

## Sara

## We Three

Little Sara, you're a diamond in the rough  
And I know that you don't hear this all enough  
And I'm sure that's why your wrists have tons of cuts  
And I'm sure that's why you think you're not enough  
On your 19th birthday you thought that you were done  
Tons of people in your home, but it only felt like one  
Cause your brain can only think about the waiting loaded gun  
But your friends are all still here, so pretend you're having fun  
All your friends they wanna drink cause it's your birthday  
But you've been drinking straight probably since last Thursday  
Drinking is the only thing that makes you feel just okay  
It keeps the trigger finger off the trigger and at bay  
Your mind can only think about the things it shouldn't  
Your brain is filled with thoughts of wishing that ya didn't  
Little Sara, perk your ears up try to listen  
But she can't hear a sound because she's locked in a prison

She can barely see the pavement  
She can barely read the signs  
People think she's complicated  
But never wanna look inside  
Cause she's a little too R-rated  
And they're a little too damn blind  
She's just looking for her angels  
But they're a little hard to find

Little Sara, you've been skipping out on class  
And any minute now your friends are gonna ask  
Why the hell you're always acting sorta sad  
And why the hell your weed just never seems to last  
But the truth is you don't wanna let your secret out  
Cause they think it's wrong for you to take a different route  
All except your mom too bad that she's just not around  
And don't get me wrong those words you've tried to get them out  
But their views been skewed by their plastic news  
From their plasma tubes, so they won't fit in your shoes  
Except for Sunday blues, but you got Monday blues  
And you got Tuesday blues damn every day ya might lose  
All your friends they wanna smoke cause it's a Friday  
But you've been smoking straight probably since last Sunday  
I know you know you shouldn't say that you are okay  
But you still look em in the eye and lie then go to use your ashtray

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Little Sara, last night you got it bad  
In that moment you could barely even add up two or three reasons why you're  
glad  
And I guess that's why you grabbed your pen and pad  
It was 6:14 and you could barely even read

All the words you'd written down of why it was time for you to leave  
Your phone was on the ground and you could barely hear it ring  
Couldn't even hear a sound, couldn't feel a single thing  
Now it's 6:15 and you're on your knees, blood is on your sleeves, and your lungs won't breathe  
Eyes are watering, body's shivering, and you're wondering what is happening  
Now it's 6:23, and they're on their knees, begging Jesus please, can you make her breathe  
Cause they finally see what was happening underneath their nose and underneath your sleeves

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