

OLD MAN SIDE 2

I really raised you to be this pathetic? You're right. You are ugly. You are an ugly little girl. You can blame me. If you'd like, for all the deaths--for the disease dripping through your life. You can blame me for the acne, for the self-hatred, for the money you don't have, for the men that refuse to love you. Blame me. Because I wasn't there. I missed the recitals. I didn't come home with the pizza. But time's running out. Pretty soon I'll be gone, and what will you do? When there's no one left. Who will you keep crawling back to?

You've built your whole life around the ways you think I've hurt you. You love it. You love hating me. You love hating the world. You were this little girl who wouldn't even look someone else in the eye you were so scared to be seen. Then you latched onto me and my disease and suddenly you had a cause. A joie de fucking vivre. Then we lost your sister and your mom, and you were this new person. This woman. With fire in her stomach, take no prisoner. All the things you say ruined you--baby they made you alive. So the next time someone decides they want to fall in love with you, you say thank you to your father for giving you the balls to have a personality.