

Streetlight Manifesto, As The Footsteps Die Out Forever

She was diagnosed on a Friday,
The kids were almost home,
The kids were on their way back home from school,
Lying face down in the gutter,
Of unaccomplished dreams,
And broken memories of things to come.
"Sorry ma'am, I really am. I had to break the news.
I had to make the phone call to tell you that you're due,
You know where, I'll tell you when,
And I suggest you start living these next three weeks,
The best way that you can."

Every night for three long weeks,
Shed roam the hallways half asleep,
And as the footsteps fade away,
In my mind, I could swear, I could swear, I heard her say:
Don't wait for me, you've got a lot to do, you've got a lot to be,
And in the end maybe, I'll see you there.

Lost her strength on a Saturday,
Spent the day in bed.
Yeah, I'm fine; it's just the flu she said, with a smile,
But when they turned their backs,
The tears would flow.
She knew she only had a while, to live,
To breathe, to be, to see, to bleed,
To stand on her own two weakened feet,
"And so I pray everyday: don't take my mother away"

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Don't wait for me, you've got a lot to do, you've got a lot to be,
And in the end maybe, I'll see you there.
And in the end you know I'll see you,
There and in the end I'll see you there.

Don't wait for me, you've got a lot, to do you've got a lot, to be,
And in the end maybe, I'll see you there.