

The Best Part

Jon Bryant

There's a part of me that's angry
There's a part of me that's sad
And the worst parts I let go of
Always seem to come right back
Between my expectations
And all the things I've done
I can't even appreciate how far I've even come
And I'm running from a fear that I'm not ready to unpack
I feel like an imposter with a target on my back
I lie awake for hours
Can't seem to catch my breath
Where did I go wrong, what did I expect?

I wonder
Why oh why
Did it take so long
To realize

That life's too short
To waste on closing doors
There's only so much time, friend
So put your hand in mine and
Hold on to the best parts

I'm tired of my bullshit
I'm tired of my bluffs
I want another blank slate cuz I think I've said enough
I wanna carve a new path and make my parents proud
But what if I'm too honest and it all comes out too loud?
If God is really with me why do I feel so alone
Every time I pray I get another busy tone
There's blood out in the streets now and I can't look away
I'm waiting for a pulse, a feelin' I can't fake

I wonder
Why oh why
Did it take so long
To realize

That life's too short
To waste on closing doors
There's only so much time, friend
So put your hand in mine and
Just breathe in slow
And ride the highs and lows
Cuz I've got a handful of reasons
That get right to the heart
So hold on to the best parts

Hold onto the best parts
Hold onto the best parts
(When everything falls apart)
Hold onto the best parts
(When all of your dreams go dark)

Life's too short
To waste on closing doors

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Just breathe in slow
And ride the highs and lows
Cuz I've got a handful of reasons
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So hold on to the best parts