

# The Weeknd, A Tale by Quincy

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, they 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

She was diagnosed with Dementia praecox and put in a mental institution leaving my daddy alone

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 impressions 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, innit?