

Fake Knees

Dads

The tiniest gap
in between
your two front teeth
and your fake knees
whistling through the pain
to accomodate
a kid who doesn't have
the time of day
and one who has to
keep moving away.
What can I say?
I'm purposely putting life in the way.
Thank you for
your gently worn
shirts we
slept with
underneath our nose.
I'm on a red eye crying about
a bunch of fucking clothes. How much time
did I waste
on people who eventually left?
While you were always there waiting,
with your coffee breath,
with your shitty eyes,
and your deep chest,
and your cracked skin hands
that held the best,
you always knew the rest,
you know the rest. I'm waiting for you to get better,
even if it means nights spent in the outpatient center.

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>