

Stories

Urthboy

When I get to you, no I won't forget
What it took and takes, by the book and breaks
By the crate and limb, by the state I'm in
By the skin of my teeth took it on the chin
I was up for it, "yep" more than "no"
I was down for the cause and you ought to know
Spent all day on it at work and then brought it home
Something like an addiction, never fought it though
Got a debt to the stars, debt to the gutter
A debt to the bars, debt for the wisdom
That I will discard, you can bet I'll do it
In the future as I have in the past
All of it has scarred me but I'm still here
Through the imperfections that interfered
Feeling like a thief, stole a whole career
Wanna know? Let me lend your ear

I had to go about it, ride it out and find it myself
And there's some stories I can tell you
I had to fail, had to fall just for what I did well
And there's some stories I can tell you

Don't get it twisted though
I don't wanna blink and then miss its glow
Get choked and saved by the same rope
By the time you hear this you already know
Dear future me, nothing you can do for me
Sorry you are not what you used to be
Whatever you've got is news to me
What I handed you wasn't handled beautifully but it's done
Tainted blood cells and bad ankles
I did damage that was substantial
The body's a temple but I am a vandal
That could not live life at a standstill
I'm unapologetic of my path
But by the time you're me it's all of your past
Hope you remember this when you're falling apart
If not I wrote down a few remarks

x2
You've got to go about it
You're going to ride it out
You're going to know about it
You're going to let it out

Bet it all on the vocal chords
Reassure the in-laws, good lord
You're girl's in safe hands we're making great plans
That we will make sense one day
Maybe when I'm grey, if this can pay into old age?
Someone get that granddad down off stage
Hey kids, your gramps never drank kool-aid
In his own time did it with a few failed greats
But what? Worse the story, better the redemption
Worse the quandary, better the retention
I ain't breezing and I ain't George Benson
I ain't protected brother I ain't fenced in

If my future questions my current senses
That'd be the same we've been doing for centuries
So sorry if I ran it to empty
I wrote this so you know what I meant here