

Mockingbird Wish Me Luck "Orphans Of A Storm"

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I wrote a failure's guide to hitchhiking
On a wall somewhere in Michigan.
I woke up to a weatherman,
He said it's getting worse in steady increments

My sense of humour just got blacker
With the thoughts that whiskey entertained.
The funerals that held my life,
My house that burnt down in the rain.

When our fences came down
We were left in rapture's hands.
Black paint black canvases,
The cards we were dealt we eviction notices.

When our fences came down
We were left to our own devices.
I didn't pray for rain but it felt cool on my skin

Unloaded drums and stop banging guns.
The first sight of blood from a busted lip
Revealed me a captain without a ship.
My sister loaded up my pockets
With our mothers jewelry.
She told me not to look so fucking sad,
"Think of this as a requiem"

I never asked for spring
But I could barely even speak.

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