

## George Duke "Bastard Son"

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Urban enzyme digest slowly  
eating crust and crouton wholly  
Cut up news with froth and frolic  
hero doomed and alcoholic  
not a picture prized or pretty  
burning engines in the city  
not a word now could be tainted  
when ivory teeth come golden plated

running frowning waving madly  
came from nothing returning gladly  
he said strip, strip, shout it out  
you've done me over, now let me out  
the bastard son of.... the bastard son of you know who.

flashes lighten grime and gravy  
instant when it's bright and maybe  
happiness will someday bite  
from eating starbeams in the night  
crunch it chew it spit it out  
strip the flesh and suck it out  
between the teeth of envy plain  
come bits of cosmos fire and rain

Will you ever know how it feels  
no mother or father to depend upon  
will you ever know how it feels  
to be alone in this world - all alone

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