

I have that feeling like when you just quit a job.
Tell your boss to get fucked,
walk out to your car and just drive away.
It's a good feeling, man. [laughs]

I've never been a fan of the routine.
I've never been a person
other people can force into a thing.
I mean, I'm peaceful, I'm loving,
but I'm not like the others. I'm not.

I'm not like the others, and I will not fall in line with the others.
When they're saying, "This is normal, what you walked into is normal,
what we built here is normal and your reaction to it is wrong. That's not normal."

No, no. Mnh-mnh.

You serve in the military?

I get it, I get it. Thank you.

I can never do that.
Thank you for your service.

[sniffles] Did you ever wake up in the middle of the night
and play out the worst possible scenario?
Like you're driving your car,
and a kid comes out of nowhere
on a bike or one of them scooters,
and you smack into that kid,
the kid dies.

the good part of your life is over.
I wake up, I'll just flash to that.
Me, not you.
In my warm bed,
roof over my head. [laughs]

In my warm bed, roof over my head.
Food in the fridge--
Fridge in first place.
I'll wake up, I'll just start thinking about the guy by the gun store
who lives in a tarp.
And the city just keeps fucking with him, and he's just a guy.
He's just a guy. He's just a guy.
He's just a guy out of his mind.

He's probably a marine, because he has that look, much like yourself.
He has that look much like yourself, and he's just trying to get it all--

He's just trying to get by, but he can't,
'cause he can't-- 'cause he can't-- 'cause he can't get...

But he can't... find the click anymore, the...

the...
the key.
Can't get it all...
put together again.

But there are days, I would imagine... [sniffles]

...there are days when...
when it's like-- when it's close.

When it's, like, this close to, like...

“Oh... I remember.
I remember what my mind was
before the thing happened
that ruined my mind.
I remember who I am now.

And I don't gotta sleep on the sidewalk by the gun store
in order not to kill myself
or kill my wife.

But then... [whooshes]
He loses it.

Another day goes by,
I'll lie in my bed...
cry about...

killing the kid on the scooter or...
the homeless marine...
or my father dying.

And my father was not
a good person, but...
I imagine him there at the end.

I just want to hold him.
You know? [sniffles]

That's kind of always been a problem of mine.
I'll go deep into another person's shit.

Or I spin out on a thing
that hasn't happened yet.
It might not happen.
But I worry. I just worry.
Like Tom Petty.

What a shame.

My day's been going good, man.
How's your day been going?