

Mama's Baggage

Cursive

We stole all Mama's baggage
And stuffed it with Daddy's cologne and Sunday best
And then I sat up in bed in a nervous sweat
Waiting for those creaking warning stairs
As the lights went out, I snuck out my window
And ran down those railroad tracks
There's no turning back
No, I ain't turning back
This city's a crucifix and I have suffered for it
Just feel the scar along my side
And I'm no savior
But I could have saved you from this Bible-beating life
The train leaves half past twelve

You're too afraid to live without
Without a father
With no provider
We're bastards all along
When they dumped you in the lake
Were you held under too long?
My only brother
We swore we'd both escape from the cloth

In Mama's baggage, I found a photo
Of our trip to Colorado Springs
I was young and defiant, but you were compliant
A happy toddler in Daddy's arms
I hung the picture upon the mirror in my dingy motel room
The sirens howl at night, strangers prowl outside
I tremble in bed thinking of you
I tried to call the house
I keep hanging up the phone
When I hear his voice, I remember those Sundays
And I'm glad I finally left home
I'd rather be alone than wrong

You keep nesting away your doubt
But I'm no sinner
Sure, I've made some mistakes
Some I can't forgive
And this might be my hell
But at least I damned myself
No more preachers nailing me to the cross

You're too afraid to live without
He who believes will be saved
He who believes will behave

So I'm condemned, huh?
Some baptism, anointed with piss and spit
How could you leave me behind and join their side?
How long until we all surrender?