

Jolie Holland

"Wreckage"

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If disappointment was like a drug
I overdosed again
I can't take the razor-sharp edge
Off your crooked grin
I lost the war - I lost it all
And I can't get it back again
I can't set you right when you
Go into a spin - All I can do
Is survey the wreckage from here

There you were in silk and fur
So very fine to behold and I was
Hanging on to your every word and
Hoping for something more
Then you took my fondest wish
And twisted it into a cord
And how here I hang - strung up
By my hope for something more

You know that I really loved you
And I loved you first?
You know I'd take what you'd given and
You could do your worst
Your worst

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