

Something More

Jamie McDell

I'd give anything for my mama to be happy
With how her life turned out
For my sister to stay clean, finally find out what it means
To have her feet on solid ground
Well I was seventeen when they drove out of the city
To reach the countryside
A cage, just forest green, dandelions and olive trees
A perfect place for them to hide

Oh and I never felt the need to tell you all the things that make me sad
Oh no I never felt the need to weigh you down with times that make me mad
But sometimes it hurts so bad

I can still recall the knock on my bedroom door
And the great hammer to his pride
Sitting right there on my bed, held his tears and hung his head
And couldn't look me in the eye
Guess he knew how much I made every time the dumb song played
I clipped the ticket I suppose
And it hurt him all the same
Still a father, still ashamed to ask his daughter for a loan

Oh and I never felt the need to tell you all the things that make me sad
Oh no I never felt the need to weigh you down with times that make me mad
But sometimes it hurts so bad

And the truth is, I'm terrified
So why do we feel small for our losses?
For the things that make us part of something more?