

Roseanne

Denison Witmer

Roseanne I still hear your voice
It echoes from suburbs outside of Detroit
We packed our guitars and our clothes
And carved your friend's minivan down the west coast

Birthdays and our friends' weddings
We missed them all just to play and to sing
You can't be in every place
You learn to extend yourself a little grace

Six weeks straight out on the road
Driving late after the shows
Sleep in places nobody knows
I would never trade the memory
But I would never say it's easy

You called when your dad almost died
You moved back home and then you had a child
The way that you care for them both
Roseanne, I've been there
I know it's no joke

My life is the same as before
One eye on my family
One eye on the door
You know what I'm speaking of
The sacrifice we make for the ones that we love

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