

Softer

Kate Bollinger

It's true, I used to be softer
Hadn't any grooves
I used to be sweeter
Sweetened up the room

But you were my downfall
It came in many parts
Tore me from the woman I wanted to become
Said that's not how these things work

It could all be so easy
If you would only let it be
It could be so simple
If only you could find your mind at ease

But trees they keep on growin' in mind
(Didn't mean to water them)
And weeds they keep on climbin' through my mind
(Never wanted it to get so bad)

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(Never meant to let it get so bad)