

grandma's singing in the bedroom
it's a near forgotten lullaby
that she used to sing when I wasn't well
father's outside chopping firewood
like he did when he'd been drinking
or when he and mom were at it again

grandpa's rocking chair is rocking
I can hear the wood complaining
and the idle taps as he empties his pipe
I do my best to just ignore them
but the sound always finds me
despite them being dead and gone

I hear them all the time
I hear them all the time
I hear them all the time
I hear them all the time

I hear you all the time
I feel you in my mind
I cannot sleep, but I'm tryin'
I hear you all the time