

Catch 22, 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 faced down in the gutter
of unaccomplished dreams and broken memories of things to come
sorry ma'am i really am
i have to break the news
i have to make the phone call
to tell you that you're due you know where
and i'll tell you when
and i suggest that you start living the next three weeks the best that you can
every night for three long weeks
she'd roam the hallways half asleep
and as the footsteps fade away
in my mind i can swear i can swear i heard her say
don't wait for me
i got a lot to do
i 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 to weakened feet
and so i prayed
every day
"don't take my mother away";
every night for three long weeks
she'd roam the hallways half asleep
and as the footsteps fade away
in my mind
i can swear i can swear i heard her say
don't wait for me
i got a lot to do
i got a lot to be
when in the end maybe i'll see you there

repeat

don't wait for me
i got a lot to do
i got a lot to be
and in the end maybe i'll see you there