

## Not Just Sometimes but Always

Idlewild

There is a long forgotten voice,  
I know it's not your voice,  
because it's always strained,  
I wake up hearing unfamiliar voices,  
convinced they're trying to explain,  
that if my words were clearer,  
then maybe I would know what I'm trying to say,  
just as those long forgotten voices,  
disappear back into rain,

If I was born the same day that you die,  
should that make me try,  
I was born the same day that you die,  
should that make me feel more alive,  
Not just sometimes but always,  
I know what I know,  
I know what I know,  
I know what I know,

I tune the radio,  
to drown out these voices I don't know,  
and suddenly an empty house,  
it almost fills up with hope,  
there are days and nights when,  
I don't need to close my eyes,  
and they feel as real to me,  
like an elegy in the skies,

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