

Pathetic Justice

Codeseven

Gold ring
My heart string
I have nothing
But a gold ring

I took a pastel picture
My head was in a jar
And I know just where she keeps it
To keep her friends this close
There's a crack in the crystal glass
And I know that this will all pass

She took it apart with a piece of the picture
Now I can't get back to that place
And I know that when she sees it
She keeps her friends this close
There's a crack in the crystal glass
And it holds the memories of our past

Gold ring
My heart string
I am nothing
But an old dream