

## Therefore I Am "It's No Wonder Why"

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I remember your hands at the funeral home  
So cold and vacant.  
Just like your face as you layed there alone.  
And the care-taker tried,  
He tried so hard.  
You were covered in cover-up.  
I stood at the foot of your casket and thought-

It's no wonder why she retreated  
Just like the veins in your arms  
In fear of forming more scar tissue and puncture  
wounds.

Is it sad to say the things that I remember  
The most are your blacked out phone calls?  
Oh how you gave up your life.  
Your kids and your wife.  
All for the needles and pills that you needed so much.

It's alright it's OK, we're better off this way.

It's no wonder why I remember your hands at the  
funeral home  
So cold and vacant.  
Just like the shadows where you lived alone.  
It's no wonder why I wasn't surprised  
When the coroner called three weeks later  
And told us you over-dosed on methadone.  
It's no wonder why.

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