

Your Mother and Father

Cass McCombs

The letter came today,
Fields have turned brown.
Sleep in among coffee shop,
You're new in town.

What will you do now,
To get along?
Now that your mother and
Father are gone?

Gone are the arguments,
That sting inside.
Beauty and status were
Never alive.

What will you do now,
To get along?
Now that your mother and
Father are gone?

Library doors are locked,
You wait for day.
When they will open it,
You will be saved.

What will you do now,
To get along?
Now that your mother and
Father are gone?