

## 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