

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

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