

Athenaeum, Family Tree

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.