

242-1000
Almost every morning

Almost every morning i arise to face the day
A heavy feeling in my chest, it's hard to breath today
Sometimes the room is spinning, and still i soldier on
This is but one reason why i fear the coming dawn

Almost every morning in the gloaming hear me groan
Glancing in the darkness and reaching for my phone
Checking for the text that tells me father has finally passed
Wondering if for one my day i am able to last

Almost every morning i wonder how i will survive
I look up at the heavens, soon the reaper will arrive
And this has been my pattern for almost 50 years
Another day i stumble through the haze of tortured tears

Almost every morning i stare bleakly at my face
No one really thinks that they will end up in this place
I rinse the fog from my eyes, i try to look my best
Almost every morning i wonder when i'll get to rest

Once has the sun has reached it's place highest in the sky
Once i've caught my breath and again stiffened up my lip
I one more time step out my door and do battle with the day
Irony in vigilance and careful not to slip