

Chantal Claret "Can't Save Her"

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In the storm before the calm
is where the player meets her pawn
she's been ready
she's been waiting
don't be late.
Secret men with secret heads
secret hearts & secret beds.
with the privilege
of becoming what she hates.
too unaware to see the truth
the loss of a girl's wasted youth.
And You Can't Save Her No More!
And You Can't Save Her No More!
Tough as diamonds
soft as silk
she's as pure as devil's milk
she's a product
of the party
that is done.
Another notch
on her bed
she forgets the times she said
that when sex becomes a habit
it's no fun
crossing the line between love & lust
the only difference here is the heartache
& the utter lack of trust
And You Can't Save Her No More!
And You Can't Save Her No More!

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