

# **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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