

King Nancy "Player In A Tragedy"

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I didn't mean to hit the ground... but it's the fall that
saved me...
It started when I had to see her... and then I had to hear
her voice...
It got worse when she taught me to breathe... then she
convinced me that I wasn't leaving...
And she pulled me back in... oh, I'd let her do it all
again...
As if I had a choice...

I went back on who I am... to be here alone...
Back on who I am... now she is my home...

I hadn't had much experience... with this happiness
thing...
But she forced me upon this mood... like a lonely soul
who takes to drinking...
Then she struck my weaknesses... with a devilish
glare...
Her oh so perpetual pout... and the smile I love and find
so rare...

Am I happy? I can't tell... but the smile suggests I am...
Or maybe I'm a player in a tragedy I wrote...
But the audience is laughing... so I'll keep hamming it
up...
And smiling politely... smiling politely... smiling...

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