

Paper Crown

Marika Hackman

How he tried to be kind for the guests at his table
But the snow and the depths of his mind
Left him cold and unable

So he took his coat and he grabbed his keys
And drove, going nowhere it seems
By the flashing lights and the hoarish trees dressed in gold
Run from green

To the house on the end of a street
With a door and a window
And he sat in the car, on his seat
And he watched through the snow

"At the perfect fall, what a perfect scene", he thought
She looks happy it seems
With a paper crown, she's a Christmas queen, a Christmas queen

"It's left," said the girl at the car, but the queen did not notice
And she turned to the man on her arm
"Is this all that there is?"

And she cut her mouth and the words poured out
She cried, "I'm not happy inside"
And she grabbed her coat and she took her keys
A share for we're free