

Lori McKenna

"Leaving This Life"

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I am 6 years old in the back of my mother's car
And I will be 7 in December
She will be gone by the beginning of next spring
And I will be left to remember
To remember

I ask my little questions
And she laughs a little laugh
But she won't tell me where we're going
She looks in my eyes with her eyes in the mirror
And says, "Some things you're better off not knowing"
Not knowing

But I don't know what her voice sounds like
I don't know what her skin feels like
I only know what it might feel like
When a mother holds her daughter
When that mother knows she's leaving this life
Leaving this life

She's left with that reflection of me at 6 years old
And I have her eyes in the mirror
Well she and I, we are defined by what we have lost
Don't you wonder whose loss is dearer
Dearer

She doesn't know what my voice sounds like
She doesn't know what my skin feels like
And I only know what it might feel like
When a mother holds her daughter
When that mother knows she's leaving this life
Leaving this life

And I don't know what her voice sounds like
And I don't know what her skin feels like
I only know what it might feel like
When a mother holds her daughter
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