

They were waiting for answers
I hate these family meetings
I'm okay if I don't start before noon eye drops and
mouthwash keep my secret I feel normal until I stand
sneak drinks when she's shopping
I worry about getting caught
but not enough to stop

We looked at his glazed eyes
where did we go wrong
he seemed on track in school
then he dropped out
started drifting through life
eyes bloodshot, legs stumbling
he is in the room but somewhere else waiting for the
next drink

Dad is loaded most of the time
I see it in his eyes
smell it on his breath
we all keep up the lie
I need my father not this drunk
I tried talking, yelling, crying
he is never there for me
I will never forgive him