

Chris Garneau, Things She Said

Fathers deal with funerals
Wear party hats and long white robes
Bury friends and family
It's strange, it's strange to me
When people come, when people go
It really blows my mind you know
I'm sorry mom, I'm sorry mom
Oceans are you sorry too
It hurts at times, it haunts the bay
With winter pine and holidays
Winter pine and holidays
Let's stay home for the holidays
Oh nothing now but ocean ice
The surf brought in the worst surprise
Lone and still the empty bed
The kettle whistles things you said
The kettle whistles things you said
When people come, when people go
It really blows my mind you know
And fathers deal with their funerals
Wearing party hats and long white robes
They bury my friends and my family
It's strange, it's strange to me
It's strange, it's strange to me
It's so strange, so strange to me
I'm sorry mom, I'm sorry mom
Oceans are crying too
It hurts at times it haunts the bay
With winter pine and holidays
Stay home for the holidays