

Her hair was in her eyes  
And I could hardly hear her hum  
In the midst of everyone  
Tripping up your words and slurring speech  
With 'I never meant to's,' 'you're better without's'  
Division like all is inevitable

Some day, she's gonna realize  
But I hope, for my own sake  
The day will come too late

I was sitting on a curb tasting earth  
My half-closed eyes drenched in salt  
And she was smoking a cigarette  
Her bitter heart thought this was my fault

She sucks my blood, she tears my guts  
She must hate me for something I've done  
It's not genetics or DNA but geography  
The place she was raised

Some day, you're gonna realize  
But I hope, for my own sake  
The day will come too late