

The Forecast, Whiskey

have you told her son about the alcohol and medicine
or the wasted days while friendships frayed
where you could barley carry your weight
flip the lights down or pretend you're not alone
and spill the secrets
you bought and sold for rock and roll dreams
have you told her son how you up and leave all your loved ones
how all the lies slip past your tongue
you choke them down like smoke in your lungs