Kin

Radical Face

Grandma's singing in the bedroom
It's a near forgotten lullaby
She used to sing when I wasn't well
Father's outside chopping firewood
Like he did when he'd been drinking
Or when he and mom were at it againGrandpa's rocking chair is rocking
I can hear the wood complaining
And the idle taps as he empties his pipe
I do my best to just ignore them
But the sound always finds me
Despite them being dead and goneI hear them all the time
I hear them all the time
I hear them all the time
I hear them all the timeI hear you all the time
I feel you in my mind
I cannot sleep, but I'm tryin'
I hear you all the time

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