

# Family Tree

## Athenaeum

I don't talk too much to my family  
I feel bad, they don't understand me.  
I don't speak unless there's something really important to say.  
I'm not weak,  
though quiet people often come across that way. You and me and the family tree  
That I can't seem to climb  
There's something wrong, I guess I don't belong  
And I don't really mind, no I don't really mind. I don't talk too much to my family.  
I feel bad, whenever they're around me.  
But I might write, maybe send a postcard once a year.  
To be polite, and tell them all the things they want to hear. You and me and the family tree  
oh we made such a mess  
but you gave it a shot, and look what you got  
A son who's fatherless.  
You and me and the family tree  
that just can't seem to grow  
But I just wanted to say  
that I love you anyway  
And I think that you should know.  
I think that you should know. I don't talk, I don't speak  
You might say that I am weak  
But I don't talk, and I don't speak.

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