

Grateful

Próxima Parada

I remember that night
I heard a scream, "Don't come any closer now"
"It's gonna be alright"
Were the only words my big brother found

Us kids huddled up, wide eyed
I heard a chair jumping over the table
Blurred vision, watch stops, in drops cops
What's the moral here, Aesop, one of your fables?

Grateful
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Ten digits I recognize spell (DON) 'TPI-CKUP
Conversations I've memorized word for word
About how it's all my fault
Something I'm sick of

But I'm the wielder of the water
Go on, I think I'll plant my seeds here
Ain't no more room for the squatter
I'm happy just pulling your weeds here

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When I'm down and out, on my own
These poisonous thoughts, they get overgrown
And I can feel like I missed out
But I know that isn't real
On being a child
But I know that isn't right
Every moment led me to this wonderful life

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