

Did You Tell Him?

Eleanor McEvoy

Is his hair still as long?
Are his eyes still as blue?
Can his face still conceal
Every clue to his mood?
Does his brow still display
Every beat of his heart?
Did he ask after me?
Did you send my regards?

Or did you tell him that I've died
in every way that matters?
And did you tell him how I cry
with every day that passes?
That I am raw and bruised and torn
That I can't function any more
Well, did you tell him that?

Well I'd tell him myself
But I don't have the nerve
And I know, to my shame,
This is all I deserve
But I hope for my sake
You were not indiscreet
If he asked how I was,
Hope you lied, through your teeth

Or did you tell him that I've died
in every way that matters?
And did you tell him how I cry
with every day that passes?
That I am raw and bruised and torn
That I can't function any more
Well, did you tell him that?

And if he didn't want to know
Oh, my friend, don't tell me that
Did you never speak my name?
Did he never even ask?

Or did you tell him that I've died
in every way that matters?
And did you tell him how I cry
with every day that passes?
That I am raw and bruised and torn
That I can't function any more
Well, did you tell him that?