

Elected, The "C'Mon Mom"

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C'mon, mom.
I'm so scared.
All you things you told me are coming true.
C'mon, now.
I'm too young to feel this tired.
Sorry you ran out of money so soon.
And drifting on the open sea won't get you there this
time.
C'mon, friends.
Let's make those repairs.
It's your heart that's broken not your legs
And there's a fight to get into somewhere.
It's cool inside.
A friendly place to hide.
And it's a bad rain today to let's try not to speak of old
times.
And it's a long shot but I'm looking for the good.
Just like you told me to do but I'm told it takes practice
to improve.
You're a fucking liar and I'm leaving.
And you can keep all the friends that you made
through me.
I'm lying too, I can't leave home alone.
I'd rather cut all these losses and not take another bet
for a bright
new fucking day.
Let's shout from on high, we're still failing. We still got
more regrets
than mistakes. It takes focus at this level of failing.
But at least your friends can relate.
So write or call or just think of us from time to time.
I'll still be drifting. But he was so gifted. Fair enough.

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