

Brokop Lisa, Now That We're Not A Family

(Phil Dillon)

As a child they were the world to me
I was the quiet and trusting kind
She gave me love, he gave me honesty
He told me he and mom couldn't get along
It was time for him to leave
I said, "Now that it's not your home
Who's gonna sing me off to sleep
Now that you're on your own
Who's gonna answer when I call you"
At the sound of the tone, just a voice on the phone
Now that we're not a family
What did I do to make you both so mad
I know it must have been my fault
We share the memories that we all had
but they're hard to hold, in December's cold
And I know that they won't bring you back
Now that it's not your home
Who's gonna help us trim the tree
Now that you've got your own
Will you be here on Christmas morning
Wipe the sleep from my eyes,
check your room, no surprise
Now that we're not a family
I've memorized some things about you
But they're an undependable substitute without you
Now that it's not your home
You've got a brand new family
A new baby of your own
Pretty soon she'll call you daddy
And you'll always be there, something we'll never share
Now that we're not a family
At the sound of the tone, "Sorry we're not home"
Now that we're not a family