

No

Maria Mena

We buried the hatchet in shallow grave
And once it resurfaced it was chanting your name
I thought I'd be calm if I saw you again
Had no illusions that we'd talk as friends

Just one regret there were no questions asked
You avoided the subject said past is the past
And it took all the courage I'd built up to ask:
Did you ever love me?
And you said:

No [x8]

We ended on cold terms just before fall
I hid my frustration behind responsible walls
My anger was based on a flaccid grip
That you kept around terms like I believed this is it

And it wasn't until I woke after you left
I confronted myself with this secret I'd kept
I spent months going over and asking myself:
Did I ever love him?

No [x8]

How could I let it go on for so long?
This experience ends in a sobering song
Intellectually I knew I was a catch
But my emotional take on my worth didn't match, match, match, match...

No [x8]