

02) broken

INTRO

“the world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong in the broken places.”
ernest hemingway (a farewell to arms)

this is the unauthorized autobiography...

Verse 1

my entire life spans from a one-night stand,
cuz i wasn't quite planned and he wasn't the right man.
to be a father, he couldn't be bothered,
turns out it takes more than pen and ink to be an author.
it's like clockwork, when things get awkward,
seems free drinks and (clear throat) was all he's got to offer.
so he hits the road and she lifts the load,
but as the kiddo grows, you know he missed what's owed.
it quickly shows with no male role model,
riding older boys coattails full throttle.
off to colorado at the age of eight,
days stayed the same way despite the change of state.
i'd take the bait to bite hook, line, and sinker,
with a look no hands approach, like goodbye to my five fingers.
as time lingers on, it's little better except that,
next to my step dad's where moms rests her head at.

HOOK (x2)

each time i'm broken it leaves me bleeding wide open,
sliced deep as the ocean, so sneak a peek in live motion.
these be my emotions, spoken hopeful in the end,
cuz even the deepest wounds soon tend to mend again.

Verse 2

moms chooses to move our single-parent unit,
new mister plus two sisters, i soon cling to their influence.
then foolishly group with a crew of truant students,
who just knew that school was stupid and that all the rules were useless.
music and o.e., kicked back to smoke weed,
hit that, homie, jump in to something with both feet.
big splash, roach clips supposed to hold us close-knit,
but if that twenty's finished, then it's over, the rope slips.
hopeless, lonely, and ridiculed,
the picture is pitiful and me only in middle school.
little individual stuck up against the whole world,
plus brother's husky, so trust me there's no girls.
adjusted ugly and struggled with this mug-piece,
cuz sticking my neck out and nose in left me stuck deep.
another rough week, moms knew the phrases well,
never got enough sleep, cuz she was raising... me.

HOOK (x2)

each time i'm broken it leaves me bleeding wide open,
sliced deep as the ocean, so sneak a peek in live motion.
these be my emotions, spoken hopeful in the end,
cuz even the deepest wounds soon tend to mend again.
(hopefully, you'll grow to see, the broken me, through poetry.)

Verse 3

God i thank you for the two men who left,
because they taught me how to be one who stays.
and God i thank you for the two men who left,
because they brought me where i speak from today.
got a lot more to say as we fast forward eight,
years, to clear my slate from the past stored away.
forgave the first, because nobody is born to hate,
but sort of late making both words and thoughts coordinate.
once our story's straight, we dropped defenses,
doors *that* father'd locked were knocked off their hinges.
not to mention, step-pops copped an interest,
then the tendency eventually lost its senses.
caught with vengeance when lust lit the wick,
up to jump ship and hit them skids quick.
dismissed the distance numbed specifics,
strictly business from snippets of it's existence.
vicious until this wisdom sank in,
left with regret, didn't get to thank them.
for the man i am to meghan, the faith, the patience,
and the banquet they miss when what they break mends.

OUTRO

i'm broken, broken, broken wide open.
broken, broken, broken wide open.
broken, broken, broken wide open.
i'm broken, i'm broken.
broken, broken, broken wide open.
broken, broken, broken wide open.
broken, broken, broken wide open.
i'm broken, i'm broken.