

The Thread

Whitney

I pulled the thread
But there's no use
If you just can't get
The honest truth
It spun me around
A carousel
You were moving on
I couldn't tell

I heard the news
It haunts me still
But I ain't seen you
And I doubt I will
Eventually
You just might
Learn how to keep
Your head up high

I jumped the gun
Imagine that
There's more ways than one
To veer off track
But this jealousy's
The bitter kind
It's quick to disease
A troubled mind