

Daughter of the Light

Urthboy

See Granddad wanted a boy, but he got three girls huh
You found yourself trying to bridge these worlds, Ma
That's a childhood guilt that you might've felt huh
But he's a man of his time and in his shell, Ma
But is it normal to see mouths move?
Up and down, no sound alongside
You learned to lipread, you learned you had to bluff too
Then lit a flame to look up to a light
That would guide you back home on the darkest night
Robin said "a kid's drowning" you cast aside your safety
Swam on out and saved his life
At just eleven years old, something age defied and the
Woman that girl became Worked Kings Cross lanes with the bottom rung
And have never really known of forgotten ones
The hopeless, the homeless and on the run

So when I see you walking with that gangsta limp
A 'life lived properly' limp that grandmas get
I think about the path taken and the number of steps
And how it's shaping you, whatever come next
To sing your song, knowing that some things go wrong
I'm not loving that it's Peter Paul and Mary you want
But like a bridge over trouble, carry on
You're like a bridge over trouble, carry on
Still singing

Despite it all I rise
Though I may walk blind
I'm guided by a bigger force than me
I tried to live my life
As a daughter of the light
But you find out nothing's guaranteed
Despite it all I rise
Though I may walk blind
One day all of this will disappear
And I ain't got no use for all this light
If I can't share it with you dear

I look back through a mix of blurred vision
From a childhood lens and a distant rear vision
What the bible says, well it seems to have gone missing
When the violence there makes your home feel like prison
I remember that much, I remember your clutches
That held us all together from the start
Broken little family to mend and I'm not pulling punches
It took a lot to pull us all apart
Yep, take it all slowly, get a part time job
Got to pay the bills, got to take the kid to cricket training
Got to try to keep the front, everything will be okay
How long can you keep it up, underneath the poverty line
Somehow you just did it but got us through it over time?
Gotta do it full time? Nothing to it Overdraft?
Every other month and I never got the Pumps
But instead I got the mum who pulled us up out of the dumps
So now it goes

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And there's a moment at 6am, waking up bleary-eyed
Jetta wants you to read her a book
She taps you on the head and says "wake up Namah look!" Dog and Bird with a
bit of theatre in your just woke up voice She's wriggling one foot "Grandma
more!"
And I smile half asleep at the door