

Gardenias

Protest the Hero

The hapless hills of Hollywood hide halfhearted happiness
A hardened heroine hangs her head
Hear her hyperventilate
Here, her hands had hammered home
Her half-written history, yeah

With her heart in her hands
Her hands stopped holding on, yeah

A penny for your thoughts
A quarter for the show
The truth should turn to rot
Whichever way the wind blows

The truth, yes, a blonde
Despondent from her failures
Fury raging claiming innocence lost
That spawned chaotic behavior

A handbag and some women's shoes
Hidden on the forest floor
Discovered by a hiker on the hill
Haphazardly hanging out was her self-destruction
And her handwritten history, yeah

"I'm afraid I'm a coward, I'm sorry for everything"
Yeah

A penny for your thoughts
A quarter for the show
The truth should turn to rot
Whichever way the wind blows

A penny for your thoughts
A quarter for the show
The truth should turn to rot
Whichever way the wind blows

The truth, yes, a blonde
Couldn't give a shit about her failures
Suffering in silence, chemical imbalance
That spawned erratic behavior

The truth, yes, a blonde
Yes, a blonde, yes, a blonde
Apparent in the night, but absent come the dawn
The truth, yes a blonde
Yes, a blonde, yes, a blonde
Apparent in the night, but absent come the dawn

Where is the country I came here to find?
It's running its hands through my hair
Its borders and boundaries are clearly defined
It's forty-five feet through the air
Only the night sky will witness my flight
Without so much as a care
Out past the margins of all that's finite

It's forty-five feet through the air

It's forty-five feet from here to there
It's forty-five feet through the air
It's forty-five feet to bliss from despair
Only forty-five feet through the air

It's forty-five feet from here to there
It's forty-five feet through the air
It's forty-five feet to bliss from despair
Just forty-five feet through the air

Forty-five feet from here to there
Forty-five feet through the air
It's forty-five feet to bliss from despair
Just forty-five feet through the air

The world rushes past and it's softly obscured
By the quiet and stillness of death
Take from me this body
It's all that I have left

Floating effortlessly
The scent of gardenias in the air
A veil should mask her face
And her short blonde hair