

MACKLEMORE, Starting Over

Those 3-plus years, I was so proud of
Then I threw 'em all away for 2 Styrofoam cups
The irony, everyone will think that "He lied to me"
Made my sobriety so public, there's no fuckin' privacy
If I don't talk about it then I carry a date
Zero 8 10 O 8, that now has been changed
And everyone that put me in some box as a saint
That I never was, just a false prophet that never came
And will they think that everything that I've written has all been fake?
Or will I just take my slip to the grave?
Uh, what the fuck are my parents gonna say?
The success story that got his life together and changed
And you know what pain looks like
When you tell your dad you relapsed and look him directly into his face
Deceit on your shoulders, deceptively heavy weight
Haven't seen tears like this on my girl
In a while the trust that I once built's been betrayed
But I'd rather live telling the truth and be judged for my mistakes
Than falsely held up, given props, loved and praised
I guess I gotta get this on the page

Feeling sick and helpless, lost the compass where self is
I know what I gotta do and I can't help it
"One day at a time" is what they tell us
Now I gotta find a way to tell them
God help 'em
Yeah, "One day at a time" is what they tell us
Now I gotta find a way to tell them

We fall so hard
Now we gotta get back what we lost... lost
I thought you'd go
But you were with me all along... along

And every kid that came up to me
And said I was the music they listened to when they first got clean
Now look at me, a couple days sober
I'm fighting demons
Back of that meeting on the East Side
Shaking, tweakin', hope that they don't see it
Hope that no one is looking
That no one recognizes that failure under that hoodie
Just posted in the back with my hands crossed shaken
If they call on me I'm passing, if they talk to me I'm looking at that door
But before I can make it somebody stops me and says, "Are you Macklemore?"
Maybe this isn't the place or time
I just wanted to say that if it wasn't for 'Otherside' I wouldn't have made it."
I just looked down at the ground and say, "Thank you."
She tells me she has 9 months and that she's so grateful
Tears in her eyes, looking like she's gonna cry, fuck
I barely got 48 hours, treated like I'm some wise monk
I wanna tell her I relapsed but I can't
I just shake her hand and tell her, "Congrats."
Get back to my car and I think I'm tripping, yeah
'Cause God wrote "Otherside", that pen was in my hand
I'm just a flawed man, man I fucked up up
Like so many others I just never thought I would
I never thought I would, didn't pick up the book
Doin' it by myself, didn't turn out that good

If I can be an example of getting sober
Then I can be an example of starting over
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