

Only in the Morning

The Venetia Fair

She's alone if only in the morning
For all her learned morality
She keeps her line drawn far beyond the innocent
flirtation
A reputation for quenching every thirst for free.

My mother thinks the last one never loved me
The wisdom's stark simplicity was easy to ignore
Before I heard a few more stories
And they destroyed me
I scratched the surface 'til it bled

I shed my skin
When I got burned
I reached for the stove but I never learned
Promise me, that you're not her
And I can try to believe it
But I've seen things that I can't forget

I could barely stomach her affection
And with my stoic brevity
I never made it past her plastic pornographic accent
And i accept that
She paid to board a sinking ship
And now she's drowning thanks to me

Just a lonely girl that never learned to swim

And I know it's done
'Cause she's the only one who brought me back to shore
And she's scared
That I would drown before I ever let this go

I finally learn to swim

She's alone if only in the morning
For all her learned morality
She crossed that line for me.

I've seen some things I may never find a way to forget