

# Emily

Pigeon John

I met you at the age of 21  
Lookin so fine like a young ripe plum  
I was the gardener, you were the nun  
I was maverick, you were the girl on top gun  
I pursued you with young freshman eyes  
Stomach too small for what the eyes realized  
Thought I can handle it, I took you by the hand  
And I asked you to marry me, I knelt on the sand  
You said yes, never a second guess  
Wait a few years to have babies was the plan  
Made my dream's hope, got a 8 to 4  
Workin' as a stock clerk at Nabisco  
But I loved you, I put you first above all  
Raised you high, so that you would never fall  
We got more close sexually, daily, slipped up  
And got you pregnant with a baby  
Upset your parents, didn't tell mine  
I told you it would be okay in time

I looked in your eyes, pretend to grin  
Said that I love you and your my best friend  
Told you to trust me until the end  
'Til death do us part, that was the start  
But I'm leaving, (I told you I would never lie)  
I'm sorry but I'm leaving, (But I'm not that type of guy)  
I'm sorry my dear...

I had to have a meeting with your dad  
I was very nervous, he was very sad  
You were going joggin, I was very glad  
I knew what I did and I knew what I had  
It was your attention, I had time to stall  
I told him I'd get a second job at the mall  
He said okay but filled with disbelief  
I said good-bye, filled with relief  
Cuz I knew I didn't want to, knew I didn't plan this  
Knew I had to give all of my goals just to stand this  
And that really sucked, I was so young  
All I ever wanted was to rap and have fun  
Now I had to work, then I really thought about it  
Did I really have to? Or would he have thought about it?  
I thought I had to do it for myself  
It was my life, it belonged to no one else  
So I planned to leave a thief in the night  
Disappear with a trace, let them know I felt like

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I'm sorry but I'm leaving, (But I'm not that type of guy)  
I'm sorry my dear...

Four years past, I'm still spending my wills  
Still making demos, looking for a record deal  
You found my act, was bumped into my friend

Sent me a letter told me silence had to end  
You had a daughter, named her Emily  
And everytime she looked at you felt like me  
She was asking questions, "Where is my dad?  
And what did he do mommy to make you so mad?"  
You said I had to come and finally meet my girl  
I said that I would if, only I could  
Showed up at the door it was answered by her  
I knew by her eyes that I was her father  
I knelt to your level, said, "Who are you?"  
You said, "Emily", I said, "How cute"  
I walked you in, holding your hand  
You showed me your bedroom, I took us slow and  
You said "Daddy, where have you been?  
I hope you never ever have to leave again"

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