

Christie McCarthy**"I Can See"**

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I listen to the traffic on down below

See the hands on the wheels and the eyes on the road

I look at all those people chasing down their goals

Inside tiny boxes with tiny windows

I can see the future and it dont look good from here

I cant make you believe after all these years

And so my eyes like Frankensteins behold a monster

I see the porch light on, I see him coming home

Meal in the oven, kids off in slumberland

I see you kiss em goodnight, and in the morning you
rise

Up fore the traffic flies and out fore you see the whites
of their eyes

But I can see your future son, and your past in spite of
me

And all that you believe come crashing into the

Lives of your kids and their kids families

Maybe someday things will be different

Maybe someday things will be different

Maybe one day youll see me different

Maybe, but who am I kidding

I can see all the hatred and the beauty,

I can see every kindness, every envy

All the giving, all the greedy, all at once for all eternity

And though sometimes I wish I was blind, I can see

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