

Not Just Sometimes but Always

Idlewild

There is a long forgotten voice,
I know it's not your voice,
because it's always strained,
I wake up hearing unfamiliar voices,
convinced they're trying to explain,
that if my words were clearer,
then maybe I would know what I'm trying to say,
just as those long forgotten voices,
disappear back into rain,

If I was born the same day that you die,
should that make me try,
I was born the same day that you die,
should that make me feel more alive,
Not just sometimes but always,
I know what I know,
I know what I know,
I know what I know,

I tune the radio,
to drown out these voices I don't know,
and suddenly an empty house,
it almost fills up with hope,
there are days and nights when,
I don't need to close my eyes,
and they feel as real to me,
like an elegy in the skies,

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