

That Cezanne Girl

By Joseph Grant

You wander alone in anger along your recent ancient past
Castigating those now for a love that was never meant to last
I wonder what crime was it that I did commit unto you
Other than be human and treat you the way none others do.

It's all in your face and those forever stunning eyes
That you could never tell my inner truth from his outside lies
You covet your blanket of insecurity, don't know who to be
While stoned in your indecision wandering down your wrong way street.

There were no strings attached, no, no, no, nothing like that
Nothing ventured, nothing gained, if you stand inside the pain
Just wanted to see you smile sometime in the shadow of your sun
I chose to offer you freedom, but never thought that you'd run

All the time we've wasted is time worthlessly spent,
We've talked many a mile in my boots but you've never left
Someday I'd love to see the look upon your pretty face
When you finally realize, you ended up back in the same place.

You were my newest religion, I, your latest cross to bare
Forgive me his sins; shake the halo from your hair
To his hell you are forever bound
The resurrection has come and gone and fled to the next town.

Nobody's winning here, nobody's uppin' his worth.
You may think you're on a higher plain but you ain't leaving this earth
You ain't hungry no more cos you ain't never been fed
I guess I'll go on home now and go back to my own bed.

There are no stormy seas to prevail, no white capped waves a' gale.
You've abandoned your freedom ship before you set sail.
You are no longer mine, so I am not yours to do with as you see fit
Don't blame every guy cos you once believed someone else's bullshit

I was there to help, but you've got no more white flags to wave
For our love is no longer sleeping now but in its grave.
I think what you need is to take up and go back home to your mama
Married now to your issues and you can't divorce from the drama.

Love is a museum for you to visit but never stay
All your portraits of pain are hung the wrong way
But the galleries have all closed, the sculpture's already been cast
You should never roam your future while stuck in your past.

So, you'd better leave now, forget those who've bled for you
Chase down your shadow to solitude; I'm done playing your fool
You've done your time, said your lines,
You are now free to break other hearts than mine.

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