

Stephen Kellogg, Cradle Of Family

I flew in dirty like a word from a murderous mouth
the news came to me, I'd been too long south
things had changed in the days of my sleep
do whatever he says and ignore the creep

she looked at me like I was jailbait;
her smile was more like a sneer
Laced up with a touch of hate,
when that smile used to be so clear
not sure what would happen yet, I ordered from the bar
I know that I'm not perfect but you are, who you are

I miss the cradle of family
I miss the comfort of home
I miss the way that I used to be
more than I have missed being alone

but you just had to go there and you knew I would resist
like do I ever think about babies that do not exist?
you were calling me out on things I did when I was young
imagine being held accountable
for everything that you have ever done

I miss the comfort of a lover's bed
I miss the girl that I once knew
I miss the idea we created in our heads
more than I have ever missed you

I can't believe, the secrets that I keep
the scars that you can see
are nothing like the ones we have unleashed

like St. Augustine before me, I am sorry for my sins
but I have no regrets about the places I have been
there's no way I can say I'm sorry
for the things that you decide to do
I guess you went for money; I just had to get away from you

I miss the innocence of purity
I miss the things I never had
I miss the way that I used to be
before you ever got to my head
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