

One Republic

"Somethin' For The Kids"

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Me and Fat Joe were riding in the back
Of an industrial-strength delivery van
I couldn't catch a clear view of the driver's face
But I could tell it wasn't a feminine friend

The ground plans for battle were all laid
We were just taking some time to kick it with grapes
and parlay
It was just him and me in a van with the gate and gay
We taste the grapes and spit the seeds in the street

The highway was a scalpel splicing the sands an
impressive impression
Of man's demand for the connection of lands
I look back at Joe and laugh
I give the grapes a puff and a pass spitting another
seed out of the back

Joe squints his eyes
Lets out a sound that can only be described as a
laughter and a sad goodbye
His pale olive fingers pry another one of the fruits off
the vine
"We should return here in ten years time." I ask him
why

"So we can drink the wine from the orchard that is
grown from the seeds we
Alone cast aside."
As the sun sunk lower on the sand, dust sprayed from
the tires that picked
Up the grains
Displayed them in spirals
And I held the last grape up to eclipse the sun
The breeze plucked it from my fingers and the lunch
was done

Father was an engine driver
Grandpa fought the war
Hope that I can maybe size up
Leave my mark at all

Father was an engine driver
Grandpa fought the war
Hope that I can maybe size up
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Me and Tupac Shakur sat inside a donut shop
Sharing a dozen and watching the coffee cool
One by one the box slowly emptied
From the cakes to the crullers and at last the fancies

Pac sighed aloud so I could hear him
"Donuts are communism"
I asked him why, he said,
"Better in theory"

We laughed and scratched the sleep from our eyes
He said, "This is ridiculous, 12 is too much, half a
dozen wastes our time

But every time we order twelve thinking we can handle
it

And every time we end up pissed because we made
our stomachs sick"

We both laugh a bit and gingerly sip our coffee
His fingers scrape the tabletop and he digs in softly

And I watch him there, carving, scraping, both sitting in
silence

As he engraves his name with the word "West side"
beside it

And underneath the orange veneer of the donut shop
gear

There's an earthy brown flesh that excavation makes
appear

And year after year Pac and I return there
To the table that he claimed with the matching bench
chairs

Chug the last of our coffee and stand to leave
Wave to the clerk, she says goodbye in Chinese

Clutching our sick stomachs we both struggle to speak
Shake our heads, split our waists, and say, "See you
next week"

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Father was an engine driver
Grandpa fought the war
Hope that I can maybe size up
You can sing along

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Grandpa fought the war
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Grandpa fought the war
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Leave my mark at all

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