

No Regrets

Aesop Rock

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
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
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 1 2 3, that's the speed of the seed
 A B C, that's the speed of the need
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 I'd rather live it, 'cuz dreamers always chase but never get it 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 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 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 1 2 3, that's the speed of the seed
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 1 2 3, A B C, 1 2 3, A B C

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