

Doublecross

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Shades are drawn on another day
As she drives home late at night
She keeps busy not doing much
Cause she needs a place to hide

The job's her only company
Though she doesn't really care
working late 'cause no one waits
She has a double cross to bare

The makeup on her face
Is washed away by tears
Her eyes are black
Surrounded by wrinkles
and the sadness of bygone years

The house is dark when she drives on in
The dog that barks isn't hers
The pile of mail, just ads and bills
And a postcard to someone who moved out years ago

She nukes the pizza, poures herself a beer
Dozes off into her chair
Tired out by memories
She has a double cross to bare

The makeup on her face
Washed away by tears
Her eyes are black
Surrounded by wrinkles
and the sadness of bygone years

The house sounds hollow and empty
When she climbs the stairs
No one looks as she undresses
She has her double cross to bare

She pops a pill
Won't face the mirror
As she combs her hair
She must remember to forget
She has her double cross to bare

She makes the bed
His side stays empty
Where faith was left behind
The curtain closed, alone, she knows
Shes not the healing kind
She crossed the line