

# The Color That Your Eyes Changed With The Color Of Your Hair

Carissa's Wierd

Seal this envelope with a heart that's been  
Beaten black  
Beaten blue  
Beaten all over again  
Don't leave out a single thing  
Send it off with wings  
An anecdote to ease the pain that you feel  
Every time that you smile at the mirror

I won't need anymore memories  
For the next 50 years I could still write you love  
Songs  
I won't need anymore photographs  
To remember the color of the clothes you wore that  
Night

Hopefully this won't sound as bad  
As I'm sure that it is  
All results will be lifeless and lead  
To an excuse  
To never try again, to never try at all  
Staring up at the ground  
Because oh how you we tried  
And oh how you lied  
But how could that be true

I won't need anymore memories  
For the next 50 years I could still write you love  
Songs  
I won't need anymore photographs  
To remember the color that your eyes changed with the  
Color of your hair  
My heart is gone  
My heart is gray