

Miss Black America "Leopardprint Lives"

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This town knows of no deeper need
On our hands and knees
We crawl about our business business business
business business

I get shunted forward and backward and forward
I'm a sucker for it

Time robs us of fire and pride
Eats away at your insides
Christianity with no heaven to work for

I'm not this war's first casualty
It's time I brought you up to speed
Consider this our first contact
I AM AMONG YOU
I AM THE ALIEN

(as Hazel and his Soul-Kate would've had it)
Sick of calling and not being heard
Sick of crawling
Me and my bunny girl
We'll fill the car with stolen wine
Reach for the stars and lead leopardprint lives

Angels and saints preserve themselves
The one thing left to do is get the hell out of here while
we can
Reach for the stars
Make it happen.

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