

Johnette Napolitano, Suicide Note

Every night
You wrote another line
With a bloody, broken, bottle
And every day
You wish it away
Why don't you pull the pin
On that grenade
You cuddle
I wanted to believe
Bodies swinging from trees
Struggling to stand
With your head in your hands
A stoic last stand
Of a dying man
I wanted to believe
As I watched your world
Crumble in your hands
I wanted to believe
As you raised your glass
To your last stand
And I wanted to believe
You would win
The war in your head
That I did not understand
That I did not understand
Every night
The questions poured out
Of your wounded eyes
Damn dark things
Every day
You used to pray
Listen to the black raven sing
You wanted to believe
As you were falling to your knees
Struggling to stand
With your life in your hand
The sad last stand
Of a broken man
I wanted to believe
As I watched your world
Crumble in your hands
I wanted to believe
As you raised your glass
To your last stand
And I wanted to believe
You would win
The war in your head
That I did not understand
That I did not understand
I wanted to believe
As I watch your world
Crumble in your hands
I wanted to believe
As you raised your glass
To your last stand
And I wanted to believe
You would win
The war in your head
That I did not understand
That I did not understand
And the questions pour out
And the questions pour out
I did not understand
I did not understand

I did not understand
I did not understand
The sound of you falling
I did not understand
As the trembling heart of a man
Did not understand
The sound of a trembling heart