

# 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  
We've not been together since Christmas last year  
Room full of children all sad in the ear  
Small faces  
And child's music playing, playing  
Our parents sleep and sleep  
They don'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 CD'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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written by EMMA MOSS

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