October Dark

Caroline buys a ticket for the last train

Out of Baltimore in the October dark

Smokes a cigarette and throws the pack away

So her daughter would never know

That she smokes

That she smokes

That she smokes

Fifteen years in and out of prison

halfway homes are only halfway home

Christmas cards telling momma what she’s missing

Made her soft and then it made it hard

Made it hard

Made it hard

Made it hard

How do I say it outloud?

The ghosts that were holding me down

Oh I’ve finally tired them out

Yeah I’ve tired them out

She watches her momma from the station

dragging her bags of shame and desperation

A little girl in the shape of an old woman

Just a child who doesn’t know where she’s going

Where she’s going

Where she’s going

Where she’s going

Fifteen years of being angry in the dark

Disappeared with the beating of her heart

Holding on to how you’ve been wronged

Leaves no room for moving on

Moving on

Moving on

Moving on

How do I say it outloud?

The ghosts that were holding me down

Oh I’ve finally tired them out

Yeah I’ve tired them out