

Dinner Table

Nina Nesbitt

Born in the war
You had dreams of being a ballerina
Saw the photos last time that I seen you
You had my mum when you were 23
I heard that she was trouble just like me

You like painting pictures, writing poems
I guess that's why my words just keep on flowing
I wish that I could read the things you write
I'm tryna learn the language so I might

Three generations
Born in different decades
Some things have changed
But we got the same old heartbreak
You tell me stories
That happened back in your day
And I find it funny
Cause somehow I still relate

We're dancing in different clothes
Falling in love
Until we let it go
But still there's magic in something as simple
As three women sitting round a dinner table

You tell me you've
Been in love with elvis since the 50s
How my mum danced to bowie in the 80s
But I'll never truly see things through your eyes
Cause all the pictures, they're in black and white

Three generations
We've all made our mistakes
I look in the mirror
And see your face in my face
Everyone who knows us
Thinks that we're all crazy
But I guess that's exactly
What makes us a family

We're dancing in different clothes
Falling in love
Until we let it go
But still there's magic in something as simple
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All the good old days
And the city lights
Those little town jobs when money was tight
All your vintage pieces
I'm wishing were mine
All our darkest moments
Our wildest fights
All the names we cursed cause their love was a lie
All the secrets we'll keep until we die
It's something as simple

As pouring your heart right out
As three women sitting round a dinner table