

William Fitzsimmons, Please Don't Go

There are words inside my bedroom
scribbled all across the wall
saying something bout the way that
you won't talk to us at all

and i don't believe your protest
that you swear you didn't know
how to even change a diaper
or to teach me how to throw

please don't go
please don't go

there were words you told my brother
how you never had the choice
to decide if you would father
two rambunctious little boys

please don't go
please don't go

now we're stuck in this together
and i don't think i can run
from the ties that you have started
from the sins that we've become