

A Letter To My 21 Year Old Self

Reverend and the Makers

Tryna get famous
Tryna make a work of art
Tryna be the greatest
So ya wanna be a music star
Well you should'a known better
Wish I could'a wrote letters
To my 21 year old self

You don't wanna do this
Ya gonna quit the music biz
Imagining the hubris
In reckoning someone cares
But nobody's forthcoming
Any port in a storm but it's
Hard for my 21 year old self

To tell ya not let such fears
Dominate any o' ya bestest years
Take care that your friends and peers
Don't get near with the bags of gear
Nobody knew better
Nobody asked whether
T'was good for my 21 year old self

Don't say yes to everything
And don't concern yourself with what anyone thinks
Maybe be kinder to yourself and know your worth
Know when to leave, say sorry first

Don't let ya heart get hardened
Trust that you'll prevail
And don't be paralysed by the fear you'll fail
And don't disguise ya feelings behind arrogance
You can have it all but not all at once

You don't wanna do this
Ya gonna quit the music biz
Imagining the hubris
In reckoning someone cares
But nobody's forthcoming
Any port in a storm but it's
Hard for my 21 year old self

There wasn't a career advice
Truly the best and worst of times
One day it'll be behind
You n' I bet that ya might well find
That when it's all better
God only knows whether
I'll say to my 21 year old self

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