

Sophie Zelmani

"Bitter kind"

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Tell that poor thing to open his eyes
Tell him to open the door to his house
Tell him the sun is shining outside
And the stars spark brightly almost every night

Tell him some flowers already have grown
Tell him the ice broke this afternoon
Tell him fishermen are out there to catch
Tell him there are lovers so hungry to match

Ask that poor thing if he is alright
Ask him why he is so eager to fight
Ask him how many years that have gone
And ask him why he hasn't moved on

Warned that poor thing about who's gonna pay
Mourning about the danger in his ugly way
And tell him that some smokes are too good to ignore
Tell him there are some flavours you could be born for
Ask him why yelling don't reach his mind
Tell him there's no mercy for the bitter kind

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