

## **Kimya Dawson**

### **"All I Could Do"**

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I had a show a few weeks ago  
It's getting harder and harder to sing  
And it is hard to focus on my guitar  
Playing when inside a baby is kicking

At first I was sad and scared  
Cause this is all I know how to do  
Then John and Peter played standing up  
Sometimes something will change and that change  
Will change you.

Then I thought back to six years ago  
When Brian Pilkton told me to play  
He gave me a car, a typewriter, a guitar  
Before that all I could do was count days.

Then I thought back to before my coma  
Rehab into coma, my junkie roommates  
All that I knew how to do was put cigarettes  
Out on my self, I took pills and I drank.

And I thought back to when I was 15  
How I was squeaky clean, and I wanted to die  
I was feeding the homeless while combating loneliness  
All that I could do was keep living a lie.

Then I think back to that 12 year old poet  
How she didn't know it was what she would be  
All she could do was hide under her bed  
Scared to death that somebody might read her diary

See I have changed and I'll keep on changing  
And maybe my songwriting will suffer  
But it's okay if at the end of the day  
All I can do next is just be a good mother  
It's okay if at the end of the day all I can do next  
Is be a good mother.

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