

Staring at the pen and ink drawings  
There's a crow who's starting to bleed  
I go to the bookshelf, myself and a picture of a girl in a bikini  
Jumping off a dock falls out of page 43  
I think it's my brother's old girlfriend who's married to a woman now

My father walks like he's run out of oil  
He lurches and jerks his way around the farm  
My mother walks towards him the same way she led her last horse away from the barn  
We'd just built a fire to soften up the ground  
You could see her saying through her tears it's okay boy, come follow me one last time

Maybe, don't know, can't tell, if it's so good  
So good, so good, to be living right now

My kids are still young, barely weigh anything  
I can carry them easy on each arm  
But I told them I wouldn't be able to do that forever  
And sometimes when I'm carrying them both  
The older one says, hey look dad, you can still carry me

Maybe, don't know, can't tell  
Yeah but it's so good, so good to be living right now

So good, so good, it's so good to be living right now

Maybe, don't know, can't tell  
Yeah but it's so good, so good to be living right now  
Yeah but it's so good, so good, it's so good to be living right now