

C'mon, Mom

The Elected

C'mon, Mom.
I'm so scared.
All the things you told me are coming true.
C'mon, now.
I'm too young to feel this tired.
Sorry you ran out of money so soon.
And drifting on the open sea won't get you there this time.
C'mon, friends.
Let's make those repairs.
It's your heart that's broken not your legs
and there's a fight to get into somewhere.
It's cool inside.
A friendly place to hide.
And it's a bad rain today so let's try not to speak of old times.
And it's a long shot but I'm looking for the good.
Just like you told me to do but I'm told it takes practice to improve.
You're a fucking liar and I'm leaving.
And you can keep all the friends that you made through me.
I'm lying too, I can't leave home alone.
I'd rather cut all these losses
and not take another bet for a bright new fucking day.
Let's shout from on high, we're still failing.
We still got more regrets than mistakes.
It takes focus at this level of failing.
But at least your friends can relate.
So write or call or just think of us from time to time.
I'll still be drifting. But he was so gifted. Fair enough.

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