

Badfinger

"Intro"

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[Intro: spoken by Big Rube]

Optimism, about the fate of the people
that have accepted the mission improbable
To become simpartical, purged by discouragement of
sufferin
Anger, hate, vengeance and war
It's tough to explain, debate, lament or explore
But I'll die straight to the core
In an implosion of introspection so quiet it can deafen
you
Yet breathe breath into the singed lungs of the most
temper thug
Tears of bull get dismembered and drug through the
mud
with a point from the head of a heavyweight
From the cold detailed reality of hot graphite
missing meat in a butcher trap
To the grandios flights of fancy from the abstract mind
of a hip-hop super nerd, as long as the truth is heard
The truth must be spoken
My youth has been smokin and drinkin, drinkin and
smokin
A life that to most may seem dream like
But rarely are things what they seem like
We ain't tight 'less y'all tight
Might bless me in all type, but it's all wrong
The goal is for all thrones to be sat upon by true kings
All pretenders must fall into the fathoms of their own
character flaws
But as long as we attempt to fool ourselves, we are not
yet free

[Verse One: Bubba Sparxxx]

All at once, say it, Bubba K now
I'm headed out west today, on the Greyhound
Sittin in the back on top but close to 8 pounds
Huntin for an innocent town that I can shake down
Past the Mississipp' by swimmin the Great Lakes now
Made it this far but still I can't escape how
the law ran in, back, in the A-town
All I'm worth is all that they ain't found

My brother in Denver used to do is sell dirt
Made it through him, I can move a little work
In Wichita, I produce a little smirk
Stop at Wal*Mart, new shoes and a shirt
Tried to call momma, shit she denied the call
Seems she don't smoke the shit I provide for y'all
Tried to doze off with PM Tylenol
Just moved to Q.P. and still I can't smile at all

[Interlude: Big Rube]
Not yet free, not yet free
Not yet free, not yet free

[Verse Two: Bubba Sparxxx]
Continuing my voyage in to Colorado
Folks live life but not with my bravado
I know that this pill is hard for you to swallow
More pig shit in which for you to wallow
I'm posted up here, at least until tomorrow
with a pound of buffalo nicks that you can swallow
Only thing I'm holdin is pain that you can borrow
Plus a whole pocket of change, for your sorrows
A lotta cats bustin but they can't find the hop
Lotta cats hustlin, if you ain't grindin, stop
On the open road, now is not the time to flop
The buzz is formulatin Jimmy now's your time to drop..

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