Violin

Seth Sentry

Why can't it be more simple?
We never learned the way
How can it be more simple?
I live and learn to let it work

The other night I had a dream that you apologised
And you became honesty personified
I hadn't seen you in the longest time
So I just woke up and started writing what was on my mind
I wrote five different versions of my verses
Trying to make the shit all perfect and it got less and less acerbic
Started trying to reword it
I got nervous you'd be hurt when you heard it
Till I scrapped it cause I wondered if it's worth it
Then I thought, "well, fuck you"
Yeah, and fuck you from each one of yours sons too
Remember when I tried to visit
And you just told me you were busy?
Like you don't really ever miss me after ten years
Well, sincerely fuck you
I'm tired of feeling terrible
Tired of tiptoeing over sugar coated eggshells
I'm tired of holding this grudge like a family heirloom
I'm tired of feeling unloved and I just want to rest now

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I've never talked about you much before
Cause I avoid it, it always feels uncomfortable
That's why I try to keep you as a passing thought
Cause if I hold on I get dragged into the past with all
The memories I have of getting slapped around in that apartment
After you and mum divorced you've got a lot to answer for
What did you tell nana afterwards
While you were stealing money
Out the birthday cards she passed on for us
You could at least passed the cards on I mean
Would have been nice to hear from someone
From your side of the family for once but nothing ever came
I'm tryna get you out my head again
And all this stuff that I was scared to say
I made an album that you never played, you told me that
So when my friends told me I should let this wait
I told 'em, "fuck it, he ain't gonna listen to this anyway"

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We used to watch you and your friends in a band
Every second weekend we'd hang out when you would jam
You told me I should say thanks for the genetics I have
Cause it lead me to rap like you wanna take the credit for that

Well, fine, but why end it at rap?
Like how about thanks for that depression I had?
Or what about the head full of anger the temper I have?
Could burn bridges to ashes
So I burnt weed cause it kept me from snapping
Ketamine, Xanax, x or the acid, whatever those tablets
Are in your medicine cabinet gimme the packet
Anything that could stop me acting edgy and anxious
Everything back then feels like a bunch of memory fragments
So take the credit for that shit, if you want it's all yours
You ignored me all my life
But I don't blame you anymore besides
The other night I had a dream that you apologised

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