Sing

Abra Moore

I wanna singSing to your eyes where they once held windowsWhen you're lookin' at meI wanna hear
Hear all the sounds and the cracks in your voiceWhen you speak to me.Look at my eyes and my nose and my fingertips
I'm lookin' so much like you.Look at the way that I switch my walk, mamaI'm walkin' like you used to do.What about tomorrow?You won't be there to watch me bleed.
What about all the yesterdays
And all the times that I was hoping that you'd come back to me.Mama singSing to meI know you're out thereWhat about tomorrow?You won't be there so I can make you proud.What about all the yesterdaysAnd all the times I was hoping that you could sing out loud
Sing with meWhat is this pain in here mama, did you feel it, too
At such a tender age of twenty-fourA wanna sing to you

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