

April

Pianos Become the Teeth

Imagine, my drink
from your mug made of tin
But what happened 7/31/76
that made them etch your name
and the date?
What'd I miss?
It was a Saturday
You got your wasting
You got away
You got your dad
His dying days
You got it all
I've been wasting
I've been away
It's not that bad, most days
Those towns that shut down so early
I think of your body right where it should be
And I think I should get rid of it
That old brown chair clicked and rang loud as hell
You said you were a drunk, it rang loud as hell
And your brother said, "bullshit"
I never told anyone but it kept me awake
Spring sleep's never been good to me anyway
I got your picture sitting on the sink
You were so young, so skinny, so quick to laugh
Water dripped and hit your cheek in the right spot
It ruined my week, when I just wanted to wash the filth off
I have this feeling where I'm still owed something
Every April I'm reminded about those bright flowers they talk about
Every May I'm reminded that it's better buried in black and white
And I'll allow myself this tonight

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>