

# 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]