

In These Rooms

Cindy Morgan

In these rooms dark and bare
I recall when life was living here
How we sang and how we cried
A little of us lived here
And a little of us died
Mama she knew how to sing
But her eyes were always sad and wondering
You see her daddy drank
And he ran around
He ran away with all her dreams
And she looked just like an angel
With broken wings

Broken angel
You can learn how to fly
Let the wind carry you
far deep and wide
Beautiful angel
Well, it's okay to cry
Cause your tears will bloom
Someday on the other side

I never like my mama's daddy
For more reasons than I can share
My mama held him as he died
And I'm ashamed to say I never cried
Chubby fat and insecure
Two crooked teeth
And clothes from a thrift store
Well I never quite fit in
I guess that's why I'm singing

(chorus)

In these rooms dark and bare
What once seemed so confusing
Seems crystal clear
If I were to look back into you
The way you've looked down into me
I bet you'd look just like an angel
I bet you'd look a whole lot like me yeah
I bet you'd look just like an angel
With broken wings, broken wings

Yeah your tears will bloom someday
On the other side