

## Cky

# "Days Go By"

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[Side B]

its vertical on the horizon, my presence is missed  
residing in the only place where joy and pain co-exist  
I breathe a different kind of air now, the sweetest  
oxygen  
the scent of my youth, a fluid nostalgia was a visual  
intoxicant  
no longer bottled up...  
reminiscin while they poured it in a bottomless cup  
I savored it when I tasted it, at times I wasted it  
drowning in the shallowest sorrow  
but now I'm living only for the yesterdays of tomorrow  
my mind frames a photograph of time frames of the  
past  
every moment I'm living is half as long as it lasts  
we cant feast before we fast, every supper's my last  
I kept my mind open, eyes closed, and hands clasped  
sippin hours from the glass of father time and mother  
earth  
it's like a circle plus five, I'm celebratin my birth  
even though it ain't the twenty-third day of september  
remindin me of all the things that I forgot to remember  
like the sunlight that guides the rains choreography  
as I live the final pages of my autobiography feelin  
blessed  
man I'm feelin blessed..

I'm life one step at a time, I'm life one step at a time

Living in the moment, trying to live out my destiny  
Came from the strongest source  
Ain't gonna wander, off course  
Still the days go by, blessed one time  
Night and day coincide  
I just wanna live, I just wanna live

[Oatmeal]

I'm kinda antsy on my feet, on these downtown streets  
these people hustle hustle for a seat, I can't compete  
A moment of clarity is all that's needed  
I weeded out the noise

The city meshed in petty feuds  
Fine tuned to a single voice  
My heart pumps out the words  
Pen in hand I keep the pace  
Easy as it comes, it can go  
I'm trying to hold down this space for a moment  
Keeping the next 24 hours in mind  
I'm keeping my soul aligned  
With my actions, each muscle relaxing my inner peace  
I'm looking at my self and I'm asking am I complete  
See I'mma soak up what I can before the index hits  
delete  
All the colors, all the taste  
What I feel up in this place  
All the sun up in these rays, theres a number on my  
days  
I spit each rhyme like my last, every word to every  
phrase  
Sacrafice my own for what it's worth, that's my way  
My existence, I travel through time to leave my mark  
No resistancece, don't want it to end before it starts  
I live my lifeâ€¦!

[Raw ]]

Touched by a tune, embracing composition  
Words can't do it justice  
It's like the humming and singing that Ma do in the  
kitchen  
A vision of seeing a stage rendition with my brethren...  
This morning I awoke next to love  
Not gonna fight you no mo'  
Not going to push you to the door...It's a gift  
Unwrapping the pendulum that squeezed  
more or less trying to let my heart breath  
The sky so blue you would swear it's the ocean  
The depths of a recovering man roller coasting  
The city stares at me, when walking its down I look  
Trying to shape these ink blotches inside of this  
book...Therapy  
A bum's drunken soliloquy got me bare-footing to the  
ends  
Saw death tug the laces of undeserving friends...Live  
and pray  
With my hands holding a self taught bible  
With my head half on a pillow, half on a wall  
Laying down, scrawling blood, writing this for y'all  
I was given this world and only asked to conduct  
And go about like I don't give a fuck about nothing else  
but living

