

## Hearts

It's not that hearts get broken  
Nor that the beating, parts.  
When unkind words are spoken,  
Doors open rooms in hearts.

Some hearts beat to be broken,  
So when they split in two,  
They leave behind some token,  
To love another you.

I thought my heart would surely break,  
If you should love anew,  
Then I did a second take  
And found that wasn't true.

It made me ache to watch you stray,  
I kicked and cringed and cried.  
Did my heart break that fateful day  
I licked my wounded pride?  
I'd have to say, though you're away,  
My sickness did abide.  
No more attention do I pay,  
No matter who has lied.  
Now we're together, though apart,  
The love we knew has flown.  
Instead I've found inside my heart  
A love I've always known.

You've said we ought to be just friends,  
What ever that entails.  
It's where that starts and where that ends,  
That's made me bite my nails.

I always thought that we were more  
Than people in the park.  
I'm learning how to read the score,  
While playing in the dark.  
I still believe we can be more,  
For what it's worth, I care.  
The things I've chosen to adore  
Are all the ways you share.