

The Last to Say (Instrumental)

Atmosphere

As far back as he cares to remember,
he used to see his old man lose the temper.
And Mama's pretty face would catch it all.
On a regular basis the nest would fall.
But he was always safe from dad's rage
cause mama sacrifice in his place.
Two dozen years of the blood sweet and tears.
Avoid the mirror, losin' her hair from the fear.
She never left him, stayed inside.
He beat her ass up until the day that he died.
In fact the biggest beating was the day that he died.
Cause now it's too late for her to make a new life.
She gets to mourn for the touch of a punch.
Won't ever admit that she ain't clutching at much.
Some day she'll die and still won't be done.
The anger lives on through their son. Cause he saw, he caught it all,
a childhood of watchin' ma and pa get raw.
It's too bad for him; Naw' that's half the truth.
Cause you back with him now and he's smackin' you.
What happened to you? You don't have a clue.
Did your mamma use to suffer accidents too?
I never knew that you would stand for abuse.
I guess I just assumed you'd pack up and move.
Think about when you left him last time,
said out loud you'd never forgive his past crime.
Sunglasses so dark, scarf around the neck to cover the choke marks.
And since you gotta justify returnin'.
You convinced yourself that he's just a hurt person.
You wanna blame that cross he bares,
but his pop's not there when he tosses you down stairs. Let me be the last to say, please don't stay.
Let me be the last to say, you won't be okay. Please put your shoes on and step into that warm leather.
Go get yourself a more better forever.
Gotta put it down, you gotta leave it,
and don't ever come back again; You gotta mean it.
Just tear it all apart and build new,
cause' if you don't kill him he's gonna kill you.
You can't hold hands when they make fists,
and I ain't the first to say this but,

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