

# 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 eyes And I heard the sound of her little feet  
Across the hardwood floor  
And I knelt down with my arms open wide When 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, yeah It was the first day of school  
Standing by the laundry door  
Wondering how third grade came so fast I took a ruler and a sharpie pen  
And I drew the line once more  
So amazed at how the time had passed With 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 wall I 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, whoa I 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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