

Letter Of Apology

Brendan James

The clothes are on the line
The cars are in the drive
The meal is on the table
The children play outside

The streets are calm for now
The town is smoking on
The country, it's a fortress
That's how this world goes round

And so our day-to-day
Is set in stone this way
We rise, we work, we tire
We've only so much strength

So dear mother, there's no other
One to ask forgiveness of you
Sorry for what you've endured
We know that our existence
Has hurt you, it has hurt you

Columbus will discover
What someone had before
A beauty like no other
A reason to wage war

And herein lies our problem
What's mine is mine, not yours
No matter what the consequence
We will always want more

So dear mother, there's no other
One to ask forgiveness of you
Sorry for what you've endured
We know that our existence
Has hurt you, it has hurt you

You must think we are funny
For you are so much older
You must be waiting patiently
To brush us off your shoulder