

Eager To Fly **"Lincoln Street"**

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She's screaming at him
And he's yelling back
While the kids crawl in the corner.

I don't know what's going on
And I doubt they have an answer.

"Why don't you close the door when I ask you?
You never seem to listen."
But I think that listening is
something they don't understand.

In the evenings they argue for hours
About the different shades of white.
The only thing that they agree on
Is turning off the light.

The big divide came with no surprise
With the kids tossed in the corner.

Five years pass on Lincoln Street
And they still don't have an answer.

"Why don't you close the door when I ask you?
You never seem to listen."
But I think that listening
is something they don't understand.

"Haven't seen my dad in 2 years," he cries,
Although I write him every week."
But no replies leaves an ache inside
That he's trying to replace.

"Why don't you close the door when I ask you?
You never seem to listen.
But I think that listening
is something we don't understand.

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