

# Stories

Urthboy

When I get to you, no I won't forget  
What it took and takes, by the book and breaks  
By the crate and limb, by the state I'm in  
By the skin of my teeth took it on the chin  
I was up for it, "yep" more than "no"  
I was down for the cause and you ought to know  
Spent all day on it at work and then brought it home  
Something like an addiction, never fought it though  
Got a debt to the stars, debt to the gutter  
A debt to the bars, debt for the wisdom  
That I will discard, you can bet I'll do it  
In the future as I have in the past  
All of it has scarred me but I'm still here  
Through the imperfections that interfered  
Feeling like a thief, stole a whole career  
Wanna know? Let me lend your ear

I had to go about it, ride it out and find it myself  
And there's some stories I can tell you  
I had to fail, had to fall just for what I did well  
And there's some stories I can tell you

Don't get it twisted though  
I don't wanna blink and then miss its glow  
Get choked and saved by the same rope  
By the time you hear this you already know  
Dear future me, nothing you can do for me  
Sorry you are not what you used to be  
Whatever you've got is news to me  
What I handed you wasn't handled beautifully but it's done  
Tainted blood cells and bad ankles  
I did damage that was substantial  
The body's a temple but I am a vandal  
That could not live life at a standstill  
I'm unapologetic of my path  
But by the time you're me it's all of your past  
Hope you remember this when you're falling apart  
If not I wrote down a few remarks

x2  
You've got to go about it  
You're going to ride it out  
You're going to know about it  
You're going to let it out

Bet it all on the vocal chords  
Reassure the in-laws, good lord  
You're girl's in safe hands we're making great plans  
That we will make sense one day  
Maybe when I'm grey, if this can pay into old age?  
Someone get that granddad down off stage  
Hey kids, your gramps never drank kool-aid  
In his own time did it with a few failed greats  
But what? Worse the story, better the redemption  
Worse the quandary, better the retention  
I ain't breezing and I ain't George Benson  
I ain't protected brother I ain't fenced in

If my future questions my current senses  
That'd be the same we've been doing for centuries  
So sorry if I ran it to empty  
I wrote this so you know what I meant here