

## Elegy

Paula Cole

Who is this hurting mother?  
Don't want to be her now.  
Who in the hell's that sad reflection?  
How did I lose myself?  
How many times I walk the river, wondering what life's for,  
Sobbing beneath the staid performance,  
Too scared to let it out.

Duty calls...duty calls...

Who is this hurting daughter,  
Going down the rabbit hole?  
Falling into a crushing darkness,  
Shedding skins of the soul.  
How many times I walk the river, wanting to lose myself?  
Weight of an overcoat of sorrow,  
Too sensitive for this world.

Duty call...duty calls...

Time to do the drop off, time to make the meals,  
Time to greet the neighbors, be a perfect ten,  
Smiling in the exterior, but nervous and distressed,  
Plodding on this treadmill, take another pill.  
Start another morning, wake to the alarm,  
Rise up in the darkness, get inside the car,  
Join the rank and file, thousands in the flow,  
Minnows on the freeway, on and on it goes...

I don't want to go.  
I don't want to live this.  
I don't want this life.  
There is more than this.

Who is that serious child,  
The one left alone?  
Mother is in the kitchen crying again,  
No use to ask for help

So it goes...so it goes...