

# Mourning in America

The Milk Carton Kids

Fell asleep with the TV on  
Finally feelin' like I belong  
Woke up to a funeral song  
Called you up to say "hello"  
Left a message for you at home  
Packed my dishes in styrofoam  
Everything I knew is gone

It's raining in Ohio  
The streets are slick, shows what I know  
I hear their cries through my window  
They're mourning again in America  
Mourning again in America

Tied my shoes when I woke up  
Drew my curtains just enough  
Thought about the ones I love  
Tucked my chin into my coat  
Shrugged my shoulders, cleared my throat  
Walked the banks of the Ohio  
Felt a chill to the bone

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