

Walden

MC Lars

Look, if you had one shot, or one opportunity
To get away from everything, everyone
Would you do it? Or just let it slip? Yo

Now Walden might not have been a Times Best Seller
But we learned plenty from it's lessons, lemme tell ya
It's impact on the culture would be felt
But not 'til twenty years after it hit a shelf
See, most people live their lives half asleep
Doing what they're told, functioning like sheep
But Henry David Thoreau was determined to be different
So one day he made a life altering decision
He would live two years in a cabin
In the woods, far from anything that was happening
No phone, no one could contact him
No interactions, meant no distractions
He could focus on the beauty of nature
Strengthening his spirit, becoming complete
Eating to live, instead of living to eat
Why live in a mental prison, when you can be free?
This experiment he teach him true existence
Reading, farming, learning and fishing
No talking, just listening (uh!)
Nothing brings focus, quite like distance
The time would prove to be influential
He'd find deep meaning in the seemingly simple
And like magic waved from a wand
Everything changed on Walden Pond

When the world gets you down, there's a place you can go
Back to Walden Pond, like Henry David Thoreau
Living in the woods with no internet or phone
Two years, two months, to days all alone
When the world disappoints you, there's a place you can go
Marching to a different drummer, Henry David Thoreau
Living in the woods with no radio or phone
Two years, two months, to days all alone

Cabin life is peaceful, nature over people
Nobody's deceitful everything is equal
No food, he wasn't making a scene
He just planted and tended two acres of beans
He develops two distinct personas
Hermit and poet, no strangers to drama
They would argue about what he was there for
Rearranged everything he thought he had cared for
The poet would conjure up visions
Of past residents of the cabin that he lived in
Poor tradesmen, runaway slaves
In their company is where he spent most days
He preferred solitude, just being alone
Not gazing or staring at a phone
With his environment, he'd formed a strong bond
As seasons passed on Walden Pond

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When the winter months close in
And the lake outside is frozen
He takes a stick and pokes holes in
Just to see how deep the lake goes
100 feet, but as it starts to get late though
Irish workers cut cubes and take those
To sell, first he's upset at all them
But everyone will now get a piece of Walden

A crack and a roar, and the ice starts thawing
Leaves turn green and birds start calling
Summertime is coming I suppose
And the Walden experiment is coming to a close
A whole 2 years, of intense self discovery
Probably needed another year of recovery
But he left us with lessons
Meet your life head on, be aware of your blessings

So much potential untapped
Once its over you can't come back
Any sort of fear or resentment will diminish
When you find your fulfillment in life, don't chase riches
Find truth, live life to the full extent
Got to give it 110%
'Cause you only get one, when it's gone it's gone
One of many lessons learned on Walden Pond

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