

Five Fingers Of Funk "Posters"

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Post flow flow my dome is still steaming
Passing cheap hotels toward home to get dreaming
The city sky is starless on foot because I'm carless
But the thirty block walk from the spot is not the
farthest
That I've gone I move on kept company by neon
Lights 3 a.m. tonight the air is like freon
Fifty in my pocket not much but I can't knock it
Getting paid to light the mic up like a bulb in a socket
Flip the switch tonight I saw it in their eyes
The Fingers kept it live the energy never died
It wouldn't be denied 214 Burnside
We kept their heads moving even kids outside
You can see them on the street through the stage door
gate
Ten o'clock even when it gets late
Pass the mic at the end of the night to Dave Queen
Then come back on Tuesday check out Sid the
Tennesseans Tony
Green and Stella yeah I remember Tuesdays
No bad things now bring me back to hear the new play
I'll stay late with D.J. Sass until the next day
Fuck Key Largo take me back to the X-Ray
Take me back to the X-Ray
My fingers are frozen my coat is soaked through
My toes are past numb we've got a hundred more to do
They're only getting wetter got to get another up
Luke loads the stapler then he slaps the hammer shut
Tack tack tack down the right then the left side
If you see Five-O then you'd better step hide
Wait until they pass and come around the block again
Time to go back to work before this late night ends
Over on my left he's holding up another poster
Pushing up the corner as the staple falls close to

His index finger as his breath lingers in the air
Water trickles up his arm he doesn't seem to care
He doesn't wear gloves they make it hard to grab the
paper
On a late night caper with a state of the art stapler
Damn it's getting cold but still we've got to pass the
word

Plastering the poles from Hawthorne to twenty third
But not in front of Fred's or Crocodile they'll tear them
down
And never cover the X-Ray's 'cause they support the
sound
Luke will tack it back if it belongs to a friend
But if you cover his you'll never see your shit again so
watch your
Posters...
Here we go again after the show again I've got to hit
the
Streets work my feet and get my flow again
All alone and then I feel the pavement on my aching
feet
Dawn will come before this trip's complete
Concrete and light rain stain the city I was born in
I hardly feel alive as the horizon whispers morning
Walking on train tracks from halls where the name's at
I wanted to clear my head but once again all of the
pain's back
I'm torn between the place I'm in and where I want to be
Faith won't wait kid so what's it gonna be
Forget it and let it go take no as the answer
Or if you choose to do it better get serious as cancer
But see I took a peek and looked deep into it
And after what I saw I'm not so sure I should pursue it
Still I know a half-step is likely to be my last step
And playing live beats nine to fives so thrive or hit the
casket

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