

Kathleen Edwards "Alicia Ross"

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I am a girl with a forgettable face
No matter my colour, no matter my name
At work there is a boy and he treats me well
My old friends from high school,
I see them around
August is here I can't believe how fast
Soon there will be winter and snow on the ground
Maybe by then I could get my own place
Closer to the city if that's ok

But Mamma, can you hear me?
As I dragged on my day's last cigarette
He pulled me so hard off my
Very own back door steps
And he laid me in his garden
All the years i've watched him tend
And then he took me, Mamma

So I could never tell you about it

Inside of this moment there are
Things I wish I could know
Like my ring size, your ring size,
And the hour I was born
My dad's middle name, your favourite song
Was your darkest day as dark as this one?

Mamma, can you hear me?
As I dragged on my day's last cigarette
He pulled me so hard off my
Very own back door steps
And he laid me in his garden
All the years i've watched him tend
He took me, Mamma
So I could never tell you about it
Now I'm a girl who's face they'll never forget

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