

Jean Wyclef

"More Like You"

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An excess rules everything I do
So tell me how can I be more like you
Cause all of this don't seem to bother you
So tell me how can I be more like you

The lights are on but nobody's home
If I'm mad well then my mouth foam
Cover my transportation in chrome, under the sky
dome
Pegasus flown over my skeletal features
But an opaque anatomy is all I'll ever be, for none to
see
The lights are on but nobody's home
If I'm mad, well then my mouth foam
Cover my transportation in chrome
Under the sky dome
Pegasus flown over my skeletal features
But an opaque anatomy is all I'll ever be
For none to see
A numb teacher holding a counselling position
Posture remaining unchristian, slouching down so low
I'm missing
Caverns and taverns where I sought my refuge
Stood in the foyer of the brothel
Messing with sin, gripping a bottle
How many times I sat up in the night sky
Craving to die, wanting to fly, knowing this was all a lie
The Succubus French-kissed me in the orifice
Complex as Oedipus left in my mouth a taste of distrust
Lust for flesh and bone, but ain't no angels in the dust
Ain't no heroines in opium, word up I scoped 'em
There ain't no answers, this is all random evolution
Best check the chemicals in your solution, you might be
prostitutin'

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Why is everything so technical, got me thinking

mechanical
Puffing on them botanicals, every second so critical
Bored with the human language, anguish beat on my
mental
Fuckin' with chemicals, sick as the appetites of
cannibals
Far away they shoot a laser from a computer
It ricochets off of satellite panels to a missile silo in
Cuba
Eyes behold catastrophe, foreseen by Nostradamus
The prophets peep the millennium, age of the broken
promise
More religions than park pigeons, the poor envy the
rich and
Monetary decisions make pessimistic the vision
It's like the whole planet went off of the deep end while
I was sleepin'
Men be leaping off ledges when their women leave for
the weekend
The mind's an asylum dialing help lines repeatedly
Pushing garbage down and putting more in so greedily
In the head of irate Babylonians
Everything is what it is, even when it's not

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