

# Anasarca, If Only...

[based on "IF ONLY" by Christina M. Riggs]

Here I sit in my cell  
Plain white, stone cold walls.  
All alone with my thoughts, memories  
and my regrets to keep me company.  
WISHING ONLY IF . . .  
Dreaming of holding my babies,  
hearing their tiny voices and laughter.  
Watching them grow up.  
Dreaming I could see and touch  
my Mom without the glass.  
IF ONLY . . .  
IF ONLY . . .  
I HAD REACHED OUT!  
Dreaming of feeling wet grass on bare feet.  
The sun on my face, wind in my hair.  
Watching the stars  
Feeling peace, hope, happiness, and belonging  
IF ONLY . . . I' D REACHED OUT!  
Reality, I' m alone on DEATH ROW.  
With no sense of hope, peace, or happiness.  
Day in, day out, I relive my failures, regrets

And that terrible night, knowing I'm  
to blame for losing my babies.  
Realizing that what I dream of most  
Could have been reality for me

Could have been reality for them

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