After Jane

BODEGA

Lately, I've been thinking about you alone in that damp apartme
nt
Shaking by the TV set alone with no friends in your apartment
I think that's why I made a point that year, watching all Chica
go games
That was the same year you disappeared, was the same year I cha
nged
You and your mother and father watched them together, talking o
n the phone too
Since the three of you are gone now, I can't watch them for you

Remember thinking on that day for years
To me, you been dead already
I was hurt so bad I built a castle wall
To block all the things that you said to me

And the hole in your heart's passed to me now
I find it sort of funny how
The more that I live and the more I do wrong
Gets easier and harder to sing my songs

Remember visit on Christmas Eve when you didn't recognize who I
 was
Your father was an actor playing your son, quiz me, I got right
 everyone

Remember thinking on that night for years
You might've been gone already
I could feel your ribs, you took an ocean of pills
Real nervous for how you would act on me

Now that grace and that pain's passed to me now
When I think of that night, it's funny now
The more that I live and the more I do wrong
I'm channeling your hurt when I sing my songs

You were never cleaned up enough to remember you saying, "I don
't love you"
But since I know that wasn't you speaking, I can't say it for y
ou

Your skeptical soul lives on in me
We hate bureaucrats, fools, and shame
We spit on the doctor who thought she was better
Presuming that she knew your pain

Now the beat of your heart's passed to me now
I feel you laughing on my brow

The more that I live and the more I do wrong
I'm channeling your heart when I sing my songs
The more that I live and the more I do wrong
I'm channeling your heart when I sing my songs

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