

Abra Moore, Sing

I wanna sing

Sing to your eyes where they once held windows

When you're lookin' at me

I wanna hear

Hear all the sounds and the cracks in your voice

When you speak to me.

Look at my eyes and my nose and my fingertips

I'm lookin' so much like you.

Look at the way that I switch my walk, mama

I'm walkin' like you used to do.

What about tomorrow?

You won't be there to watch me bleed.

What about all the yesterdays

And all the times that I was hoping that you'd come back to me.

Mama sing

Sing to me

I know you're out there

What about tomorrow?

You won't be there so I can make you proud.

What about all the yesterdays

And all the times I was hoping that you could sing out loud

Sing with me

What is this pain in here mama, did you feel it, too

At such a tender age of twenty-four

A wanna sing to you