

## Pauvre Coeur

Jillette Johnson

If I recall it was a Friday  
Gentle hum before the war  
You were high and watching poker  
And I had just walked in the door  
You started screaming at the TV  
Saying, make a play you filthy whore  
And I was trying to make you see me  
Like the way you did before

So I took off my clothes and I opened a bottle  
And told you I'd do whatever you wanted  
Naked on the floor, crying I'm too beautiful

Oh my poor, poor, pauvre coeur  
Beats no more

Dare I say I was enamored  
By the stories of your pain  
You were darkened in the wild fight  
And I was tangled in your mane  
But God forbid you would get angry  
I had to dive out of the way  
You'd be gunning for me blindly  
And there was nothing I could say

But I love you, don't do this, is it it really worth it  
That's not very Buddhist and I don't deserve it  
I'm naked on the floor, crying I'm too beautiful

Oh my poor, poor, pauvre coeur  
Beats no more  
Poor, pauvre coeur  
Beats no more

Making me nauseous, open elevator  
I'm stuck in the middle, there's nobody out there  
To pull me off my sword  
I am far too beautiful  
To be yours