

Red Tin Roof

Alela Diane

A frost covered the ground this way
Bit the lilacs petals, turned them brown
They are not in blue pitchers
On the kitchen table anymore
'Cause my mother is down in Mexico somewhere
And I don't know if she's ever coming back.
And my father we talk on the telephone sometimes
But the wires, they're not long enough to fill this
hole
And my brother it's nice to hear his voice
And reminisce about how we all used to live there
Under the red red red red tin roof
Now all separate we walked away
But I need a grasp to take the cold from my hands
A place to lean on so I can feel those strong breaths
again
To feel the shape without the light
Or to sit in the gleam of the living room again
But my mother is down in Mexico somewhere
And I don't know if she's ever coming back
And my father we talk on the telephone sometimes
But the wire they're not long enough to fill this hole
And my brother it's nice to hear his voice
To reminisce about how we used to live there
Under the red red red red tin roof
Will someone please please help me
Unlock this skeleton from this flesh rest
I think it wants to walk away to some place that no
longer exists
Why can't we back track
So we can all sit up on that hill
And watch the trees along the fence grow
All over again
Why can't we back track so we can all sit up on that
hill
And watch the trees along the fence grow
All over again
'Cause my mother is down in Mexico somewhere
And I don't know if she's ever coming back
And my father we talk on the telephone sometimes
But the wires they're not long enough to fill this
whole
And my brother it's nice to hear his voice
To reminisce about how we all used to live there
Under the red red red red tin roof
But never again will I hear the rain fall
So good
Never again will I hear the rain fall
So good
Like it did on the red, the red tin roof