

Broken Record

Tessa Violet

You met me in my dreams last night
Same dark eyes, familiar sight
Broken words I've dreamt a hundred times
But you were strange and staggered too
Like what you said I'd scripted through
I guess this means I'm getting over you

Why do I still dream of you?
Why do you still come?
Is it to remind me of the evil things I've done?
Why am I still followed by your ghost memory
And why do I still hope you think of me?

Every night inside my bed
You creep into my head
I am just a b-b-b-broken
Broken record
Every night inside my dream
I replay the same old thing
I am just a b-b-b-broken
Broken record

The strangest part I'd have to say
Is I don't want him anyway
Maybe I just want what I can't have
Maybe it's the tragedy
Or maybe it's the girl in me
Who just wants to be wanted by a man

Or maybe I just think of him when I am on my own
'Cause maybe make believe is not as lonely as alone
Silence brings the truth, but it breaks the fantasy
The only one I'm talking to is me

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To broken past and breathing dirt
To cling to not escaping hurt
Is it a choice repeating struggles?
Maybe trapped or mostly troubled

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