

## Early November

### "A Bigger Meaning"

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-And this brings us up to date, the reason why I'm here.  
Well, it's not long after we moved, just about three months.

We found out we were going to have a baby.  
Unfortunately, not by choice, it just happened.  
And now I have no idea what to do.  
We don't have any money.  
We don't have much space.  
We're eighteen and on our own, you know?  
I came out here to get away.  
Have a fresh start.  
This makes it hard.  
You haven't said anything in awhile.  
You're not even listeningâ€¦!

Yes I am.  
Go ahead tell me more.  
Oh yes, I love to hear every word you say,  
So let it out; don't let it stay.  
'Cause that's what kills and that's what hurts.  
When you're stuck inside and you can't get out.  
But here's what's worse, when you have to lie,  
'Cause you're stuck inside this shallow mind,  
That won't see himself for what he is.  
The truth behind what he gives to the world,  
And himself, and what he thinks he is.  
You can't hurt anyone, 'cause you only give.  
Oh, that's you.

-That's not me,  
And I never said it was.  
I bet you're saying this because you probably did the  
same thing.  
Didn't you?

-Oddly enough, I'm on my wayâ€¦!

Now see it's natural to assume the worst,  
When you're raised to only trust yourself.  
But I must agree.  
You should know that you have been quite wrong.

Your dad is right, it's not his fault.  
You only see what you need to see,  
To feel worse for your sorry life.  
Not to fix it, but to only hide,  
Behind walls you put up.  
So continue feeling bad for yourself.  
It's not your fault it's everyone else's.  
There's one thing you failed to see.  
You're a man, you're your father's son.  
You both decided it was best to run.  
And now you're stuck,  
Being him.  
So forget the plans you had for life.  
It's time to learn, it's time for people to try,  
To look at things, for what they are,  
And not the best story line.  
The best story line.  
The best story line.  
The best story line.  
The best story line.  
The best story line...

-Hi, my name is Dean.  
I grew up in a small suburb town, about forty miles  
from the city.  
It's a quiet place, but the people there have the biggest  
mouths.  
It's the kind of place where people care more about  
your stories,  
Than who you actually are.  
I guess that kind of makes sense now when I look at  
myself.

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