

# The Exchange

Torres

My mother lost her mother twice  
Once in '54, then later in life  
The exchange was quick and quiet  
The records sealed, the names made private  
Her search began and ended with a judge  
Her papers had been claimed in a freak basement flood  
An entire family tree, an eternal privacy

Underwater  
Underwater  
I am afraid to see my heroes age  
I am afraid of disintegration  
If you're not here, I cannot be here for you  
If you're not here, I cannot be alone  
Mother, father  
I'm underwater  
And I don't think you can pull me out of this

There's virgin oil painted over my door  
And hotel soap from every city  
Lined up in my window  
Blew my per diem on an eighth of Blue Dream  
So I can breathe but I still can't breathe  
Around my mouth, brown paper bag  
Founding fathers on my back

I'm no martyr  
I'm no martyr  
I'm just  
Afraid to see my heroes age  
I am afraid of disintegration  
If you're not here, I cannot be here for you  
If you're not here, I cannot be alone  
Mother, father  
I'm underwater  
Underwater  
Underwater

I've so much that I want to sing  
But there's no room for toothbrushes in poetry, I  
Pray to Jesus Christ incessantly, I  
Shine my shoes for the Fat Lady, I'm still  
Underwater

I'm underwater  
Underwater  
Underwater  
I am afraid to see my heroes age  
I am afraid of disintegration  
If you're not here, I cannot be here for you  
If you're not here, I cannot be alone  
Mother, father  
I'm underwater  
And I don't think you can pull me out of this

I will no longer claim to know  
Where we go when it's time to go

But when you go, will I go too?  
When you go, I am going too  
I'm underwater  
I'm underwater  
Mother, father  
I'm underwater  
I'm underwater  
I'm underwater  
Mother, father  
I'm underwater