

Codeseven "Pathetic Justice"

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Gold ring
My heart string
I have nothing
But a gold ring

I took a pastel picture
My head was in a jar
And I know just where she keeps it
To keep her friends this close
There's a crack in the crystal glass
And I know that this will all pass

She took it apart with a piece of the picture

Now I can't get back to that place
And I know that when she sees it
She keeps her friends this close
There's a crack in the crystal glass
And it holds the memories of our past

Gold ring
My heart string
I am nothing
But an old dream

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