Dishes

Rita Hosking

I wash dishes every day and night, and each one is another test of time.
Wet front, sore back, at the sink you stand, and before you know, they're dirty, back again.

And y'never know when one might fall, y'never know when one might fall
Some people keep their china locked away, while some prefer to use it every day.
Pretty brown bowl, a wedding gift, two handles seem so fragile, and yet,

Y'never know when one might fall, never know when one might fall
And shatter on the ground, and you're picking up the pieces that flew all around.

Big blue plate was birthday cakes and red balloons and sweet embraces.
Small slippery hands tried to hold tight, you tell that child "it's all alright."

Never know when one might fall, never know when one might fall
And shatter, broke apart, and you're picking up the pieces left of your heart.

Never know when one might fall, never know when one might fall
Never know when one might fall, never know when one might fall

I wash dishes every day and night, each one is another test of time.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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