

## **Five Fingers Of Funk "Autumn Blue"**

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Late at night I'm writing got a lot on my mind  
Exchanging midnight beats for sleep 'cause time's  
hard to find  
Spent the whole day hiking through the city on a  
mission  
Wishing I was living under different conditions  
Looking for a face in the crowd I don't know  
Looking past glass as if my nerves don't show  
Looking for a new way to say one pairs of prints ain't  
enough  
Me have to bluff me have no trust that makes it hard  
for me to open up  
But I play the role and now nobody knows what's in me  
I'm past the point of thinking that I could ever win see  
I get all choked up about something that isn't there  
Fair Skinned Earth Autumn Sun Through Black Hair  
"Where?"  
Over there on college campus ground pavement  
I turn my head it's just a shadow that's how my day  
went  
My spirits fall like golden leaves from autumn trees  
Collected in the street by the cool as 'trane fall breeze  
Autumn Blue...  
I'm looking out the window just to watch the block  
Residential hotels smack addicts in flocks  
A lazy day waitress with the hand that rocks  
The ladle wipes the table feet below dreadlocks  
Tickled ivories trickle out a modest speaker

Don't mind being alone but I'd be glad to greet her  
One hundred and twenty miles from home but still in  
my dome  
Pick up the phone and maybe later I'll see her  
A happy couple crosses Second Ave. holding hands  
I'm glad I'm not happy 'cause I still can't stand  
The weight of a crush a light brush induced blush  
That anxiety rush of that uncomfortable hush  
In conversation that two second pause feels like I'm  
waiting  
For a bus I may have missed when I'm already late and  
It's raining on my clean clothes day four of a new job  
Well maybe it's not that bad but still that moment feels

odd  
So I repel it if I can smell it on the verge about to  
happen  
It seems I'm without words unless I'm freestyle rapping  
But then I'm full of crap and plus my mind is on city  
On the real I feel uptight when all my fronts miss witty  
It's hard to handle microphones I'll light like a gasoline  
candle  
Face to face I'm feeling square as a handbill  
So I'll head home and try to put it all together  
Get me on my own and all along and I'll be better  
Autumn Blue

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