

Outside Looking In

Background: I started writing this a few months ago, well before Mom's situation started. It was just words and phrases from nowhere with no real conscious context as to what it was or where it was going. The development of those kinds of songs is nice, for something to just appear, then to figure out where it's going and why. It's often the subconscious working something out. When Mom got sick, it changed direction. Some of the time I was at Brooke Grove watching her transition, I was trying to absorb it all and get my head around what was going on, and was (re)writing lyrics on my phone. This is how it all landed.

Written: December 2024 – January 4, 2025

Verse 1

The wind blew back her hair
Like a copper cattail wind chime
She walked past her old church
And looked in one final time
The pews were all empty now
Everyone's moved on it seems
She drifted past like a whisper
Floating somewhere in between

Verse 2

I know your face she said
But can't recall your name
I'm sorry I don't remember
But I'm still so glad you came
These pictures I've been painting
Won't pose for other eyes
I know they're singing falsehoods
But there's a little truth in every lie

Chorus

I know it won't be long
Before you shed this mortal skin
And leave us all
On the outside lookin' in
I never knew someone so strong
Who embodied the spirit of a church hymn
That still sings for us
On the outside lookin' in

Verse 3

Give me your hand she said
I want to feel your palm
Your big hands feel so cold
But your grip is strong
We're not gettin' any younger
But old age is not to fear
As each day fades we grow wiser
Even as the years just disappear

Chorus

I know it won't be long
Before you shed this mortal skin
And leave us all
On the outside lookin' in
I never knew someone so strong
Like the spirit of a church hymn
That still sings to us
On the outside lookin' in

Bridge

Hurry up I'm afraid she said
I don't know where I'm gonna go
You spend your life preparing
But still don't really know
Transition comes slow yet swiftly
As the curtain on life descends
We all evaporate like whispers
And hope our soul transcends

Verse 4

The setting sun hangs low
Contrails streak the sky
I hope she's going home
At peace now, unafraid to die
It gets dark early now
Feels like midnight at 5:55
But the days are getting longer
And I feel conspicuously alive

Chorus

I know it won't be long
Before you shed this mortal skin
And leave us all
On the outside lookin' in
I never knew someone so strong
Like the spirit of a church hymn
That still rings for us
On the outside lookin' in

Yeah you can still sing to us
On the outside lookin' in