

Pointed

"Shock-Locks"

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Shock-locks, understand: you alone are mild
Mane to sneaker-string, clothes and everything

Self-cropped, boy-chopped hair, tough and cut and
wild
Each lock like a switch-blade blade switched open,
exploding like a star

You took a jumbo-jet out of Kansai -- Osaka -- crashed
the Chicago sky
Came down where the biggest building stands to seek
a life of design
When the INS man asked, "watcha doing here, watcha
doing here, my child?"
You said you'd come for school and study, but you're
gonna school us
Gonna school us all just fine

And I'd advise the wise, "start shaking!" -- as for a fool
like me,
The wild one alone is the mild one.

Shock-locks, understand: you can bear my child.
Let's dishevel things, let's hit everything!

Let's kill, let's destroy, let's impose some style
Make the radius of the wreckage stretch out a
thousand miles

It's here we'll raise our epicentral stage -- I'm gonna
build a shrine
And history books will soon omit the Great Chicago Fire
And give grand terms to the... subversions now that we
all call crimes
And the post-blast motives in art-book photos of future
times
Will be of your design

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like me,
The wild one alone is the mild one.

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