Stars, The Very Thing

The bar closes early on the Sabbath day
So me and my kid we hit the park to play
Then it'd start to rain so we'd walk home again
He asked why he was born
I don't know what to say

I don't feel guilty and I don't feel sad
This mother fucking life is the best he's had
I said I've been there sonny and it ain't that bad
I took my hits from the shits back when I was a lad

So long ago and even though I tried
I couldn't make him see the life he had cast in front of me
And even though I cried I couldn't make him be the very thing I needed

His mother'd make a scene when I come home late
She look like she's dying but she's twenty eight
I never loved that whore I never will no more
Except for a month back in '84
The jam was playing and my heart stood still gazing at a shadow on the window sill

So long ago and even though I tried I couldn't make her see I wasn't quite the man she thought I'd
And even though I cried I couldn't make her be the very thing I needed

And even though I tried I couldn't make her see I wasn't quite the man she thought I'd be
And even though I cried I couldn't make her be the very thing I needed

Could she be the very thing I needed?
Could she be the very thing
the very thing

Push yourself away from your one best friend
Who's going to love you when you reach the end?
Who will?
Who will?
Who will?