Make Up For It

David Dallas

Good morning.

Far from a perfect young man, understand that I got faults,
Like I took an elbow to the head from the top ropes
Sometimes my thinking ain't clear,
One minute we were drinking beers, next thing she's in tears,
Saying I don't have a heart, I don't put enough effort in,
I tell her that it's her fault and blame it on the estrogen,
'Bout an hour later realized I'm insensitive,
Took a sec to mess it up, spent a week mending it,
Gotta learn some things are better not mentioning,
If she asks about the ex, tell her to forget the bitch,
Tell her everything she does is better than she ever did,
And if your ex still got your phone number then you ditch the sim,
Get a new phone 'cause the wrong text at the wrong time,
Will have your girl reaching for your throat line,
Should have let the past in the past 'cause it's gone, fly,
Now you're hanging out your own clothes, on the clothes line.

So for all of my mistakes, all of my trippin'
All of those times that I ever went missing,
Tomorrow while I wake up mourning,
Promise you I'll try to make up for it,
So for all of my slip ups, times I don't ring you,
My bad habits from when I was single,
Tomorrow while I wake up mourning,
Promise you I'll try to make up for it.

I tend to leave most things to the last minute,
It's a bad habit leaving things half finished,
I did it all through school, drove my mom crazy,
Oughta know better, all the hidings that she gave me,
But the hard headed never learn, lazy people never earn,
All the talent in the world, doesn't mean a thing if you don't get a turn,
See back in '05 dropped an album,
Sat back, waited for the cash to roll in by the thousands,
Thought we'd move mountains just by showing up,
Then I realized that I had to pick the shovel up,
Man, this fucking sucks,
That's what I thought at the time,
Seeing our peers leaving us in the dust,
They ain't got half our talent bro,
But they got ten times our bank balance though,
Then it clicked, I'd been using this gift as a crutch,
You get back what you're giving, I ain't giving enough,
So don't give me a puff, just give me a pen,
I wasted too much time, I won't do it again,
Anything worth doing's worth doing now,
And that procrastination shit, I can do without.

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Yeah
I made many mistakes in my 27 years,
So many tears shed, over my intervertance,
Court cases puttin long faces on my loved ones,
Caught chasin' women that were other than my number one,
I'm in a slumper son, comatosed status,
To reality and everything that really matters,
My mentality I need to switch, it's like im about to beat the kids,
Only thing I'm really beating is my level of integrity,
Devil on the left of me, telling me: sell it bro,
Telling me: puff it bro; Telling me: stuff 'em bro,
Telling me: rock it yo'; You can do whatever now,
Forget about the ones who constantly be lettin' down,
But you can bet now, life has had a shake up,
Called the premises I caused time to make up,
Hang up the fake [?]
I'm just tryna' wake up to a new day, so...

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All of those times what I ever went missing
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My bad habits from when I was singles,
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