

Sway

Rare Americans

My father had a lot to say
But he had a lifetime in the way
Empty bottles every day
The words unspoken, barricades
Falling into a haze, blasting music as

He'd sway, he'd sway
He'd sway, he'd sway, he'd sway
He'd sway, he'd sway
He'd sway, he'd sway, he'd sway

You couldn't slow down
You couldn't slow down
And time ran out
Yeah time ran out

Early morning memories
Eating breakfast, you're at peace
"Can you pass the paper please?"
You'd say with wine stains on your teeth
Pretend it was just a dream
I know you'd seen some awful scenes
You'd say I was your everything
You didn't know I'd watched you as

You'd sway, you'd sway, you'd sway
You'd sway, you'd sway
You'd sway, you'd say, you'd sway
You'd sway, you'd sway

You could've slowed down
You could've slowed down
But time ran out
Yeah time ran out

Father I feel your pain
I can't avoid it much these days
Bottles by the kitchen sink
I sure have done some shitty things
I didn't know what to think
When I saw you at your brink
Writing down everything
Watching you as you'd sway, you'd sway
You'd sway, you'd sway, you'd sway

Can I slow it down?
Can I slow it down?
And turn it around?
I'll turn it around
Around