

## your mom

Benjamin Amaru

There was a pillow where you used to sleep  
A blank space  
In blue sheets  
There was a toothbrush there in that cup  
A perfume  
Rose fields  
There was no letter, no message received  
A small note  
That said that you'd leave  
And I was calling your friends that night  
And they said  
We were never meant to be  
We were never meant to be

There was a shadow right next to mine  
Always close  
Either left or right  
And my shirts when you wore them at night  
You took it all  
But who gave you the right  
So how am I supposed to feel  
No letter  
No message received  
And I was calling your mom that night  
And she said  
We were never meant to be  
We were never meant to be

No more shoes in front of our door  
No dimmed light  
In our corridor  
None of your clothes in that mess on the floor  
Like you were never here  
Not anymore  
So how am I supposed to feel  
Everybody knew  
Everybody but me  
And I was asking myself that night  
And I thought  
We were never meant to be  
We were never meant to be

We were never meant to be  
We were never meant to be  
We were never meant to be  
We were never meant to