

David Ball

"Crossroads"

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This is where the young folks are born
And the old people die
We're just tryin to get by
Tell em meet me at the crossroads
If your the good or the bad
If you gotta choose now
We gonna make it some how
Tell em meet me at the crossroads

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The candy lady told me
It's y'all late
Dem demons comin'
My souls tight
Bodys old, let im sick of runnin
You better pray
One day, look you gotta choose
Right or wrong, you gone, young man make a move
Revelations drawn closer
Man a 3 headed beast
The chosen one might not rise from the east
South side ima ride till the gas gone
I wish i could call jesus up on the phone
Like lord im still burnin from the slave trade
Cant reproduce 'cause our folks got aids
The black folks is killin' black folks, not gays
I spray the AK and pray, why were you late

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Cut my wrists in fear
When do i go from here
My mind's less than clear
Do i turn in shame
From what could save
Do i find my knees and pray?

Its great, lord
Im sorry for my sins
I prepare for the end
You just let me know when
Its hard like a boulder
This world's gettin colder
But ima stand strong
Till you call for your soldiers

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Let the devil come and go
Tell em let my soul be
'cause i got the lord with me

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'cause i got the lord with me

We were blind now we see
In the end we'll be free

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