

Strange Hellos

Torres

Heather, I'm sorry that your mother
Diseased in the brain
Cannot recall your name
Heather, I dreamt that I forgave
But that only comes in waves
I hate you all the same

I was all for being real
But if I don't believe, then no one will
What's mine isn't really yours
But I hope you find what you're looking for

Beggar, blue in the face
For change you'd never take
Done with you, I deflate
I love you all the same
I love you all the same

I was all for being real
But if I don't believe, then no one will
What's mine isn't really yours
But I hope you find what you're looking for

Strange hellos are not my bag
Better never having had
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