

# His Pleasure Is My Pain

Jewel

A man stands in the doorway like a small child  
Angry fists  
She lies in her bed her head buried in her pillow  
She stares at the moon  
He speaks to her all the words she's heard too many times before  
And pretty soon she just lets his voice fade away  
She thinks  
This was a gradual steel frost that started with cold feet  
And ended with numb hearts  
It was once satisfying sex, but now no longer is  
It was once filled with all the possibilities of new china or old stone  
But now it's exaggerated and water-logged  
No longer what these hands had intended and still I cry in my sleep

He always said I was too sensitive  
But I say, least I never meant to make him cry  
Least I never meant to make him hurt that way  
No, I never meant to make him cry  
I never meant to make hurt that way

Yes it's true, I'm too sensitive but  
He takes pleasure in my pain  
Yes it's true, I'm too sensitive but  
He takes pleasure in my pain

And the unheard hours they fly by, she goes to the window  
Puts on a nightgown and brushes her hair  
He's already asleep by the time she goes to lay back down  
She thinks, my god, what I am doing here

My bones have grown tired of his hunger, of his grey eyes  
And I feel that if I were to stay one more night here I'd die,  
or explode, or worse yet, just fade away  
And there've been days so dark when I felt like August  
and that I soon too would turn to Fall  
He always said I was too sensitive  
If I dared to care so much, the world could kill me that way  
I wonder if he's only half alive or if he simply has always lacked such subt  
lety

But I say, at least I never meant to make him cry  
At least I never meant to make him hurt this way  
No, I never meant to make him cry  
I never meant to make him hurt this way

Yes it's true, I'm too sensitive but  
He takes pleasure in my pain  
Yes it's true, I'm too sensitive but  
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She gets out of bed and looks at her feet  
as though they were the wings for her freedom  
She gets up and goes to the drawer  
It's a moment in which anything can happen  
As she gets out some clothing, puts them in a bag  
And leaves him sleeping while she heads for the door

Gone  
Gone