

Chris Garneau "Halloween"

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I'm sorry
He brought us there,
Me, crying in my underwear
On the morning
Of Halloween,
Like a story out of People Magazine.
I drove home
And fell asleep alone.

I'm sorry
For crying.
Don't feel bad.
You didn't do that.

Black and blues,
And yellows, too,
Will fade the same
As embers do.
We'll wake up tomorrow
And feel new.

This story
That we won't share;
We're all gonna hide it well away somewhere.
A warning
For family,
The kind a person gives about an enemy
Now, well known.
Let's never sleep alone.

I'm sorry
For crying.
Don't feel bad.
You didn't do that.

I'm sorry
We're crying.
Don't feel bad
'Cause we didn't do that.

Black and blues,
And yellows, too,

Will fade the same
As embers do.
We'll wake up tomorrow
And feel new.

Black and blues,
And yellows, too,
Will fade the same
As embers do.
Let's wake up tomorrow
And feel new.

Black and blues,
And yellows, too,
Will fade the same
As embers do.
Wake up tomorrow
And feel new.

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