

# ILL-SUITED

By Richard Paul

From the first to the last there was nothing,  
--\*-- \*-- --\*--

No chance for anything, too far hence,  
--\*--- \* --\*-- --\*---

Such longing that should make no sense,  
--\*-- --\*--- --\*---

From the worst in the past, leading nowhere,  
--\*--- --\*-- -\*

No heart to dare as it must,  
--\*--- --\*-- --\*--

Nor care as it withers and rusts.  
--\*-- -\* --\*---

## CHORUS

*Wounded weaving,*  
--\*--- --\*---

*Beauty all unseen.*  
\* --\*--

*Chances thieving,*  
--\*-- --\*--

*Bitter has it been.*  
-\* --\*--

*Wounded weaving,*  
--\*--- --\*---

*Till the heart's a dram.*  
-\*-- --\*--- --\*---

*Barely grieving,*  
--\*-- --\*--

*This is who I am.*  
--\*-- --\*-- -\*

CHORUS END

With the years and the pain there come answers,  
--\*--- --\*-- -\*

So much suffered and by design  
-\* --\*-- -\* --\*--

Conjured by a broken mind.  
-\* --\*-- --\*---

Yet I fear that the blame can't be shifted,  
-\*-- --\*--- --\*---

How I've drifted, stubborn and straight,  
--\*-- --\*-- ----\*---

Than sifted by my fate.  
-\* -\* -\*

## (CHORUS)

It was formality to fall in love,  
-\*-- -\*-- \* --\*-- --\*---

And done so naively, once or twice.  
--\*--- -\* --\*-- --\*---

From my slumber I'll not be shoved,  
--\*--- --\*--- --\*-- --\*---

Lest I fall like a fool once more in a trice.  
-\*-- --\*-- --\*--- --\*---

## (CHORUS)

-\* = Suggested Stressed Syllables

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