

## Abbey Lincoln

### "A Slideshow Of Better Things"

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I wish I could slip from the inside of a glass  
From the glass to the inside of your mouth  
From your mouth to your insides  
Flip you inside out

To see your gears and watch them turn  
With my eyes around and 'round like clockwork  
Counting the seconds until your battery runs out

Why must you insist to flee  
Briefly through my periphery  
Hoping only then to see  
A slideshow of better things

But you can't  
The projector broke a lense  
Pictures shattered from the bends  
Why must you still insist to try,  
Again

I find myself tempted to pry even further  
To try like I meant it  
To dig and discover

I wish I could push from the inside of you now  
Up and into the inside of your mouth  
From your mouth to the outside  
Pull you inside out

I've got the flavor  
If you've got the taste for it  
I've got the work ethic  
If you've got the time

You've got ambition  
And I've got to pay for it  
You've got your own life  
And I've got mine

