

N'Importe

It doesn't matter now at all.
You really needn't frown.
I tossed away the heart you broke
To wear a scarlet gown.

It hurt a little just at first
But even pain will die.
I donned my little flashing shoes
With heels three inches high.

O yes, sometimes I think of you
Quite vaguely now and then.
It doesn't matter, though, at all.
There are so many men.

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