

# The Patio

February 23, 2007

by Erin Crowley

Notes: For my dad, inspired by a dream last night. I'm realizing how much harder it is to put to music something this personal and raw...this has made me rehash a good portion of my grief.

---

I dreamed of summer and you ambled in  
So ordinary as if you'd always been  
Sitting here on the patio of memory  
Chatting trivialities with me

Suddenly I realized it's been years since you died  
And in that raw moment returned the agony inside  
I remembered all the things I needed to say  
Just as you stood up and walked away

CH:

Did you have a feeling, where you caught by surprise?  
Would you have done it differently, if you'd known you would die?  
Did you wonder how we'd ever make it on our own?  
Do you wish you'd spent more time on the patio?

I wasn't even a person then, there's nothing  
Left of that little girl from back when...  
Too young to know what questions to pose  
Too late to ask now nobody knows...

Could you foresee what would become of your lonely wife,  
Steeped in the bitterroot of disappointed life?  
Did you stop to wonder how she'd make it on her own?  
Do you wish you'd spent more time on the patio?

Bridge:

When I graduated there was no bouquet,  
Never saw me down the aisle on my wedding day  
Time's driven wedges through our splintered family  
And you aren't here to help me sift through the debris

I'm not the woman I was aiming to be, in the  
Fraction of time you were closest to me  
As I strike out against conformity, success  
Do you find me somehow more or somehow less?

Would you even know me if I saw you today?  
If you could see me what on earth could you have to say?  
As you watch me struggling with problems you've never known,  
Do you wish you'd lingered a while on the patio?