

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