Writing On the Wall

Mark Harris

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I came home from work
And she was waiting at the door
Had that bad day look in her eyesAnd I heard the sound of her little feet
Across the hardwood floor
And I knelt down with my arms open wideWhen I asked her what had happened
She pointed to our son and said
"Why don't you show your daddy what you've done"And I could see the writing on the wall
Evidence of little hands
Picasso with a purple crayon
And I tried to act upset
But I was smiling through it all
'Cause I could see the writing on the wall, yeahIt was the first day of school
Standing by the laundry door
Wondering how third grade came so fastI took a ruler and a sharpie pen
And I drew the line once more
So amazed at how the time had passedWith a backpack full of promise
And wonder in her eyes
I turned my head just so she wouldn't see me cry'Cause I could see the writing on the wall
It seems no matter how I tried
The pages of this life keep turning
It's a roller coaster ride
And even though I knew we had it all
I could see the writing on the wallI got a cinematic memory
Playing pictures of the past
Adding to the story as we go'Cause every day I'm learning
That tomorrow comes too fast
So, I'm holding on to the only way I know
Yeah, yeah, whoaI can see the writing on the wall
It seems no matter how I tried
The pages of this life keep turning
I can't stop the hands of time
Even though I knew we had it all

I can see the writing on the wallWhoa, I can see the writing on the wall

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