

# Unloved

Jann Arden

There will be no consolation prize  
This time the bone is broken clean  
No baptism, no reprise  
And no sweet taste of victory

All the stars have fallen from the sky  
And everything else in between  
Satellites have closed their eyes  
The moon has gone to sleep

Unloved, unloved  
Unloved, unloved

Here I am inside a hotel  
Choking on a million words I said  
Cigarettes have burned a hole  
And dreams are drunk and penniless

Here I am inside my father's arms  
All jagged-bone and whiskey-dry  
Whisper to me sweetly now  
And tell me I will never die

Unloved, unloved  
Unloved, unloved

Here I am an empty hallway  
Broken window, rainy night  
I am nineteen sixty-two  
And I am ready for a fight

People crying hallelujah  
While the bullet leaves the gun  
People falling, falling, falling  
And I don't know where they're falling from  
Are they

Unloved, unloved  
Unloved, unloved

Hoping that the kindness  
Will lead us past the blindness  
And not another living soul  
Will ever have to feel

Unloved, unloved  
Unloved, unloved

Unloved, unloved