

# Nina Nesbitt, Dinner Table

born in the war  
you had dreams of being a ballerina  
saw the photos last time that I seen you  
you had my mum when you were 23  
I heard that she was trouble just like me

you like painting pictures, writing poems  
I guess that's why my words just keep on flowing  
I wish that I could read the things you write  
I'm tryna learn the language so I might

three generations  
born in different decades  
some things have changed  
but we got the same old heartbreak  
you tell me stories  
that happened back in your day  
and I find it funny  
cause somehow I still relate

we're dancing in different clothes  
falling in love  
until we let it go  
but still there's magic in something as simple  
as three women sitting round a dinner table

you tell me you've  
been in love with elvis since the 50s  
how my mum danced to bowie in the 80s  
but i'll never truly see things through your eyes  
cause all the pictures, they're in black and white

three generations  
we've all made our mistakes  
I look in the mirror  
and see your face in my face  
everyone who knows us  
thinks that we're all crazy  
but I guess that's exactly  
what makes us a family

we're dancing in different clothes  
falling in love  
until we let it go  
but still there's magic in something as simple  
as three women sitting round a dinner table

all the good old days  
and the city lights  
those little town jobs when money was tight  
all your vintage pieces  
i'm wishing were mine  
all our darkest moments  
our wildest fights  
all the names we cursed cause their love was a lie  
all the secrets we'll keep until we die  
it's something as simple  
as pouring your heart right out  
as three women sitting round a dinner table