

Aesop Rock "No Regrets"

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Lucy was 7 and wore a head of blue barrettes
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 passersby, 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

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

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Lucy was 37, and introverted somewhat
Basement apartment in the same building she grew up
in
She traded in her blue barrettes 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

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 sad
"Hey, 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

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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

Now 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

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