

# Song for Molly

Lucy Kaplansky

Molly's sitting on her bed  
It's Sunday afternoon  
Radio's playing outside  
TV bleeds from the next room  
Antiseptic in the air  
Nurses laughing down the hall  
Crooked feet in crooked shoes  
Her wooden cane against the wall  
It's Sunday but her Sunday clothes  
Are packed away somewhere  
She doesn't need them anymore  
Nothing to look her best for  
I'm thirteen, I'm with my mother  
She doesn't know my name  
I remind her I'm Lucy  
But she looks at me the same  
Like I'm a stranger she should remember  
From a place she can't return  
We've only just walked in  
She says we've stayed too long  
Too proud to be remembered  
As a mother without a home  
Oh, it's time to go  
Oh, it's time to go  
It's a dirty trick  
This growing old  
We walk the halls anyway  
My mother holds her arm  
She's pleading with us to leave  
So we walk her to her room  
And we drive through the old neighborhood  
The grand homes of the South Side  
So many are abandoned now  
So many lifetimes locked inside  
And at the dinner table  
It's my parents and me  
I sneak looks at the two of them  
To see what they need from me  
And later she calls me over  
Where she sits alone  
She's polishing a silver ring  
I've never seen before  
She says this was Molly's  
It was her mother's ring  
I'm keeping it for you  
As she kept it for me  
Oh, it's time to go  
Oh, it's time to go  
It's a dirty trick  
This growing old  
I'm told Molly was so proud to have

Another baby girl  
Her only granddaughter  
But I don't remember This is what I remember

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