

# No Regrets

Aesop Rock

Lucy was 7 and wore a head of blue barettes  
City born, into this world with no knowledge and no regrets  
Had a piece of yellow chalk with which she'd draw upon the street  
The many faces of the various locals that she would meet  
There was joshua, age 10  
Bully of the block  
Who always took her milk money at the morning bus stop  
There was Mrs. Crabtree, and her poodle  
She always gave a wave and holler on her weekly trip down to the bingo  
parlor  
And she drew  
Men, women, kids, sunsets, clouds  
And she drew  
Skyscrapers, fruit stands, cities, towns  
Always said hello to passers-by  
They'd ask her why she passed her time  
Attachin lines to concrete  
But she would only smile  
Now all the other children living in or near her building  
Ran around like tyrants, soaking up the open fire hydrants  
They would say  
"Hey little Lucy, wanna come jump double dutch?"  
Lucy would pause, look, grin and say  
"I'm busy, thank you much"  
Well, well, one year passed  
And believe it or not  
She covered every last inch of the entire sidewalk,  
And she stopped-  
"Lucy, after all this, you're just giving in today??"  
She said:  
"I'm not giving in, I'm finished," and walked away

(Chorus: x2)

1 2 3  
That's the speed of the seed  
A B C  
That's the speed of the need  
You can dream a little dream  
Or you can live a little dream  
I'd rather live it  
Cuz dreamers always chase  
But never get it

Now Lucy was 37, and introverted somewhat  
Basement apartment in the same building she grew up in  
She traded in her blue barettes for long locks held up with a clip  
Traded in her yellow chalk for charcoal sticks  
And she drew  
Little bobby who would come to sweep the porch  
And she drew  
The mailman, delivered everyday at 4  
Lucy had very little contact with the folks outside her cubicle day  
But she found it suitable, and she liked it that way  
She had a man now: Rico, similar, hermit  
They would only see each other once or twice a week on purpose  
They appreciated space and Rico was an artist too  
So they'd connect on Saturdays to share the pictures that they drew

(Look!)

Now every month or so, she'd get a knock upon the front door  
Just one of the neighbors,  
Actin nice, although she was a strange girl, really  
Say, "Lucy, wanna join me for some lunch??"  
Lucy would smile and say "I'm busy, thank you much"  
And they would make a weird face the second the door shut  
And run and tell their friends how truly crazy Lucy was  
And Lucy knew what people thought but didn't care  
Cuz while they spread their rumors through the street  
She'd paint another masterpiece

(Chorus x2)

Lucy was 87, upon her death bed  
At the senior home, where she had previously checked in  
Traded in the locks and clips for a head rest  
Traded in the charcoal sticks for arthritis, it had to happen  
And she drew no more, just sat and watched the dawn  
Had a television in the room that she'd never turned on  
Lucy pinned up a life worth's of pictures on the wall  
And sat and smiled, looked each one over, just to laugh at it all  
No Rico, he had passed, 'bout 5 years back  
So the visiting hours pulled in a big flock o' nothin  
She'd never spoken once throughout the spanning of her life  
Until the day she leaned forward, grinned and pulled the nurse aside  
And she said:  
"Look, I've never had a dream in my life  
Because a dream is what you wanna do, but still haven't pursued  
I knew what I wanted and did it till it was done  
So i've been the dream that I wanted to be since day one!"  
Well!  
The nurse jumped back,  
She'd never heard Lucy even talk,  
'Specially words like that  
She walked over to the door, and pulled it closed behind  
Then Lucy blew a kiss to each one of her pictures  
And she died.

(Chorus x2)

1 2 3...  
A B C...