

In the jukebox of her memory
The list of names flips by and stops
She closes her eyes
And smiles as the record drops

Then she drinks herself up and out
Of her kitchen chair
And she dances out of time
As slow as she can sway
For as long as she can say
This dance is mine
This dance is mine

Her hair bears silent witness
To the passing of time
Tattoos like mile markers
Map the distance she has gone
Winning some, losing some
She says my sister still calls every Sunday night
After the rates go down
And I can never manage to say anything right
My whole life blew up
And now its all coming down

And she says leave me alone
Tonight I just wanna stay home
She fills the pot with water
She drops in the bone
She says, I've got a darkness that I have to feed
I've got a sadness
That grows up around me like a weed
And I'm not hurting anyone
I'm just spiraling in
As she closes her eyes
And hears the song begin again

She appreciates the phone calls
The consoling cards and such
She appreciates all the people
Who come by and try to pull her back in touch
They try to hold the lid down tightly
And they try to shake well
But the oil and water
Just want to separate themselves

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