

Sara

We Three

Little Sara, you're a diamond in the rough
And I know that you don't hear this all enough
And I'm sure that's why your wrists have tons of cuts
And I'm sure that's why you think you're not enough
On your 19th birthday you thought that you were done
Tons of people in your home, but it only felt like one
Cause your brain can only think about the waiting loaded gun
But your friends are all still here, so pretend you're having fun
All your friends they wanna drink cause it's your birthday
But you've been drinking straight probably since last Thursday
Drinking is the only thing that makes you feel just okay
It keeps the trigger finger off the trigger and at bay
Your mind can only think about the things it shouldn't
Your brain is filled with thoughts of wishing that ya didn't
Little Sara, perk your ears up try to listen
But she can't hear a sound because she's locked in a prison

She can barely see the pavement
She can barely read the signs
People think she's complicated
But never wanna look inside
Cause she's a little too R-rated
And they're a little too damn blind
She's just looking for her angels
But they're a little hard to find

Little Sara, you've been skipping out on class
And any minute now your friends are gonna ask
Why the hell you're always acting sorta sad
And why the hell your weed just never seems to last
But the truth is you don't wanna let your secret out
Cause they think it's wrong for you to take a different route
All except your mom too bad that she's just not around
And don't get me wrong those words you've tried to get them out
But their views been skewed by their plastic news
From their plasma tubes, so they won't fit in your shoes
Except for Sunday blues, but you got Monday blues
And you got Tuesday blues damn every day ya might lose
All your friends they wanna smoke cause it's a Friday
But you've been smoking straight probably since last Sunday
I know you know you shouldn't say that you are okay
But you still look em in the eye and lie then go to use your ashtray

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Little Sara, last night you got it bad
In that moment you could barely even add up two or three reasons why you're
glad
And I guess that's why you grabbed your pen and pad
It was 6:14 and you could barely even read

All the words you'd written down of why it was time for you to leave
Your phone was on the ground and you could barely hear it ring
Couldn't even hear a sound, couldn't feel a single thing
Now it's 6:15 and you're on your knees, blood is on your sleeves, and your lungs won't breathe
Eyes are watering, body's shivering, and you're wondering what is happening
Now it's 6:23, and they're on their knees, begging Jesus please, can you make her breathe
Cause they finally see what was happening underneath their nose and underneath your sleeves

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