

A Tale By Quincy

The Weeknd

That's it
Looking back now, I didn't know what it was supposed to be
And it's like raising kids, man
If you weren't raised, you don't know how to raise, you know?
I just did the best that I could with them because
They know fuckin' well I love them
But I didn't do the best I could
I didn't know what the fuck I was doing
I didn't
I will never forget watching my mother get put in a straightjacket
And taken out of my home when I was only seven years old
She was diagnosed with Dementia praecox and put in a mental institution
Leaving my daddy alone with me and my little brother Lloyd
I later had an evil stepmother who further cemented the idea that I didn't need a mother
Growing up without one had long lasting influence I didn't fully understand until much later in life
It bled into my relationships with family and those I had become romantically involved with
Whenever I got too close to a woman, I would cut her off
Part of that was vindictive and partially based on fear
But it was also totally subconscious
Looking back is a bitch, isn't it?