

# Unraveling

[Liz Longley](#)

Boxes and baskets of all her old things  
Porcelain dolls, portrait paintings  
She swore they'd be worth something

They're just gathering dust in my attic somewhere  
And she's lost in a room where she sits and she stares  
Her mind as blank as the walls  
Her memory as vacant as the halls

Chorus:

I'm the only daughter of her oldest son  
I knew her well before her spirit was gone  
And her life is a thread woven into every part of me  
She is unraveling, she is unraveling

She looks in my eyes and asks me my name  
Every five minutes I tell her the same  
She smiles but it's cold and dead  
And I'm screaming out loud in my head

Chorus repeats

I tried to pull her back  
Stories and photographs of her sisters and brothers, her children who love her  
She can't remember but how could a heart forget?

Chorus repeats

I've been tearing through boxes on nights I can't sleep  
Searching for memories of who she used to be

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Lyrics submitted by Louis.

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