

Leaving This Life

Lori McKenna

I am six years old in the back of my mother's car
And I will be seven in December
She will be gone by the beginning of next spring
And I will be left to remember
To remember

I ask my little questions and she laughs her little laugh
But she won't tell me where we're going
She looks in my eyes with her eyes in the mirror
And says, "Some things you're better off not knowing"
Not knowing

But I don't know what her voice sounds like
I don't know what her skin feels like
I only know what it might feel like
When a mother holds her daughter
When that mother knows she's leaving this life
Leaving this life

She's left with that reflection of me at six years old
And I have her eyes in the mirror
[Incomprehensible] we are defined by what we have lost
Don't you wonder whose loss is dearer?
Dearer

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She doesn't know what my skin feels like
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