

## Barbara Dickson

### "It's Too Late"

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[Verse 1:]

I'm like a burnt out light bulb, a bad idea, a nightmare  
It's a fucking blackhearted spirit that's born from some  
white parents  
If I don't like you it's apparent  
Apparently I fucking stare at you dead in the face, you  
try and stare at me  
You motherfuckers aspire to be people I don't care to  
be  
I got the balls to be someone you couldn't dare to be  
The world is scared of me, my guns are humungous  
I tongue kiss a young bitch, all of my girls are all  
fantasies  
My balls and my word are all I had on the curb  
I envisioned the impossible dream until I had it occur  
Before OJ killed Nicole and was battering her  
I was selling 40 bags of coke holding the gat on the  
curb  
Now I got you shook and shaking fucking mad at my  
words  
Look at? mistaking adjectives and verbs  
And turn em into? it's the best you get out of me  
Chris Farley and Belushi probably would've been proud  
of me  
Wouldn't they have?

[Chorus:]

The sound we hear it is our hearts, they are in time  
They're marching clear and swift the beat forever in  
our minds  
It gives us hope it gives us strength, you know, to carry  
on  
Keep fighting till the end and past the end you will be  
strong

[Verse 2:]

They tell me Ams you gonna get shot, you gonna get  
dropped  
Get popped and locked up, knocked if you don't stop  
  
I say fuck em all, I refuse to be scared or tuck my balls

I touch the walls with my back fight until I crumble, ball  
Into a fetal position, a chief on a mission  
See opposition until I'm beefing in prison  
Serving my time awaking with a murdering mind  
Perverted with crimes, hollow tips inserted in nines  
Saving face, doing dirt, making the great escape  
I will struggle till they're over me singing Amazing  
Grace  
This is laced with hate, I kill the baker, take their cane  
Break their face, when it comes to beef I will scrape  
their plates  
I'm outnumbered, out-gunned, here the clouds come  
Overcast the skies, I'm spent, I'm outdone  
But I fight until my last breath bash left  
When it comes to fighting my strength can denounce  
death

[Outro:]

The sound we hear it is our hearts, they are in time  
They're marching clear and swift the beat forever in  
our minds  
It gives us hope it gives us strength, you know, to carry  
on  
Keep fighting till the end and past the end you will be  
strong

Strong and wise and you are love  
And when the tide it come you will soar above and  
And you will be one day exactly what you are  
Just keep your head held high, kiss your fist and touch  
the sky

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