

The Good Life

"What We Fall For When We're"

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I'll try to describe the way that it felt
To tell my own mother her son is a failure
His heart is too cold to love anyone but himself
It's like stabbing an icicle straight through your chest
Your whole body shivers as it courses your blood
And your quivering throat keeps choking on those
words

Momma, I tried
A thousand times
I'm frozen to the core
Your son is a glorious mess
Who wrecks anything he adores
But deep in his center he swears
There's a candle just waiting to burn
And melt
So who's going to burn him?
Yeah, who's going to break him
To a thousand pieces melting
Over the flames of perfection?
I once felt it's warmth
But it left me shivering in the dark

Momma, I tried
A thousand times
The pieces wouldn't fit

Son, love is a punch in the eye
It's a sudden and swift surprise
It's not a candle, it's not waiting to burn
So baby, just wait your turn
Baby, just wait your turn
And when it hits you, you'll see
Your rose colored apathy
Through the blues that bruises can leave
Was it really worth the wait?

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