

## Cries Too Hard

The Whitlams

Torch the moon, burn the schools  
She wrote in red on her bedroom wall -  
"Nothing's pure", the paint runs to the floor  
She laughs too easily and cries too hard  
Shouldn't drink alone, the colours run  
How can she forgive  
When we know well what we do?  
Feather scratches on her wrist  
Dry run with a bread knife for a final twist  
It wouldn't be for show if it should come to this  
She was born to feel it all, to see it all  
When I feel so lightly it's still burning brightly  
And she won't look away  
Torch the moon, burn the schools  
Why it's a man making all the rules  
Frida Khalo poster on her door