

How Was Your Day?

Stella Donnelly

They said you called and you were perfectly nice
A real pearl that needed a bite
White knuckled mum in the passenger seat
The home invaded trying to sleep

Time to open up, how was your day, how was your day
Feels like breaking up, calling my name, calling my name

A polite conversation about unclaimed mail
Felt like a deadly lit candle left up in a room
An old piece of currency for a dollar at the open market
You had the best car in the street, but there was nowhere to park it

You said I can't do this anymore, I can't do this anymore
We let our patterns and bad behaviours take over

I'm no longer keeping score
Levelheadedness has made way for a disastrous love
I know it, you know it

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