

Less Than Jake

"No Regrets"

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Lucy was 7 and wore a head of blue barettes
City born, into this world with no knowledge and no
regrets
Had a piece of yellow chalk with which she'd draw upon
the street
The many faces of the various locals that she would
meet
There was joshua, age 10
Bully of the block
Who always took her milk money at the morning bus
stop
There was Mrs. Crabtree, and her poodle
She always gave a wave and holler on her weekly trip
down to the bingo
parlor
And she drew
Men, women, kids, sunsets, clouds
And she drew
Skyscrapers, fruit stands, cities, towns
Always said hello to passers-by
They'd ask her why she passed her time
Attachin lines to concrete
But she would only smile
Now all the other children living in or near her building
Ran around like tyrants, soaking up the open fire
hydrants
They would say
"Hey little Lucy, wanna come jump double dutch?"
Lucy would pause, look, grin and say
"I'm busy, thank you much"
Well, well, one year passed
And believe it or not
She covered every last inch of the entire sidewalk,
And she stopped-
"Lucy, after all this, you're just giving in today??"
She said:
"I'm not giving in, I'm finished," and walked away

(Chorus: x2)

1 2 3

That's the speed of the seed

A B C

That's the speed of the need
You can dream a little dream
Or you can live a little dream
I'd rather live it
Cuz dreamers always chase
But never get it

Now Lucy was 37, and introverted somewhat
Basement apartment in the same building she grew up
in
She traded in her blue barettes for long locks held up
with a clip
Traded in her yellow chalk for charcoal sticks
And she drew
Little bobby who would come to sweep the porch
And she drew
The mailman, delivered everyday at 4
Lucy had very little contact with the folks outside her
cubicle day
But she found it suitable, and she liked it that way
She had a man now: Rico, similar, hermit
They would only see each other once or twice a week
on purpose
They appreciated space and Rico was an artist too
So they'd connect on Saturdays to share the pictures
that they drew
(Look!)
Now every month or so, she'd get a knock upon the
front door
Just one of the neighbors,
Actin nice, although she was a strange girl, really
Say, "Lucy, wanna join me for some lunch??"
Lucy would smile and say "I'm busy, thank you much"
And they would make a weird face the second the door
shut
And run and tell their friends how truly crazy Lucy was
And Lucy knew what people thought but didn't care
Cuz while they spread their rumors through the street
She'd paint another masterpiece

(Chorus x2)

Lucy was 87, upon her death bed
At the senior home, where she had previously checked
in
Traded in the locks and clips for a head rest
Traded in the charcoal sticks for arthritis, it had to
happen
And she drew no more, just sat and watched the dawn
Had a television in the room that she'd never turned on

Lucy pinned up a life worth's of pictures on the wall
And sat and smiled, looked each one over, just to
laugh at it all
No Rico, he had passed, 'bout 5 years back
So the visiting hours pulled in a big flock o' nothin
She'd never spoken once throughout the spanning of
her life
Until the day she leaned forward, grinned and pulled
the nurse aside
And she said:
"Look, I've never had a dream in my life
Because a dream is what you wanna do, but still
haven't pursued
I knew what I wanted and did it till it was done
So i've been the dream that I wanted to be since day
one!"
Well!
The nurse jumped back,
She'd never heard Lucy even talk,
'Specially words like that
She walked over to the door, and pulled it closed
behind
Then Lucy blew a kiss to each one of her pictures
And she died.

(Chorus x2)

1 2 3...
A B C...

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