

# 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  
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