

## **Grim Skunk**

# **"Looking For Gabbio"**

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In a bone dry shack  
Down on Oceanside  
Drive where the boredom fools urban people inside

The thrill of the hunt on the glowing tube  
A gang of deadbeats blow a last dube

Its a hardluck life, a skid row ride  
And we'll be working the strip till after high tide

He's a 2-bit man in a 3-piece suit  
Sucking money from a straw  
Like nectar from a fruit

It's outrageous looking for Gabbio  
It's contagious making plans to go looking for Gabbio

Hard times and the street is what he knows  
Gabby is a soldier living in the ghetto

In a rubbish heap, want food to eat  
Anything goes when you livin on da street

Gun shots make other youth fall  
Feel you're bad but you can't kill dem all  
Through tribulation he still stand tall  
Gabby know soon will be the final call

Hacking a taxi brings a tear to an eye  
Of who wanted it all but now needs to get high

Down on the corner in a bridesmaid's gown  
Shattered and shivering and going to town to see this...

Salt stained shirt, leather pants & a tie  
Sunbleached hair and a bottle of rye

But we got cheaper and better from a guy I know  
That's why I'm making plans to go

Looking for Gabbio

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