

## The Streets

### "Cinema Barz"

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the inkling to think could bring me to the brink, why do i  
fear because it keeps me here, alone in the multiplex i  
think my fate, i drink my fizzy post mix too quick,  
the green man glowing at the exit sign, ice cream that  
will melt before the feature flicks, films arent as good  
as tv anymore, theres so many shows that i know i want  
to score,  
but films from the trailers these days look waste, like a  
gun in the hand of a desperate character, fun in the  
land of disparate savages, like all your natural  
movements however habitual become seperate acts of  
action, teary sarges and burned up sears  
weary marchers return to cheers, i want to speak to the  
preacher middle men riddle me, two hours in the dark  
is something like a shower, solitude is excellent for  
sorrow like bollywood set peices that borrow from  
hollywood,

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