

## Work In Progress

Spouse

I'm a work in progress  
I might just work forever  
I know the sun is shining behind this cloudy weather  
And I, I'm not perfect  
But I'm, I'm getting better  
I'm a work in progress, I might just work forever  
I don't know

I can't help but feel like I'm destined to do this but I'm in my way  
I'm working it, working it, working it, working it every day  
I chiseled the sculpture, I take a look at it, that ain't how I planned it  
I might need to switch my perspective and view from a whole 'nother vantage  
Cause some of the things you could say about me would be true, and be disparaging  
I hope I don't leave none of those traits to my daughters when I die in their inheritance  
I'm a bright spark in a dark room, I'll persevere, that's how I'm built  
I won't wait, I will work till I'm great, I made more mistakes than my grandmother made quilts  
I am part one, wait for part two  
Got my leg in the door in '04 from my dreaming, was screaming "somebody record me"  
I promise I will be dope when I'm forty  
Now I got my whole body in the room, bitch  
Sorry I called you a bitch  
I get excited, I'm talking my shit  
I feel like Kanye but white and not rich  
I am a desk full of stuff, stacked  
Aggressive, a muskrat  
I will stretch, I will touch, tap  
I'm a sketch, I'm a rough draft  
But I'm wide awake, and I'm tossing and turning  
And I can't sleep at times  
Got my family on my mind  
And I'm gon' work until they never have to work no more

I don't know what to think, they put out a tape every month  
Maybe it's them, or maybe it's me, or maybe I don't write enough  
But when you only write what you feel  
Sometimes it kinda gets tough  
Cause the world is moving so fast  
And I'm not feeling so young  
I was just a kid, say 17, and I entered in a new world, never had a plan  
Face bare, so was the planner, so my old man out the truck for not enough bucks  
He said, "Son, it's gonna be tough, at least I gave you a work ethic and some manners"  
Maybe got the manners from my mother, now I gotta fill the cupboards when you for the supper  
They told me we work in the cold and the snow and the rain, welcome to Maine  
Fresh out of grade twelve, not getting paid well, walking on eggshells  
Eight years later, couple tapes and a record  
Between being on the road and being up at the same time that I'm getting home  
It feels like I work forever  
Young, good, gotta do better  
Two little dudes like I'm pressure

I could never ever give the minimal of effort  
I know she got me, rich, broke or whatever  
I consider it never, I'd rather have less than a drip in the desert  
stitch in the dresser, or listen to Ke\$ha  
I work when I'm sick and I'm hurt till I'm better  
Cause money is money, you can't never make enough and can't pay attention to  
them, they saying nothing  
If they not down unless something big comes around, then there's nothing up  
for discussion  
That's everybody, me included, I'm turning up, like the heat's included  
They're complaining about no savings to make these payments but still I'm ch  
anging

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