

# maryanne

Adam Richman

The doctors, the lawyers, and your children  
Papers they hold to your name  
Joesph, I do sometimes miss you  
The halls and the kitchen  
Are not quite the same

Why did you leave me this way?  
Why did you leave me this way?  
You left me with such sorrow  
You left me such pain  
And I can't be bitter  
But I won't put roses on you grave

Memories like fingers without feeling  
Letters I wish I would write  
Your grandson, oh, how he loved you  
One thing in common  
You both said goodbye

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Lyrics submitted by Andrew.

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