

Vert

"Skaterism"

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Here he comes with his long hair
He sags I think he doesn't care
He wears his skateboard in his hand
Eyes of fire heart of stone
He learned to olly on his own<
You'd think he was alone

She's a skater chick (with blades)
Her black eye liner lines her lips
Her hair is black her "wide legs" too
But her tank-top's as white as her skin
Hand in hand they skate away
To make out away from day

Well I love them, I love them
But their hearts burn with such a different fire
It's the pain of knowing them that turns my eyes to
water
They're bound in chain yet loose, unlike religious me
My God, what is it I'm supposed to see

It's their skaterism
Buried under the humanism
I want some if just a little for me

I think it's in his nose ring
I think it's in her belly piercing
But I know they've run away from the restrictions
While I've been forced to listen
I see them in an hour glass
Despate to fat to pass,
This world has pulled me down

It's the pain of knowing them that turns my eyes to
water
They're bound in chain yet loose, unlike religious me
My God, what is it I'm supposed to see

She's the most attractive white dove
Her body's silk he wraps around his neck
And we sit here and watch them

Just my conscience and me
My God my God
What is it I'm to see

It's their skaterism
Under all the humanism
I want some if just a little
For me
Just my plea
And you tell me what you see

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