Poetry of You

Alone in my room,

I sit and tell you why I’m here.

I’ve figured it out,

the words finally fall like tears.

You made me out to be a fool.

But that’s the poetry of you.

I sit on the fence,

for my common sense to be used.

I’m fine by myself,

and this could mean hell for you.

You poured me out like lemonade.

And do you even know my name?

You took a part of me for you,

I saved a part of me for you,

so here’s some poetry, poetry for you.

Poetry, poetry for you.

Poetry, poetry for you.

Look me in the eye,

and don’t fantasize the truth.

Don’t hold it inside,

and don’t patronize my mood.

You poured me out like lemonade,

and do you even know my name?!

You took a part of me for you,

I saved a part of me for you,

so here’s some poetry, poetry for you.

Poetry, poetry for you.

Poetry, poetry.

I’m still alive,

I’m still awake,

I’m not the one whose here to blame.

Throw me a sign,

I won’t be ashamed,

don’t let the dark take me away.

Throw me in jail, this is the truth,

I’m not the one whose haunting you.

I’ll be alright, I won’t be abused.

This is the poetry, poetry of you.

Poetry, poetry of you.

Poetry, poetry of you!