

Toad The Wet Sprocket "Torn"

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solitaire, such a fateful game
she turns her cards and writes her name on the napkin
now she turns another card
she dreams about the house and romance
he promised but won't deliver

she waits alone
with dried out hopes
and dormant phone
she waits for years
and fantasies melt
new ones appear
but they won't help

and again she catches him
eye pulls away with light too dim
she calls his name and runs around
but he was faster
all alone in a bad part of town

she waits again
with dried out hopes
and things made for him
a little ride, a little fun was all
he held her tight, got tired and then let go

the strain on her heart
she believed a lying blackheart
painted with promises
then he left her on the floor
with only the mirror to curse
"should've known better"
but how she cried...

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