

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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