

Superstition

Blanche

If we can't trust the doctors,
And our prayers have fallen flat,
And the 14 pills she takes each day
Won't hold the sickness back

Another room to wait in,
Another test to see,
If everything we've dreamed about
Will never come to be

I know that it's bad luck to be superstitious,
But nothing else is working,
And my head is really hurting,
And I'm sick of all this worrying
About things I can't control

Life once again is carefree,
Where we tip-toed, now we waltz,
Past the black cats and the mirrors we cracked
Without our fingers crossed

The days are slow and easy
The nights feel so serene,
But I blink my eyes and realize,
That feeling was a dream,
Just a cruel dream

I know that it's bad luck to be superstitious,
But nothing else is working,
And my heart is really hurting,
And I'm sick of all this worrying
About things I can't control,
These things I can't control