

Curt Smith**"Grandmother's Name"**

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I've got my grandmother's name, but she don't
remember who I am
He can't sleep in the bed, 'cause every time she wakes
him up:
"What time is it? What time?"
And she is not sleeping yet, 'cause she's afraid she
might forget
To wake up
Is it morning? Is it night?
She don't know, can't remember which is dark and
which is light
Is this the end of life?
She don't know, can't remember if she's young or if
she's old
I've got my grandmother's name, but she don't
remember who I am
She used to live by his clock
A meal, a wash, his Sunday walk
A tick and tock
Now she's so confused
And he says, "what is wrong with you,
Anyway?"
And she don't like to ask,
Oh, but she don't know what time it is or what day just
passed
And she don't like to say
But she don't know how to get her clothes on right
today
Memory slipping through her hands
Thoughts and dreams in quicksand
And she cries again
Dying a little by a lot
Can't hold on to what she's got
Though she tries again
And she don't look in my eyes
But she will try to make me think that she is fine
She's more and more upset
And I think she knows I've got a name she should not
forget.
I've got my grandmother's name, but she don't
remember who I am

I've got my grandmother's name, but she don't
remember who I am
Loved her since I was a kid, but she don't remember
who she is.

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