

Spilt Milk

Tom MacDonald

I've been broke for most my life, I spent my money on liquor
Worked on the oil rigs for years and I developed addictions
I had roaches in my livin' room and mice in my kitchen
I crashed my car in a ditch, runnin' from cops in the winter
Me and my dad had moved away from both my mom and my sister
To build a life for the family we wouldn't have if we didn't
Hittin' garage sales and furnishin' the basement we lived in
So I ain't ever tryna hear about white privilege
Me and my daddy shared a room and an air mattress before
It would deflate while we slept, we'd both wake up on the floor
I got bullied bad in school and they suspended me for it
Tellin' kids my dad would shoot 'em, I couldn't take it no more
One of my very best friends got shot and killed by the pigs
And I will never forget him, I put his name in my skin
I got my ex-girl pregnant, guess you know what she did
'Cause I'm thirty-two, ain't got no kid

We don't need to cry over spilled milk
Even though sometimes I still will
Big boys don't cry
I made mountains out of molehills
I became a man in the oil fields
Big boys don't cry

Yo, I had a lot of girlfriends, but they were never stable
I was always too wasted and I was everything but faithful
Couldn't keep a job for long enough to keep my plate full
Put a blanket on a cardboard box, that was my table
I remember when my dog died, the little things that stick with me
Dad workin' in Alaska, me and mama in between
Tryna make the best of it, we went and bought a Christmas tree
And wrapped it in extension cords to straighten out the way it leaned
Lonely and embarrassed, losin' most of my friendships
I put my fist through the wall when I was tryna express it
I felt crazy, I felt ugly, I felt stupid, pathetic
But lookin' back I know the truth, anxiety and depression
Me and my sister fought like cats and dogs and I don't know why
She got the chickenpox inside her brain and she almost died
At the hospital, the doctor gave her a shot in the spine
I heard her scream from down the hall, that's still the hardest I've cried

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I was a wrestler before I was an artist
Was practically the best in Canada when I departed
It was my light in the darkness when life had gotten the hardest
Man, thank God for 'Stone Cold' Steve Austin
I remember swingin' hammers, buildin' houses, couldn't hack it
Man, the best part of workin' in construction was the drugs that my bosses had
My homie overdosed and I mixed Oxy wit' a tranexamic
Woke up in the back of an ambulance, I love you, Glenn

Rappers where I lived were never nice, they nonbelievers
They never showed me love and I bought all of they T-shirts
These days I wouldn't wave if I saw 'em in the bleachers
Why you think I ain't doin' no features? Fuck everyone
I screamed and yelled and fought against my parents, I was careless
Tom MacDonald is a teenager? Fuck, I'm embarrassed
All the wrongs and the hurt and mistakes that I still feel
They ain't nothin' but some spilled milk

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