

Karate "Not To Call The Police"

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In the summer it's all bad, but in the winter it's ok. I gave up where the water pulls the walls and the cold and the sun are one. You know, i wasn't afraid. There is hard rain where i'm walking, and it's ok. This not the USA. There is no shame when we're talking, and it's ok. I can't understand anything you say. Hell, i can't even pronounce your name. But your words beg questions of me just the same. Will there be a cross on the side of the road where we die? Will there be a cloud in the Gronengen sky? Will a smile decay over time? There's a hard rain where i'm walking, and it's ok. This not the USA. There is no shame when we're talking, and it's ok. There is water as the ships come in on the TV and the phone is used for murder, and not to call the police on the TV in my home, where i can see my breath, in winter time, in the kitchen, where i can see my breath...

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