

Everything comes full circle  
Yeah, I'm right back in this room alone  
With those goosebumps and my pen working  
But it's all worth it  
Yeah, it's full oval  
I shouldn't say circle, nothing's perfect  
But I'm getting closer to the summit of it  
So I stay hopeful  
Ayy, keep it soulful  
Having visions of my father strumming folk shit  
I was memorized by the way the notes went  
The country in him always sound the coldest  
39th Ave, I wrote my first song  
My childhood never let me slow down  
'Cause in a home where shit hits the fan  
Music was my safe place when shit would go down  
Basketball hoop without a net  
Still feel the swish when it leave my wrist  
Imagination made me into this  
I coulda been a carpenter banging sticks  
I thought it had it all when I made a grip  
I never had money, so that shit was lit  
And this music stuff was everything I had  
I never had a lot until I had my kids  
Millie, Maeve, Gus, two girls and a boy, that's twins plus one  
If this shit straight flop and nobody give fuck  
And I got them with me, then I already won  
We can't change what's already done  
I complain about low sleep  
But the same guy I looked up to  
Back in high school just OD'd  
So God willing, I'ma live fast  
'Cause I'm too vein to get cold feet  
I can't lie about things I write in songs  
So by default, you get to know me  
Falling deeper into something bigger  
I guess I discovered a new sea  
All things aside, I know my time's coming  
I guess we'll see