

## Same House

Sara Kays

Eleven o'clock was way later than I should be up  
But I was so I heard them  
Every night talking quickly would turn to  
Arguing, yelling, and screaming

So when mom called me down to the kitchen one night  
I wasn't so surprised  
When three seats were set at the table  
And one seat was open for me  
She told me to sit down  
And said they got something to tell me

They thought that I was oblivious to it all  
But I knew since they started  
Sleeping in two different rooms and avoiding  
Each other every morning

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You'll get used to two  
Two backyards, two birthdays, two playrooms  
Two parents who are gonna love you like they do now

Just not in the same house  
Not in the same house