealing with the fact that she is  
feeling that  
The love we have could easily be wrong  
My knuckles have stopped bleeding  
Enough to make repeating  
The things that drive me crazy  
Not worthwhile  
And now it's just a matter  
Of watching this world shatter

Over a phone that can't  
Hide a false smile  
She's tearing down the portraits I had drawn  
She's planning her attack and I'm her pawn  
I'm crying just in dealing with the fact that she is  
feeling that  
The love we have could easily be wrong  
Don't mistake frustration with  
A lack of everything that's good  
Just to reach her  
I did everything I could  
She's tearing down the portraits I had drawn  
She's planning her attack and I'm her pawn  
I'm crying just in dealing with the fact that she is  
feeling that  
The love we have could easily be wrong

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