

All I Could Do

[Kimya Dawson](#)

I had a show a few weeks ago
It's getting harder and harder to sing
And it is hard to focus on my guitar playing
When inside a baby is kicking
At first I was sad and scared
'Cause this is all I know how to do
Then John and Peter played standing up
Sometimes something will change
And that change will change you
Then I thought back to six years ago
When Brian Pilkton told me to play
He gave me a car, a typewriter, a guitar
Before that all I could do was count days
Then I thought back to before my coma
Rehab in Tacoma, my junkie roommates
And all that I knew how to do was
Put cigarettes out on myself, I took pills and I drank
And I thought back to when I was 15
How I was squeaky clean and I wanted to die
I was feeding the homeless while combating loneliness
All I could do was keep living a lie
Then I think back to that 12 year old poet
How she didn't know it was what she would be
All she could do was hide under her bed
Scared to death that somebody might read her diary
You see I have changed and I'll keep on changing
And maybe my song-writing will suffer
But it's okay if at the end of the day
All I can do next is just be a good mother
It's okay if at the end of the day
All I can do next is be a good mother

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