

Life Goes On

Paula Cole

Love child accident born to children themselves,
She nearly died on the table giving birth to her first back in
'63,
That was my sister Irene.
Moved into the trailer park in Ithaca, New York,
Took another job while he was going to school,
Another mouth to feed,
Well, that was me.

Oh round and round and round we go,
The seasons melt away like snow,
Oh round and round and round we go,
The years they pass away and life goes on.

Couldn't stop trying too damned hard,
Being everything to everybody but he couldn't hold up his heart
,
And it broke him down.
So he left that town.
Moved again to the cold blue North, little town on the sea,
Innocent dreams of hope that they'd grow to be,
A little better than what he had.

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The seasons melt away like snow,
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The years they pass away and life goes on.

Father, eagle-scout, mentor, boy.
Silence the table with that bear in your voice.
My frozen fear, my swallowed tears,
Always coming down the hardest on the ones that you love best.
All my life I've looked to your eyes.

I'm looking back on the younger me trying so hard,
A fragile bird in the golden girl seeking love,
Her father's child, walking in his stride.
And I'm looking now at the older man you've turned out to be,
The hardness has softened to empathy,
We've made amends, we're better friends.

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The years they pass away and life goes on.