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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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