

Pianos Become The Teeth

"Houses We Die In"

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...And I miss home, and I miss the closets, the windows,
the hallways
And when we are gone, who will keep up the garden?
Like a mother calling her boy, I am, I am so unsafe
But she can't do it alone
But there's nothing stronger than her prayers.
Nothing stronger than the smell of reds.
My fathers reds

Under bridges waiting to look forward, waiting for
rushes ends
Living in the moment is the homeless mantra, they
know the busiest streets
All we have, all we have, all we have is letting sleeping
dogs lay
All we have, all we have, all we have is letting sleeping
dogs lay
Your face lit up and for once, I enjoyed where I was
The truth is jade plants die, the truth is muscles
atrophy
Softening your skin and hardening mine

"I don't know where to begin
I've thought about this day so much and thought of so
many things I've wanted to say
But now, now I can only look at you like the pictures I
spend hours staring at
I don't think I've ever smiled so wide as when you were
holding me up
I was given a picture the other day of a past birthday
We were together on our back deck

I remember.
You were covered in powdered sugar from the donuts
you were eating
I've always loved watching you smile

Do you remember the mornings when we woke up early
to ride bicycles to on the board walk
Or the night before my first homecoming when you
taught me how to dance?

Yes I remember. I hope she appreciated all my hard
work

I wish I had a different story to tell
I seem I have drifted fairly far away from what you
taught me

You were always the

I'll admit there hasn't been much to smile about since,
since you left

I didn't leave, I fought for five years to stay at your side

What do you remember about that night?

I remember a family that loved their wife and mother
very much.

How can you say that?
We were liars
We clung to those songs like we so desperately wanted
to Cling to you.

Then I don't think you heard the same song I did

You had to know I was lying
You had to know how much I hated myself for smiling
like a fool
For spending our last few minutes together deceiving
you

Matthew, your smile on the face of your (grey) spirit
Was the greatest gift a mother has ever received from
her child

I miss you

I know."

Everyone cares, every eye carelessly tiptoes around
you, watching you,
They'll wear black ties, and as they applaud, I'll count
claps

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