

Gas lit

Over and over you run with bright eyes,
to that parent who doesn't care,
whose depression has left them bare,
who's got nothing left to share,

You wish you could hate them,
but they do it for you, it really isn't fair,
cause beneath their vacant stare,
you know if they could, they would still care,

but when you get home,
they're still in bed,
it's as if you never left,
and when you talk,
they stare straight ahead,
they don't hear a word you said,

It's like putting your eggs into a broken basket,
pouring your love into an open casket,
You're dying to know, but you could never ask it,
when I get home, will I find the gas lit?

Older and older you seek out attention,
to them, your words get through,
ghost at home, a whore at school,
and sometimes you wish they knew,

The school bell rings and there you go,
time to give them all a show,
cause if you don't,
you'll be all alone,
just the way you are at home,

So sick of putting your eggs into a broken basket,
pouring your love into an open casket,
still dying to know, but you could never ask it,
when I get home, will I find the gas lit?

Because today, you weren't in bed,
I couldn't help but hold my breath,
did you take too many meds?
so afraid I'd find you --

Instead, I see,
hands placed upon the keys,
just like you used to be,
but bittersweet,

I try to breathe,
commit it to memory,
but memories are never free,
they just trap me...

Into putting my eggs into a broken basket,
pouring my love into your open casket,
I'm dying to know, but I could never ask it,
when I get home, will I find the gas lit?