

Hazell Dean

"Solitaire"

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Potted plants hanging down from the ceiling, creeping
up my windowsill.

If the cats don't get 'em the winter wind will.

But i am a fool and i water them everyday.

Have some faith in what's-his-name
The deck is stacked but just the same,
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts i swear,
Than to win a round of solitaire.

Both of us drink from a fountain of feeling, waiting for
the blood to spill.

If the doubts don't get us then the apathy will.

But i am a fool and i worship you everyday.

Have some faith in what's-his-name
The deck is stacked but just the same,
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts i swear,
Than to win a round of solitaire.

Hiding the hurt or fighting and bickering, thinking that
we've had our fill.

If the lies don't do it then the honesty will.

But i am a fool and i water you everyday.

Have some faith in what's-his-name
The deck is stacked but just the same,
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts i swear,
Than to win a round of solitaire.

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