

Josephine Premice

"Lye"

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A little girl sits in her new dress,
Alone on the cold, concrete front steps.
And cries to herself wondering when,
Or if, she'll ever see her father again.

Why don't we try harder than last time
To dry our eyes and smile?

Some day,
Oh, I'll make time.
Yeah, maybe,
But not tonight.
I'm trying as hard as I can
To believe you.
Don't lie.

A kid without a conscience cries.
Alone in this cold bedroom at night.
(Hahaha)
Perpetually asking why, oh why,
Am I so lonely?
While he sharpens his knives.

Why don't we try harder than last time
To dry our eyes and smile?

Some day,
Oh, I'll make time.
Yeah, maybe,
But not tonight.
I'm trying as hard as I can
To believe you.
Don't lie.

You don't
(You don't)
Get it.
(Get it, no)
This is it you're last chance to dance.
You don't get it, no.
(No)

A father who left his daughter's side,
And slowly exhales for the last time.

Some day,
Oh, I'll make time.
Yeah, maybe,
But not tonight.
I'm trying as hard as I can
To believe you.
Don't lie.

Some day,
Oh, I'll make time.
Yeah, maybe,
But not tonight.
I'm trying as hard as I can
To believe you.
I don't believe you.
I want to believe you.
Don't lie.

(Dry your eyes now).

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