

558-1000
Kicking myself

I've been kicking myself
For 30 something years
What was i thinking
Through a haze of fears
Why didn't i tell her
Just walk right up and say
Perhaps everything
Would be different than today

I've been kicking myself
For marta and for Anne
Neither will remember me
I do what i can
To imagine they feel the same
If I'd only stuck around
Perhaps i'd live in Rio now
Or on the Puget Sound

But quietly i slinked away
Not for something wrong
But i just couldn't handle it
I just wasn't all that strong
I think they liked me and would have
Put up with my mishigus
But i refused to give it a try
I could never trust

So here i sit, out on the road
Playing tunes for strangers
Immune to all the frightful sights
Ignorant of the dangers
And wishing i had had the guts
The courage and mental health
Instead i'm all alone again
And forever kicking myself