

## Scroobius Pip

### "1000 Words"

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They say a picture's worth a thousand words  
So with these thousand words  
I'll paint a picture in your mind that breaks the rule of  
thirds

Let's go right back to the start  
What better way to begin  
Before too much of the corruption, the temptation and  
sin.  
Before the gloss was taken off, back to sand castles  
and grins.  
Before the world we were living in became riddled with  
Ritalin  
I had a very normal birth, no wise men did attend  
Born into my family as son, brother and friend  
I had a normal start to life with a very normal infancy  
And over the years many events did influence me  
But there's one that stands out now with a special place  
in my mind  
And the more times I think back the more new  
memories I find  
When I was four years old, out in France, I almost died.  
A wave swept up to the shore and took me back for the  
ride.  
And in that moment of fear I gazed below normal tide  
That's when the depths of the ocean showed what was  
really inside.  
I saw a man sat just below the surface on a rock.  
And his wisdom filled gaze withdrew all panic and  
shock  
And unlocked an inner calm that let me float down to  
his depths  
Without any flailing shaking arms or panic filled  
breaths.  
I swear we sat for hours before words were introduced.  
Just relaxing in a world, below the fights and abuse.  
Below the weapons of war, below the cars and the  
ships.  
Then when he felt I understood he slowly parted his lips  
"The pen is far mightier than the sword", he said,

As he stabbed his pen in my leg and the ink mixed with the red.

"With this action I inject the gift of knowledge instead Of all the other cluttered thoughts that will clog up your head

But if at any point you take the spoken word just for granted

These words will stick in your mouth and fall out broken and parted"

It didn't hurt for some reason but I could feel a change inside

But I hadn't really understood what his words had implied

I thought I'd wait for his next words with my mind open wide

And with the guidelines that he gave me I would try to abide

Again much time passed with silence being the topic

But the serenity was such bliss I had no words that could stop it

Then after what seemed like a lifetime had passed

He stopped and looked right through me like I was made up of glass

And at that very moment I was grabbed from this landscape

As I left this wise old figure I quickly prompted a handshake

And I was carried back to shore, my life saved by my own dad

With no memory at the time of the experience I'd had.

And so I went on with my life these things locked up in my brain

I grew up no different from the rest, everything just stayed the same

Until one day I realized sometimes my own speech was erratic

Like the needle on my record would get all caught up and static

And at school, this affliction didn't make things too easy

An easy target so the kids would sometimes laugh at and tease me

I guess there's no denying this made me stand out from the rest

But that kind of thing has never fazed me. I just took it in jest

Sure the broken stammers of a youth can kind of bring some attention

But the sympathy of a teacher can get you out of

detention

And this continued, until I reached a certain age  
Until I started to thrive for knowledge for every word  
and every page  
All of a sudden, the words would just flow off of my  
tongue  
When I got bored of how one sounded I'd just learn a  
new one  
I started listening to all these people who showed great  
use of each word

Feeling the buzz from every single line from Gil that I  
heard  
The way he manipulated the language and really made  
it develop  
As he told another story from 125th Street and Lenox  
And Mr. Mojo Risin', the American poet  
Had enraptured my mind with words and would never  
know it  
I would sit in my room for hours just listening out  
For every underlying meaning in the words he would  
shout  
Then I'd put on The Specials to hear their social  
commentary  
You couldn't help but get drawn in, sometimes even  
involuntary  
And the way that Rakim would take my mind on a  
journey  
To a kind of lifestyle and scene that never used to  
concern me  
A completely different world to the one that I lived in  
But I could connect to the language and the passion  
within him  
So I started to write, inspired by those here before me  
I'd found an outlet for my thoughts a way of telling a  
story  
So I wrote and I wrote until I felt it was time  
To put some of this stuff on tape and then I started to  
rhyme  
Once I started climbing I knew there was no way I could  
slip  
And that's the one true birth of this here Scroobius Pip  
The one with the leather ties and weathered eyes  
Who's 37 clever lines left 37 severed minds  
The one that speaks but never lies  
And sometimes fails but always tries  
And the more he writes the more he finds  
It pays to bleed between the lines.

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So with these thousand words

I'll paint a picture in your mind that breaks the rule of thirds

They say a picture's worth a thousand words  
So with these thousand words  
I'll paint you one big picture in your mind that breaks the rule of thirds

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