

# 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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