

Buck 65

"Rat's Ass/Customs"

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Standin' on the side of the road with a long shadow
and suitcases,
going nowhere, and I don't care, I'm a grown man.
Hold my own hand, kickin' my own ass for cryin',
I'm dyin' on the inside, they don't know who I am.
Filthy, fraught, and haunted by a guilty conscience,
runnin' away, and all because of silly nonsense.
Gone since - God knows when,
and I aint comin' back knowin' that, no one gives a rat's
ass anyway.

I just wanna find a place where I can sit in a rocking
chair,
no matter how far, even if it means walking there.
Maybe I'll get me a dog for some company,
it's better than tryin' to figure out somebody.
Give me a good book, a radio, and a sewing machine,
a place in the woods by the ocean and no inbetween.
I gotta get rid of these dark circles and headaches,
Maybe if I meditate, rather than medicate.
I can no longer hesitate, I get so frantic,
but what if my wishes are overly romantic.
Though, the suns too low in the sky for second guesses
I reken
and I'm used to taking chances.
Breakin' a few branches, and gettin' lucky now and
then,
findin' some trouble, was just a matter of how and
when.
And now I take notes, and make boats from Burch bark
but stress still shows in my face like a birthmark.
As soon as I get where I'm going I'm going to wash my
hands thoroughly
and start getting out of bed earlier.
it's curious the way I've tried vicariously,
to fly so low to the ground and so carelessly.
How embarrassing, I can't wait to call it quits,
knowing that more and more tiring is all it gets.
I've applied various and unique strategies,
Read a few Greek tragedies and fasted for two weeks.
Been rollin' around
in the hole in the ground

no surprise both my eyes
are swollen shut, I'm stranded with no supplies.

I need a lift...

What have I done?

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