

6 Feet Deep

We Three

I get up every day and run
Just fight off all the feelings that I'm running from
7 years feels like a lot
I used to ask you questions while sitting at your burial spot
But I didn't like the way the dirt felt
Cause the grass stopped growing and your flowers look like shit
So fuck these flowers, fuck these graveyards
You're just a memory for me and a cool story for my kid

People wanna tell me you'd be mad at me
And who knows that might be true
I know everybody would laugh at me
If I told them what I think you'd do
If I showed you the song that I wrote about religion
And only letting certain people in
Think you'd smile for a while and say I love the way you think boy
It sure is sad what people call a sin

Then she would tell me
That you're a good man and they may not understand
And I know that's something that you worry about
Cause you're a lot like your Mom just writing hundreds of songs
And I've heard that you've got people listening now
But don't you worry honey don't you lose sleep
I'll be singing all your songs while I'm 6ft deep
We may not meet again
And that's a sad way to end
But sweet boy
Know you made your mama proud

Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me proud

You died on January 5th
And it doesn't feel the same when I wrap my own gifts
I only solve it by forgetting (by forgetting)
Pretend I never had a parent who wasn't at my wedding
But people keep bringing you up
To try to change me from who I am to back to who I was
But I don't think you'd give a fuck
Cause that's not how you raised me
And that's not how you loved me

People wanna tell me that I failed you cause I'm trying to think for myself
They're acting like I wasn't even raised by you
But goddamn you taught me all of this yourself
If I told you that I wasn't sure what I believed in
I swear you'd say you didn't know either
Think you'd smile for a while and say I love the way you think boy
Don't you ever stop being a dreamer

Then she would tell me
That you're a good man and they may not understand
And I know that's something that you worry about
Cause you're a lot like your Mom just writing hundreds of songs

And I've heard that you've got people listening now
But don't you worry honey don't you lose sleep
I'll be singing all your songs while I'm 6ft deep
We may not meet again and that's a sad way to end
But sweet boy, know you made your mama proud

Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me (proud)
Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me proud
Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me (proud)
Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me
Still makin' me proud

I still think about you every single day
But it's not quite the same it's in a slightly different way
They don't know and I'm not gonna explain
Cause it's our little secret inside my brain