

The Floor

Buck 65

I can remember being 7 years old and having gold fish that circled around in
a bowl

And I would watch the forest burn and listen to the wind blow

I can remember the table, the drapes and the window

The dark brown everything, decorations, styling

Most of all I can remember my mother smiling

Worn out and faded, my home town was scrappy

More than anything she wanted us to be happy

Little to eat, back and forth to the hospital

She was right, it's better to be happy if possible

But the old man was under attack and was weak

And continued to beat us several times a week

He lived like a king even though we were piss poor

I tried to be strong and careful what I wished for

My outsides ache and my insides stung

From the long leather belt that replaced his tongue

Not knowing how to run or how to hit the brakes

A white picket fence was built around a pit of snakes

Both a wonder and frightening, the thunder and lightening

These were the sounds and sights of a thousand fights

My mother, the poor fish, staging eternal

Cherades and parades for the raging inferno

Wanting to be happy, beaten all the while

Asking me always 'Why don't you ever smile?'

And she'd show me how to do it, mother and wife

It was the saddest smile I ever saw in my life

And it hurt worse than death but for her sake I tried

And one day all of those gold fish died

Hurricane, forest fire, out of control

Eyes open, floating on the water in the bowl

And when my father came home, he walked through the door

And threw those fish to the cat on the kitchen floor

And the wind died too

And I was still a child

And the three of us watched

As my mother smiled

And the wind died too

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