

Good Luck

Trophy Scars

children running down the street in uniforms laughing in the rain
and heading towards me, they were yelling about something
they were singing in code, something like
ten dead men on a dead mans chest, fight the war forget about the rest
they were searching for sunlight they were searching for gold

so i, catch a fever from the inside
dig my hands into my pockets
open up my wallet
such a strange gesture to make in this town
sure, it ain't gold but it gets me around

then i grab a twenty from the inside
hand it to the smallest, tell him spend it wisely
he looks up at me then back at the ground
i just wish he'll fuckin turn right around

now i talk to myself late at night
but i try to connect with the ghost who was a best friend
my brother, my accomplice, another writer, my best man
and sometimes i feel so forgiven at night

i just put down the shades but i open my window
the bad luck just leaves me, i hear ben tell me
brother, you're home

i think it all started in the summer '98
in normandy new jersey, later in the day
i was thinking about existence, and unaccepting fate
i was 14 years old, but what else can i say
even then i knew time was gunna catch me

i graduated private school in the summer of '02
my first true love had left me and i didn't know what to do
i moved into new york and i thought i found the truth
a pipe, grass, full of patties and pills you shouldn't chew
well, i swore that the drugs were gunna kill me

i was wrong i was wrong, i was ready to fall
i tried to blame myself because she was gone
i didn't know that she was unaffected, but that look gave you a needle
and i knew that the drugs were gunna kill her

fast forward to the fall of '05
I met the girl of my dreams, and she helped me survive
then she left my life in complicated times
in march of '06 i attempted suicide
well, i know that sudafed can't kill me

to everyone i knew, yeah, i apologize
sorry mom and dad i never meant to make you cry
thanks to all my friends you're the reason i'm alive
you make everyday worth living in this river called time
well, it'll take more than bad luck just to kill me

rings and things and birds and sounds

i got ten years of words buried in the ground
theyre being reassembled by the ghost of ben brown
he's adapting the screenplay even still now
he better cast someone cool like johnny depp to play me

the child took my 20 and he looked me in the eyes
he said thanks mister for the gold, continued walking by
i could see him proudly show his friends it made me wanna cry
cause all i could do was think of mine, i know i'm a lucky guy
and thank you all for everything i miss you all, goodnight