

Janelle

"Sincerely, Jane"

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Left the city, my momma she said don't come back
home
These kids round' killin each other, they lost they
minds, they gone
They quittin' school, making babies and can barely
read
Some gone off to their fall, lord have mercy on them
One, two, three, four, your cousins is round' here sellin'
dope
While they're daddies, your uncle is walking round'
strung out
Babies with babies, and their tears keep burning, while
their dreams go down the drain now

Are we really living or just walking dead now?
Or dreaming of a hope riding the wings of angels
The way we live
The way we die
What a tragedy, I'm so terrified
Day dreamers please wake up, we can't sleep no more

Love don't make no sense, ask your neighbor
The winds have changed

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