

Bloom Wither Bloom (For Mom)

WHY?

You swear
By every dog-eared prayer
In your "my troubles" diary
By every beveled edge
Of your chem-leveled being

With fear
That you bear the brunt
Of your grandfather's wage
With nary a blazing hedge
In perimeter for protection

Be where you are
Be where you are
Be where you are
Be where

Try keeping a family of five
Warm, safe and dry
Under one child-sized umbrella, dying
With bent up wires and tears in the vinyl

I'm tired but I'm trying
I'm so tired
Sirens wake you
Then silence takes you
Back to sleep
But your next dream
Beware

Be where you are
Be where you are
Be where you are
Be where

In case your castle crumbles
Refrain from grumbling
Stride, don't stumble
With pride, print tickets to the rubble

Be where you are
Be where you are
Be where you are
Be where

I'm trying
But I'm tired
Though I'm tired
I'm trying
I'm still trying

(Be where you are)
(Be where you are)
Be where (You are)