

Song to a Wallflower

Scott Matthews

He wears a sad smile
Nothing to laugh about
He's the mystery
That no one ever talks about
He's highly flammable
You dare not strike a single match tonight

Wants to be near you
Somebody noticed
In the crowded hours
He's silenced by his wallflower
That wants to say so much
His mind's an operator
Drowning in a flood of calls

In dreams, you cry, you're scared
You hold the flame up high
You light up the street
Longing for company
He'll burn every mile of his troubled past
He wants to be your friend
Something simple in the end

He bought a woman, paid by the hour

She's the mystery, the faker with all the power
Who's seldom lonely
He'd give her anything to feel the same

There must be more to this
Or is this all he has?
Mother Mary's child
Worships her photograph
His orphan's bed at night
Pines for mother's gentle soul tonight
To comfort all the scars

In dreams, you cry, you're scared
You hold the flame up high
You light up the street
Longing for company
He'll burn every mile of his troubled past
He wants to be your friend
Something simple in the end
But you couldn't see that in the end