

Displacement

Touché Amoré

You died at 69 with a body full of cancer
I asked your god how could you but never heard an answer
No one saw it coming, the diagnosis of stage four
The bravest woman I know that survived it once before

Last week I crashed my car and I walked away unscathed
Maybe that was you asking me to keep my faith
You cried at the thought of never seeing me again
If there was an afterlife, I want you to go to heaven

I never felt so selfish, it's not what I prefer
I always kept it honest, especially for her
She gave me her best, she swore I was her heart
I couldn't worship the god that let her fall apart

I'm not sure what I believe
Well I think that's understood
But I know she's looking out for me
The way she said she would
The way she said she would
The way she said she would