

Josh Rouse "Lavina"

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Sending post cards for a dime
It fills the day, occupies her time
Lavina sits alone in a chair
She doesn't speak or write of any despair

And you don't know what that's like
You don't know what that's like
Fall so hard to stand up, the pain she cannot hide
No, you don't know what that's like

The years have crippled her right inside
She has her friends, she has her pride
Maybe later her pa can go for a ride tonight
Now wouldn't that be nice?

And you don't know what that's like
You don't know what that's like
Fall so hard to stand up, the pain she cannot hide
No, you don't know what that's like

Frail heart, frail heart
Frail heart, yeah, yeah

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