

B Or C For Effort

Emily Kinney

He sent flowers two days too late
I was soothing my wounds in another state
And they sat and scorched in the sun on the steps
When I get home, I'll clean up another mess

B or C for effort, I guess

I don't want to be his teacher
But if love is a class
He's the one who can't focus
Sittin' in the back
We let him out into the world despite the skills that he lacks

B or C for effort, I guess
He kinda sorta maybe tried his best

There's a school of thought sayin' people don't change
But I'm praying to God that we both rearrange
That the broken bones grow back a bit stronger
That the loss of friendship doesn't sting much longer
And a lesson is learned for whoever is next

B or C for effort, I guess
We kinda sorta maybe tried our best

At the start there was passion, parties and praise
By the end it was what's the point anyways
You don't wanna hear about what I did today
And I don't wanna step foot on another plane
For someone who can't even kiss me hello
Who has no real interest in spiritual growth
His apathy finds a way to cut me right to the bone

I give more and he gives less
B or C for effort, I guess

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A date in a book, a picture of a ring
He whispers I'll be saving up for a pretty, shiny thing
But July came and went
With the money all spent

B or C for effort, it's fine
It'll all fade away with time