

Sing

Abra Moore

I wanna sing Sing to your eyes where they once held windows When you're lookin' at me I wanna hear
Hear all the sounds and the cracks in your voice When 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, mama I'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 sing Sing to me I know you're out
there What about tomorrow? You won't be there so I can make you proud. What about all the yesterdays And all
the times I was hoping that you could sing out loud
Sing with me What is this pain in here mama, did you feel it, too
At such a tender age of twenty-four A wanna sing to you

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