Black and Grey / Her Name

Such a strange thing to recall
A broken mug
A tea stain splashed across the rug
Sunday mornings in the fall
The sound of rain
And thinking that I'd never laugh again

I split my finger on the glass
Still wear the scar
A bloody handprint in your car
I didn't cry, I didn't gasp
Stared at the floor
Until you wandered through the door

I found her picture in your drawer
In black and grey
And on the back I wrote her name
I cried a million tears or more
Then let you go
I can do it on my own

I woke on Christmas all alone
Sat by the tree
A dozen packages from me
And waited patient by the phone
As if you'd call
I fell asleep against the wall

I found her picture in your drawer
In black and grey
And on the back I wrote her name
I cried a million tears or more
Then let you go
I can do it on my own

I folded all her tiny clothes
Into a pile
I sat and stared at them a while
Into a cardboard I chose
I wrote her name
A single box beside an old tea stain

I found her picture in your drawer
In black and grey
And on the back I wrote her name
I cried a million tears or more

Then let you go
I can do it on my own

Such a strange thing to recall
The way you snore
But you don’t sleep here anymore