

As the Footsteps Die Out Forever

Catch 22

She was diagnosed on a Friday,
The kids were almost home,
The kids were on their way back home from school,
Lying face down in the gutter,
Of unaccomplished dreams, broken memories of things to come.
"Sorry ma'am, I really am. I had to break the news.
I had to make the phone call to tell you that you're due,
You know where, I'll tell you when,
And I suggest you start living these next three weeks the best
way that you can."

Every night for three long weeks, she'd roam the hallways half
asleep
And as the footsteps fade away,
In my mind, I could swear, I could swear I heard her say:
Don't wait for me, I've got a lot to do I've got a lot to be
And in the end maybe I'll see you there.

Lost her strength on a Saturday, spent the day in bed.
"Yeah, I'm fine, it's just the flu" she said with a smile,
But when they turned their backs, the tears would flow,
She knew she only had a while
To live (to breathe)
To be (to see)
To bleed, to stand on her own two weakened feet
And so I pray everyday: don't take my mother away

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And in the end maybe I'll see you there.
And in the end you know I'll see you there
And in the end I'll see you there.

Don't wait for me, I've got a lot to do I've got a lot to be
And in the end maybe I'll see you there.