

All I Could Do

Kimya Dawson

I had a show a few weeks ago
It's getting harder and harder to sing
And it is hard to focus on my guitar
Playing when inside a baby is kicking

At first I was sad and scared
Cause this is all I know how to do
Then John and Peter played standing up
Sometimes something will change and that change
Will change you.

Then I thought back to six years ago
When Brian Pilkton told me to play
He gave me a car, a typewriter, a guitar
Before that all I could do was count days.

Then I thought back to before my coma
Rehab into coma, my junkie roommates
All that I knew how to do was put cigarettes
Out on my self, I took pills and I drank.

And I thought back to when I was 15
How I was squeaky clean, and I wanted to die
I was feeding the homeless while combating loneliness
All that I could do was keep living a lie.

Then I think back to that 12 year old poet
How she didn't know it was what she would be
All she could do was hide under her bed
Scared to death that somebody might read her diary

See I have changed and I'll keep on changing
And maybe my songwriting will suffer
But it's okay if at the end of the day
All I can do next is just be a good mother
It's okay if at the end of the day all I can do next
Is be a good mother.