

## Little Man

## Atmosphere

Dear Jacob

I won't take up too much of your time  
I know you're trying to get your video game-grind on  
And that's fine  
Just gimme a second to empty my face  
Before I hit the road again to go and win this paper chase  
I've been watching you man  
I'm proud of you man  
You're growing up to be the best man that you possibly can  
I know you understand  
Why I go out of town  
I also know my days are colder when you're not around  
Sometimes I wonder what it's like to be adapted to the fact  
That daddy never lived inside the same shack  
And sometimes I get this pain in my stomach's pit  
It's what I get  
I'm convinced it's my punishment  
For those nights I got drunk and let go at some bar  
In some city with some people I don't know  
For all the times that the lines on your face  
Reminded me of the days before the dragonflies escaped  
It trips me out how you pick up all my traits  
From the way that you spit to the fists that you make  
I watch the way you try to keep your mom happy  
Daddy learned that from you  
You're supposed to learn that from daddy  
I can't teach much when it comes to women  
I drive safe and slow but don't know nothing 'bout the engine  
You're doing good little man that's all I really meant  
I love you  
You're my best friend, thanks for listening

Dear Craig

What up bones? How it goes?  
Yeah, me? Well, you know, you know, same old, same old  
Sorry that the phone calls ain't too routine  
Just been runnin' around the globe tryin' to do my thing  
Sometimes the weeks fly a little too fast  
And sometimes I go to sleep a little too trashed  
Other times I'm not sittin' on enough cash  
And other times today feels too much like the past  
Sometimes at night I would watch y'all fight  
A child wonderin'  
Why your life just ain't alright?  
What's the violence about? Why's it in my house?  
And even the memories are turned up too loud  
Yeah, I got some issues in my head  
Knew we should've started fixing 'em back when she left you  
I'm not trying to get you down, I know you're different now  
But your little man just wants you to listen now  
I'm over thirty, can't maintain relations  
All these women wanna hurt me and I just don't have the patience  
I can't trust 'em  
And they're not much help  
When they start to push and pull the buttons I don't trust myself  
What pride, fists, and words just might do?  
I'm afraid of my fate, don't wanna turn out like you

I've never hit a woman  
I won't do coke  
And for that alone I love you and I wanna thank you old man

Dear Sean  
What's goin' on?  
Not much to say  
Just checkin' in wit'cha trying to see what's wrong today  
I know there's gotta be something kickin' your bruises  
How's the love? How's the music? How's the self-abusiveness?  
Got a lot to lose, it's breakin' your shoulders  
So you let your paranoia place your bets for you  
Too many cigarettes, messin' up your voice  
Too many arguments, tryin' to test your poise  
The only women that love you are fans and family  
Mom has no choice, but fans leave you randomly  
No heavy rotation  
In any location  
You're not ready to face that you have no steady vocation  
Plus you're gettin' old, your raps are exhausted  
Stop it, everybody knows that you've lost it  
Singin' for these kids you don't know  
When you should be at home with your own instead you're on your telephone  
Fightin' with your girl like it's you against the world  
Another drunk hotel bedroom corner, curled up like a naked fetus  
Come and save him Jesus  
Place him back in time before the Reaganomics and Adidas  
Sometimes you're not impressed with the work you've done  
And love isn't love if you didn't hurt someone  
Your son says, "Hi dad."  
Your dad says, "Whats up?"  
And me, I wanna thank you, but I won't, I'll just say, "Good luck."