

Lucie, Too

Now, Now

I have gone from four to one in the past seven months
And I can't afford to lose anymore
But I will keep you company until you go to sleep
Because you've been everything good to me

Father, tell us all where you found her
Since the day the pattern formed in December

The math doesn't add up or match with the language
Of books that I've read or things that you said
I'll leave this with the darker night I carried you inside
And I know that it will find me in time

You were too small I should have known not to leave you alone
The morning it told me
You take what you can get and you die with it

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