

Annuals, Mama

Well, I promise
there's no truth
in that lovely, wooden home
you spent your youth.
I promise
that I won't leave
before you dress my arms
back up in sleeves,
Mama, oh Mama.
Where's the trust in running?
Baby cool your head, I'm coming.

I've hunted
down my past,
held it close to the earth.
I made it last.
But now
solace still keeps my head,
just knowing all that's said, and done
is simply dead,
Father, oh Father.
My thoughts they all come drumming.
Telling me to just keep humming,
Mama, oh Mama.
Where's the trust in running?
Baby cool your head, I'm coming