

Red is my favorite color  
Red like your mother's eyes after a while  
Of crying about how you don't love her  
She says, "I know I don't deserve supervised sight of her  
But each day becomes a blur without my daughter."

Fall is my favorite season like falling to reasoning why  
She crashed from on high  
She says, "Why is my life so uneven?  
And what have I done right but given you your life  
If after I led you on into that bar room  
Into that bar room"

Yes is my favorite answer  
I took a dancer home, she felt so alone  
We stayed up all night in the kitchen doing my dishes  
On and on till the dawn  
She said, "I know it's easy to have me  
But I have seen some things that I cannot even tell to my family pictures  
And I'm full of fictions and fucking addictions and I miss my mother."  
other."

She'll never know I could never forget her  
If I could write her a letter I'd try with every line  
To say she still remembers your touch  
And I know that it's not much  
I know that it's not much  
I know that it's not much, but you still haven't lost her  
You still haven't lost her  
You still haven't lost her  
You still haven't lost her

Not yet