

I'll Take Out Your Ashes

The Low Anthem

It's a sad and guilty feeling
Since I did not take out your ashes
Whatever I was fearing
Never came to passing

It's a sad and guilty feeling
Since I did not drive you to Michigan
Scrambling eggs and bacon
And you're right here in the kitchen

I've got plans and dreams and all kinds of schemes
But now, I'm beyond all repair
For time just ain't no healer
With your ashes sitting there

I know you have been countin on my
Ever since your sad cremation day
I combed your Alzheimer's poetry
For all that I wished for it to say