Sisters

Radical Face

I tied your shoes while you sat and watched the rain
Hands folded across your lap, and the dull work of paints across your face
Mom down the hall Bible pressed to her chest
When she swore the Devil hides in everything, and her room was the only safe haven left
She watched you scrub through our new paintsSomething in the middle
Something in the middle
Something in the middle
Something's in the way
You had held my hand while the wind whistled our dreams ending time
Something in the middle
Something in the middle
Something in the middle
Something's in the way
Never knew what it meant to be whole and freeSomething in the middle
Something in the middle
Something in the middle
Something's in the way
Neither one of them moths stray from these different paths only they can see
But sink or swim is all they sayYour hand rode the wind out the window of the train
We slept in our seats with our knees curled beneath our dirty chins
And I gripped the bags like they might fly away
And the scenery beyond the glass was liquid, we sat and soaked it in
I felt your breath along the way
I'd hold your hand when the sky fell apart
And you'd hold my hand if you felt us slipping back into the dark
Can't tell from the ground if the sky will fall
Can't tell from the sky if there's anybody down there at allIt's empty...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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