

The Room At The Top Of The Stairs

Television Personalities

So much tragedy etched on her face
Now she sits alone in an old rocking chair,
And nobody cares, in the room at the top of the stairs
In her cupboard that's full of glass jars
Where she keeps the babies that God wouldn't spare,
A secret they share. Nobody knows that they're there
Antiques gathering dust, her grandfather's clock that has
long since stopped
Like the visits from daughters who no longer care
She sits in her old rocking chair
So much tragedy etched on her face
Now she sits alone in an old rocking chair,
And nobody cares, in the room at the top of the stairs

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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