

# Elegy

## Fred Katz

Who is this hurting mother?  
I don't want to be her now  
Who in the hell's that sad reflection?  
How did I lose myself?  
How many time I walk the river, wondering what life's for  
Sobbing beneath a staid performance  
Too scared to let it out  
Duty calls...duty calls...  
Who is that hurting daughter,  
going down the rabbit hole?  
Falling into a crushing darkness.  
Shedding the skins of the soul  
How many times I walk the river  
wanting to lose myself  
Weight of an overcoat of sorrow  
Too sensitive for this world

Duty calls...duty calls...  
Time to do the drop off  
Time to make the meals  
Time to greet the neighbors  
Be a perfect ten

Smiling exterior, but nervous and distressed  
Plodding on this treadmill, take another pill  
Start another morning, wake to the alarm  
Rise up in the darkness, get inside the car  
Join the rank and file, thousands in the flow  
Minnows on the freeway, on and on it goes  
I don't want to go, I don't want to live this  
I don't want this life, there is more than this  
Who is that serious child, the one left alone?  
Mother's in the kitchen crying again, no use to ask for help  
So it goes...so it goes...

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