

# Now We're Here

Tom MacDonald

This year's been the most different  
I think I found some holes in me, I think if I was brave enough to check I'd  
find my soul's missing  
The last time I tried to phone my dad I found he won't listen  
I built myself a cell now I'm alone inside my own prison  
Got a therapist I don't go visit, got pill bottles, got more prescriptions  
Got a million things that I shoulda did that I didn't do so I'm bullshitting  
Looking back at my old visions through teary eyes from my position  
I wonder if I got more in me, I wonder if the tank's on empty  
I wonder if the person I was really is gone, I'm a ghost now  
I used to feel like a power plant, my machinery all broke down  
No one knows what I been through this past year 'cause I never told  
I was fucked up for three months. If I'm being honest it was plenty more  
Tried Cipralex, tried Seroquel, tried Xanax, tried Propranolol  
I quit drinking, I quit smoking, I quit fucking, I quit it all  
Mamma called my bro's phone hella choked up, tryna ask for help, he broke in  
to my old crib, packed my bags and said farewell

I flew out to the prairies while my dad was on a sailing trip  
He told my ma that he'd come home if she couldn't take care of me  
I couldn't let him leave his dream behind, I couldn't carry it  
Anxiety was killing me but I couldn't let it bury him  
Laid low in Alberta for what seemed to be like a lifetime  
Every day at the doctor's office, my blood pressure been sky high  
Couldn't barely eat, couldn't barely sleep, couldn't barely know who I was  
Swear to God I woulda been dead if it hadn't been for my mom  
K, four months go by, my lawyer says hi  
Your visa got approved, tell your family goodbye  
Three days later I caught that flight, hit Vancouver for a night, didn't tel  
l a single soul because I still wasn't alright  
I stayed in Jackie's apartment, she wasn't there I sat in the darkness, open  
ed the window and laid on the carpet, looked at the city where everything st  
arted, like oh my God, oh my God, oh my God

I just spent a half a year tripping and no one knows about me  
So ashamed of the cards I been given  
I never want my friends to see, no  
I was on the road to riches, but now I been crawling on my knees yeah  
I been keeping all these secrets, 'cause they're not supposed to worry 'bout  
me

Fast forward I crossed the border  
Moved back in with my girlfriend  
I was still fucked, but not as much as I was back in Edmonton  
Then four months down the road, she broke down when she came home  
She was barely through the door, she said "I'm not in love no more"  
I took two pills and a cigarette and a long walk down Melrose  
I made two calls to my best friends in Canada from my cell phone  
I said, "Goddamn! This a tough year. I been fucked up from the start of it.  
When's it all gonna calm down? Do y'all believe in this karma shit?"  
Hide it all from my audience, look in my eyes and it's obvious, anxiety and  
insomnia, this year has been the rockiest  
I just hope I helped you see it clear, 'cause now we're here

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So ashamed of the cards I been given  
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I been keeping all these secrets, 'cause they're not supposed to worry 'bout  
me  
'Bout me, no, no  
'Bout me, no, no  
Supposed to worry 'bout me, no, no  
Supposed to worry 'bout me  
  
I been keeping all these secrets