

# Nothing but Sunshine

## Atmosphere

Whatta you mean what was my childhood like?  
What difference does that make?  
Yo, my childhood was messed up, so what?  
Everybody's childhood was messed up.  
This is the 90's, find me one person who had it right.  
What's that got to do with me rhyming?  
What's left?

Now when my mother died I had to take it in stride  
There ain't no room for pride in watching your father cry  
And dad made it until maybe a year later  
When they found his suicide inside of a grain elevator  
Got over it, I had no other offers or options  
Thought about whether or not mom and pop was watching  
Never bothered with caution, no time for fear  
Saw my folks carry fear for most my early years  
And I learned from it, turned numb and ignored the storm  
A burning sun waiting for the world to plummet  
Finished growing up under my uncle's roof  
He taught me how to count all the way up to 100 proof  
From watching him I learned how to gather nourishment  
Living off the different women that he had to nurture him  
And on the surface I became a normal pre-teen  
More afraid of nuclear war than snake bites and bee stings  
My best friend was my TV  
Game shows and cartoons substituted for puppies, rainbows, and balloons  
Now here I am, the shy type, and I think I'm doing alright  
Considering what it was like living my life

It's nothing but sunshine  
It's all sunshine  
It's nothing but sunshine

Now it's been 17 summers since I've seen my mother  
But every night I see her smile inside my dreams  
When I was younger I didn't actually see the accident happen  
But every night I see her smile as it shatters against the screams  
I can only imagine Dad's internal reaction  
Strain, inferno burning, bound in his brain  
What's it take to make a man who owns acres of land  
Abandon the family plan and drown himself in his grains  
I'm glad I left that farm in Northern Minnesota  
Where the time moves slower and the winters are colder  
Became a city boy, where everybody acts like they older  
Where they stick to themselves and keep a chip on they shoulder  
26 years of age, no longer full of rage  
I think it's safe to say I've turned a page on my childhood days  
"Ay yo look Ma, I'm a productive member of society  
When I'm drunk I make noise, but otherwise I live quietly"  
And on the weekend I go back up north to reminisce  
Remember what it was like pretending to be a kid  
Late at night I walked the fields and lurk in the shadows  
Getting even with life by murdering cattle

It's all sunshine  
It's nothing but sunshine  
It's all sunshine

(And I'm gonna be alright, and you gonna be alright,  
You ain't gotta hold my hand, just walk with me tonight)

(What it is, it ain't,  
and what it ain't it is,  
is a theme of a Virgo)