

Chely Wright "Notes To The Coroner"

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I hope I haven't been lying here long
I'd say, "I told you so," but I'm long gone
Who called you? Who found me?
Who had to spread the news?
I hope it wasn't my sister

I wrote it down for you in case I didn't survive
In a black notebook right there by my side
Be sure to read it, it'll tell you everything
Go ahead and start from December

These are my notes to the coroner
Clues with no compromise
Notes to the coroner
Details of my demise

You'll wanna take my blod to smear on a slide
But if you just read on you'll know how I died
Terminal sadness, chronic regret
A big ball of pain in pajamas

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Palpitations of a broken heart
Triggered my shortness of breath
I lost too much love and then I fell apart
Official cause of my death

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