

Spaceman

Tom MacDonald

I wasn't supposed to make it, life was playing with my head
Survived a mental breakdown, probably should've left me dead
Betrayed by all the people who I called my closest friends
I felt like I might fall over the edge
I went from living on couches and swinging hammers for rent
To sharing houses and ghettos with rats and roaches instead
I was ready to end it, too tired to get up again
Then wrote my first hit record with my last cigarette
Now we're here, I'm so insecure, everyone is insincere
If money talks, then it makes sense why I hear devils in my ears
Thought my fears would disappear, they amplified by people's cheers
Now I go to therapy 'cause I'm no longer drinking beer
It's hard to see things clear through all the tears, feel like I need to squint
Anxiety when I was broke, depression now that I am rich
How'd I go from lonely kid whose only wish was pay the rent
To working so absurdly, never see my family or my friends?

Hey, spaceman, how's the moon?
Was it worth everything you lost? Do you like the view?
You aim for the stars, wait in the dark
The space take away all the weight in your heart
Hey, spaceman, if you had to choose

I was born to win and bred to lose, struggled with the weed and booze
Couldn't seem to keep a job, my dreams were just a weak excuse
The money from my parents was enough to keep me fed
They went in debts, so I could try to be famous 'fore I was dead
Our relationships were ruined, they got borderline abusive
I was sacrificing everything and focusing on music
I was homeless out on tour, I was so broke and shit was stupid
Guess I'm lucky that I blew before I blew it, yeah
Now I'm famous, shit's so dangerous, lucky dad made me courageous
I thought everything would change, but I'm still going through some changes
Finally figured out the basics, then it all got complicated
I wish someone would've told me that I'd hate this, yeah
I'm getting threatened by strangers, bulletproof vest on me daily
Feel like I'm 'bout to go crazy, tryna exceed expectations
How'd I go from praying tons that things would finally start to go
To getting here at last and only wanting to go home?

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I always loved the stars, thought I'd be happy way up there
They didn't look that far; if they were, I didn't care
I built a rocket ship and blasted off, but now I'm scared
I thought I needed space, but I need air

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