

The Best of Times

Sage Francis

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's been a long and lonely trip but I'm glad I took it, 'cause it was well worth it got to read a couple books and do some research before I reached my verdict. Never thought that I was perfect, always thought that I had a purpose I used to wonder if I'd live to see my first kiss. The most difficult thing that I did was recite my own words that I service realizin' the person I was addressin' prolly wasn't lookin' down from heaven, or cookin' up somethin' in hell's kitchen tryin' listen in or eavesdrop from some other demention. I'm self serving jus like this is. Conviently religious on Easter Sunday, and on Christmas. The television went from being a babysitter to a mistress. Technology made it easy for us to stay in touch while keeping a distance so we just stay distant and never touch now all we do is text too much. I don't remember much from my youth maybe my memory is repressed or I just spent too much time wondering if I'd live to have sex. I fell in love for the first time in fourth grade but didn't have the courage to talk to her. In eighth grade I wrote the note and slipped in somebody elses locker. Considered killin' myself 'cause of that. It was a big deal, it was a blown cover. It was over for me my goose was cooked, stick a fork in me the jig is up. Blew my chances the rest is history our future is torn to sunder. It became abundantly clear I was only brought here to suffer.

At least I didn't include my name. Thankfully I wrote the whole note in code and it had 10 layers of scotch tape safety seal making it impossible to open.

Plus it was set to self destruct whoever read it probably died laughing. I wonder if they lived long enough to realize what happened.

A year later I came to understand that wasn't love that I was feeling for her, I had someone else to obsess over I was older I was very mature. I forged my time signature while practicing my parents autograph because I was failing math. Disconnected the phone when I thought the teacher would call my home.

Check the mail box twice a day at the end of a long dirt road. Steamed open a couple envelopes like I was in private detective mode.

If you snoop around long enough for something in particular you're guaranteed to find it for better or worse that's how I learned it's best to keep some things private.

It was the best of times, it was the end of times.

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It was the best of times it was the end of times It was the best of times it was the end of times best of times end of times I was always on deck I was next in line. The only child with a pen and pad writin' a list of things I could never have. Walls in my house were paper thin the squabbles seemed to get defying. My memories serve me correctly I made it a point to avoid and forget some things. Probably to keep from being embarrassed. Never meant to upset or give grief to my parents. Kept my secrets, hid my talents in my head never run to the mattress.

Therapy couldn't break me. Never learn a word that could ensure safety. So I spoke softly then I tip toed off into the door to my room was like a big old coffin the way that it creaked when I closed it shut anxieties peaked when it opened up as if everything that I was thinking would be exposed. I still sleep fully clothed.

It was the best of times.

It was beautiful.

It was brutal.

It was cruel.

It was business as usual.

It was heaven, it was hell. I use to wonder if I'd live to see twelve. When I did I figured that I was immortal. Loved to dance but couldn't make it to the formal. Could'nt bare watchin' my imaginary girlfriend bust a move with any other dudes. 'Till love was talkin 'bout some wild things, but I was still caught up with some child things. Scared of a god who couldn't spare the rod it was clearly a brimstone and fire thing. Pyromaniac, Kleptomaniac, couldn't explain my desire to steal that fire. So now I add 'em to my rider like please don't please don't throw me in that patch of fire.

It was the best of times it was the end of times.

The school councilor was clueless cause I never skipped classes. Perfect attendance, imperfect accent. Speech impediment that could never really fix and I faked that so I could wear glasses. Considered doing something that would cripple me.

Wanted a wheelchair.

Wanted the sympathy.

Wanted straight teeth.

Then came braces, four years of head gear helped me change faces.

It was the best of times, it was the end of times.

Now I wonder if I'll live to see marriage. Wonder if I'll live long enough to have kids. Wonder if I'll live to see my kids have kids if I do I'm gonna tell 'em how it is. But don't listen when they tell you that these are your best years. Don't let anyone protect your ears. It's best to hear what they don't want you to hear. Better to have pressure from peer then to not have peers. Beer won't give you chest hair. Spicy food won't make it curl. When you think you got it all figured out, then everything collapses. Trust me kids, it's not the end of the world.

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