

Heaven 17

"Here But I'm Gone"

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(Hook)

How can I get so far gone
When can I move on
Dreading a world that'll never go on
If I took the time replace
Only mine erased
'Cause I feel as if I'm here but I'm gone

(Mr. Doctor)

I heard a lil' tale about to children sittin on the kitchen
floor
They eatin mayonaise out the jar and they moms out
smokin dope on the stroll
Man, you believe this
Life is complete for them
And it ain't no emotions, only instinct
And that's how they'll be raised by the streets
A boy and a girl
Just up the boulevard from your world
Oh it ain't all gravy where you at
'Cause that's where he gon' go to jack
Catch his first case at, become a disgrace at
But not in this world up the boulevard
I'ma see to hit that liquor, starts so easily
The difference people in my life are dyin and I see this
My question is, to what lengths do we go so that they
live
'Cause I'ma reach this
My locc's mean everythang to me, life is an odyssea
But sometimes, you don't step up and take the reigns
Man, the world'll play you cheap, should I ride

(Hook)

(Slim Loc)

I'm picturin kids cryin, a head firin up dope over the
stove
Family car gettin repot because they couldn't cover the
note
Nobody knows what's to eat because there's no
groceries

And the baby suffers from a rash 'cause he hasn't been
changed in over a week
The oldest keeps things together, by scramblin up
some powdered eggs
She's only 5, so why her mom can't keep them pimps
from out her face
How could they rape in that arrestin
The mother won't admit, but she's molested, diseased
and infested
With wing worms, both of her legs covered with ring
burns
She cleans up, but whoever heard of some clean
germs
I seen the, hurt in her mama's eyes, she tramatized
Been beat up, ever since her father died, no harmonize

(Hook)

(Mr. Doctor)

It's hard for me to talk about the good things in my life
With all the things I did for stripes
And the way I made my gramps and my mama cry
This life is real, and I ain't got time to care about you
Just sell smack to you, and sell crack to you, and sell a
sack to you
Never give back to you, unless you know me and you
owe me
And never worry about your dreams, that's you the
bigga the lil' homie
Here to corrupt you for sho', like my pops did and he
did it wrong
Now he lost everything he owned and he lost everyone
he knows
Here to corrupt you fo' sho'
Like a ??? showin you the ropes
And introduce you to all kinds of good stuff like alcohol
and weed smoke
And dice games, take you to places you may die
And the whole time we rollin, I'ma say, man, this the
real way to survive
Understand this

(Hook)

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