Absentee

Seth Knappen

Wandered by for everyone
Old pair of shoes the last place they were left
Out by the door where they always were kept
Brown laces
We stand in line to hear the news
Weâ€™ve not been together since Christmas last year
Room full of children all sad in the ear
Small faces
And childâ€™s music playing, playing
Our parents sleep and sleep
They donâ€™t remember the ones they have left
We find the magazines under your bed
Strange pictures
I play out in the street
And trip on the sidewalk all covered in blood
Tears not allowed, I pick myself up
No stitches
Absentee giving liaison
Your memory like disease holds on
The fellow has grown out again
And all, all the fields are yellow
We are CDâ€™s, car keys, diaries
My family kept these secretly
Your memory like disease holds on
Absentee giving liaison, liaison, giving liaison

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