

Buck 65

"Square One"

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Buck 65-Square 1

(Some mumbling ÆfÂçâ, Æ,Â!)

Pretty soon the hippies of today, will be the squares of tomorrow

It was the echoing voices of the old ones

Through thick steeled forests and over scorched earth
Always just out of reach

A murder of crows judged my every footstep

My bones were frozen

Penniless and entirely out of breath

I washed my beautiful hands in the black market dog
water trough

But through it all the real stick in my spokes

Was the torment of my dreams

I fought of sleep with both fists and sometimes fire

With no more than a blow gun I made from an
exhausted pen

I shot the stars out of the sky

When each one fell sparkling to the ground

I made wishes that never came true

Apparitions of angels with angry eyes

Appeared at each new moon

My own ghost be gain whispering

Trees died if I tried to climb them

The decision was made for me

To begin interpreting real life just as I would
nightmares

(More mumbling ÆfÂçâ, Æ,Â!)

Buck 65, Buck 65, Buck 65, Buck 65, Buck 65, Buck 65

Watching an already dead world vanish

We the banished and outlawed wander

Hither and yonder

Like dogs gone hungry

Funky and angry and sometimes ugly

Drums like drugs have turned us to scavengers

Pathfinders, addicts and mathematicians

Practitioners of black magic

We make music from used up junk and bad luck
dreams

Liars and losers

Emus and aardvarks
Gypsies and pen thieves
Peddlers, Card Sharks
All of us fortune tellers home in the forest
Hard core, building a cardboard fortress
Forward fast and backwards blindfolded
Trying to find gold buried in flood planes
Covered in blood stains
Fly bites and egg yolk
Running away with one of my legs broke

Sometimes it's lonesome
Traveling homeless
Not knowing where you're going
Riding the railroads
Pickups and sailboats
Most of the loco-motives
Once we decide to see some of the country side
Working with circus
Performers and cut-throats
Discussions with perfectionists, perverts and poets
Haven't you ever heard of the
1200 hoboes?
We aren't vampires dressed like rock stars
We build campfires and ride box-cars
Town to town, we just write songs
And plus we stay up like all night long
'cause we aren't vampires dressed like rock stars
We build campfires and ride box-cars
Town to town, we just write songs
And plus we stay up like all night long

20 some years is a long walk
Even if its not in a straight line
You see a lot of things in the distance
You know what they say about great minds
You and I think about the same things
Dream the same dreams
Play the same games
We started out in the same place
Believe it or not we got the same names
Everything happens for a good cause
Whether it be victory or loss
And the road may turn into a run way
But you'll know what to do someday
Trust me I've seen it all before
I've climbed to the tops of the tallest trees
To get away from the deep water
To feel the touch of the smallest breeze
You'll find a girl with a low voice
Who holds the world in her bare hands

You'll fall in love you'll have no choice
Once you are given a fair chance
For the first time you will sleep well
Take a deep breath
See the sun shine
Hold on to her for dear life
And then watch the whole world unwind
Ask her to show you some magic
And I guarantee that she will say yes
Tell her you've seen forever and
You'll be together not a day less
Just know until that time comes
And after you cross that first mile
That the hardest part is behind you
And all the pain will be worthwhile
(From storm clouds, Come angels, Let pain give you
pleasure
From dirt roads, to flowers, when faith can be
measured
From storm clouds, Come angels, Let pain give you
pleasure
From dirt roads, To Flowers, when faith can be
measured.

I know a man who was born with his heart on the
outside
Every mans worst fear he also had heavy hands
He couldn't touch his lovers face
He couldn't hold a baby
He would never desert them
But he was worried he would hurt them maybe
Mad at the world his face turned hot pink
The best he could do was just try to not think
But he was to bothered
So he would only try rarely
He read the last page of every book in the library
He lacked the charisma
Of a true revolutionary crime fighter
Would try to write but kept breaking his typewriter
He preaches manifesto militant radical
Was diligent but his greatest mistakes were gramatical
If he only spent more time rehearsing and preparing
There wouldn't have to be so much cursing and
swearing
Eyes on fire
His volume was blistering
No one had taught him about the power of whispering
He is dynamite
Blows kisses
Eats dirt
His mouth of a volcano

He is a t-shirt
 He stands on stilts
 But doesn't stand for funny stuff
 Ask me
 He just hasn't been around the sun enough
 He paints self-portraits
 With a roller
 Only eats corn
 And then tries to sell his own soul
 On a street corner
 He always remembers everyone's numbers
 And sometimes cries into his own cumbersome hands

(Scratching... Mixes ãfÂçâ, ã,Â¡)
 Sometimes dumb crimes blow my mind
 And lord knows I try to close my eyes
 But it happens so fast
 I keep my eye on the ball
 But still I never asked to be a fly on the wall
 And like
 Sometimes dumb crimes blow my mind
 And lord knows I try to close my eyes
 But it happens so fast
 I keep my eye on the ball
 But still I never asked to be a fly on the wall
 Read beginning to end and measured sideways
 I've traveled the length of your desert highways
 Been under your bed
 And slept in ditches
 I saw your scars
 Was kept in stitches
 To keep from crying
 I'm trying not to pay attention
 But as I may have mentioned
 I'm being held hostage
 I'm lost and exhausted
 I want to go home now
 But I'm too far gone
 And I don't even know how
 The silent knight and tarnished armor
 Charming and harmful
 The charma chameleon
 Might get violent
 Dancing with shadows
 And playing charades
 It's the minimal plan
 Of the invisible man
 And what's it like
 Living life
 You may ask
 Standing on the other side

A two way glass
Well it's not what it's cracked up to be
I'll tell you that much
You can look
But you can't touch
Like
Sometimes dumb crimes blow my mind
And lord knows I try to close my eyes
But it happens so fast
I keep my eye on the ball
But still I never asked to be a fly on the wall
And like
Sometimes dumb crimes blow my mind
And lord knows I try to close my eyes
But it happens so fast
I keep my eye on the ball
But still I never asked to be a fly on the wall
All I want to do
Is go fly a kite
Or take a hike
And try and keep myself
From taking a flying leap
There's ringing in my ears
Especially at night
Collidescopic visions of a cocaine cat fight
People play parlor games
Behind closed doors
Secrets are sacred
When nobody knows yours
But somebody does
You forgot about the bottom feeders
The dirty rotten cheaters
And all of the stock breeders
Sometimes dumb crimes blow my mind
And lord knows I try to close my eyes
But it happens so fast
I keep my eye on the ball
But still I never asked to be a fly on the wall
And like
Sometimes dumb crimes blow my mind
And lord knows I try to close my eyes
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