

Wishing Chair, Copernicus

Middle south, middle class, middle child
I ran the fields and woods
I was the only girl for miles
I claim my tomboy roots
With a twisted pride
You see
I am here and
I survived

Brownie snapshots
Argus slides
The cookouts and the campouts
Mother's hair piled high or dyed
And there's my father
His tie's too loud or wide
He's got his hair slicked back
The Raybans on
Singing a [[Hank Williams|Hank Williams]] song
[[Hank Williams:Hey%2C Good Lookin%27]"Hey...good lookin'..."]]

Then I see it
My brother's there
With his helmet on his knee
Seated next to me
We are always posed side by side
Don't you know the camera never lies
In every picture
Father's focused on his face
Always on his face
Always on his face
I am framed
To the left or right
Out of focus, out of sight

Ooh just outside the light
Ooh just outside the light
He only sees one
Everything revolves around the sun

My brother's gone now
He's on the other side
Sometimes I have the guilt
Of the one who didn't die
My father spent his last years
Crying for his son
Now he's gone to join him
Left me here to carry on

But that's okay
That's alright
I claim my own family
I claim my own right
I'll be a candle in the darkness
Burning just as bright
Burning just as bright

Ooh just inside the light
Ooh just inside the light
Everything, everything
Everything's alright

Ooh just inside the light
Ooh just inside the light

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