

From Crib to Coffin

Emery

I used to be a better man.
But the regret came, and here I am.
I used to walk outside my door.
But I don't go outside anymore

When will they carry me to my grave?
So I can pay for the things my hands have made.
Two sons will take my body
and place it in the ground.
And I hope they know to be nothing like me.
No nothing like me.

My Blood is tainted with bitterness.
I want it out, I want it out of me.
Oh, the taste of my inheritance.
How I have fallen, the hills will cover me.
You too will become weak.
You too will become weak.

The trees are green what happens when they turn dry.
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We chose our words and threw them towards the sky.
The trees were green, now they have all turned dry.

There was a bird
whose wings were crushed by a windshield.
So fast to the ground,
the roadside it found as its eyes closed.
I heard the driver say as she pulled away,
"What could I have done? The worst is over."
I thought to myself with risk to our health.
No one ever offers help.

When we were boys
we chased through neighbors' fields.
We could run forever, and I swore to my friends,
their lives I would defend, as a superhero.
But age finds the lust and gives it your trust.
And begs your devotion in trade for discretion.
The years play out as days as those friends pass away.
But you are taken care of, there is always television.