

Unloved

Jann Arden

There will be no consolation prize
This time the bone is broken clean
No baptism, no reprise
And no sweet taste of victory

All the stars have fallen from the sky
And everything else in between
Satellites have closed their eyes
The moon has gone to sleep

Unloved, unloved
Unloved, unloved

Here I am inside a hotel
Choking on a million words I said
Cigarettes have burned a hole
And dreams are drunk and penniless

Here I am inside my father's arms
All jagged-bone and whiskey-dry
Whisper to me sweetly now
And tell me I will never die

Unloved, unloved
Unloved, unloved

Here I am an empty hallway
Broken window, rainy night
I am nineteen sixty-two
And I am ready for a fight

People crying hallelujah
While the bullet leaves the gun
People falling, falling, falling
And I don't know where they're falling from
Are they

Unloved, unloved
Unloved, unloved

Hoping that the kindness
Will lead us past the blindness
And not another living soul
Will ever have to feel

Unloved, unloved
Unloved, unloved

Unloved, unloved