

# Red Tin Roof

Alela Diane

A frost covered the ground this way  
Bit the lilacs petals, turned them brown  
They are not in blue pitchers  
On the kitchen table anymore  
'Cause my mother is down in Mexico somewhere  
And I don't know if she's ever coming back.  
And my father we talk on the telephone sometimes  
But the wires, they're not long enough to fill this  
hole  
And my brother it's nice to hear his voice  
And reminisce about how we all used to live there  
Under the red red red red tin roof  
Now all separate we walked away  
But I need a grasp to take the cold from my hands  
A place to lean on so I can feel those strong breaths  
again  
To feel the shape without the light  
Or to sit in the gleam of the living room again  
But my mother is down in Mexico somewhere  
And I don't know if she's ever coming back  
And my father we talk on the telephone sometimes  
But the wire they're not long enough to fill this hole  
And my brother it's nice to hear his voice  
To reminisce about how we used to live there  
Under the red red red red tin roof  
Will someone please please help me  
Unlock this skeleton from this flesh rest  
I think it wants to walk away to some place that no  
longer exists  
Why can't we back track  
So we can all sit up on that hill  
And watch the trees along the fence grow  
All over again  
Why can't we back track so we can all sit up on that  
hill  
And watch the trees along the fence grow  
All over again  
'Cause my mother is down in Mexico somewhere  
And I don't know if she's ever coming back  
And my father we talk on the telephone sometimes  
But the wires they're not long enough to fill this  
whole  
And my brother it's nice to hear his voice  
To reminisce about how we all used to live there  
Under the red red red red tin roof  
But never again will I hear the rain fall  
So good  
Never again will I hear the rain fall  
So good  
Like it did on the red, the red tin roof