A girl always sang a song

But she didn’t sing like everyone else

And there were no hearts that melted

And no people that truly felt it

Even though it surrounded them

They always forgot

The joy that she had brought

And her soul which rot

Stuck in this endless rut

Which set rust to her bones

Burning her home

Yet the people forgot

See this girl didn’t have much of a presence

Most people found her unpleasant

Because she was restless

But still the girl sang

In an attempt to rest their heavy bones

Yet wherever she went she was branded as the one that broke bones

This girl,

Ever alone,

No gem or pearl,

With broken bones

Still she sang

Until the day she hanged

Off the fan

Oh man oh man they cried

Children’s eyes they would hide

Because this girl left a note

Sweet as an ice cream cone

For even in her death the girl sang her song

Even though she didn’t belong

Because

This song she sang

Kept others from hanging.