

# A Better Son-Daughter

[Rilo Kiley](#)

Sometimes in the morning I am petrified and can't move  
Awake but cannot open my eyes  
And the weight is crushing down on my lungs  
I know I can't breathe  
And hope someone will save me this time  
And your mother's still calling you insane and high  
Swearing it's different this time  
And you tell her to give in to the demons that possess her  
And that god never blessed her insides  
Then you hang up the phone and feel badly for upsetting things  
And crawl back into bed to dream of a time  
When your heart was open wide and you love things just because  
Like the sick and dying And sometimes when you're on  
You're really fucking on  
And your friends they sing along  
And they love you  
But the lows are so extreme  
That the good seems fucking cheap  
And it teases you for weeks in its absence  
But you'll fight and you'll make it through  
You'll fake it if you have to  
And you'll show up for work with a smile  
And you'll be better  
You'll be smarter  
More grown up and a better daughter or son  
And a real good friend  
And you'll be awake  
You'll be alert  
You'll be positive though it hurts  
And you'll laugh and embrace all of your friends  
And you'll be a real good listener  
You'll be honest  
You'll be brave  
You'll be handsome and you'll be beautiful  
You'll be happy Your ship may be coming in  
You're weak but not giving in  
To the cries and the wails of the valley below  
Your ship may be coming in  
You're weak but not giving in

And you'll fight it you'll go out fighting all of them

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