

The Streets

"The Morning After The Day Off On One"

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you talk around events and from the side of your sight,
the benson burns it reflects in your eyes, in the room
with the computer in, listenin to music and watching old
youtube shit,
how come fire and rain sometimes sound the same,
look me a goodbye in my eye as i say, its too hot in
here for men with blood in their veins, faded by dust
and darkened by days,
theres a choral chorus, and a floral adoring fuss, for
us, for dust, but youre too bold thus, you have to be
bolder, youve got a big chip on your shoulder.

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