

Cueball "Punching Paul"

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I wake up, but I keep my eyes closed...
I don't wanna wince in the light !
Cause even with closed eyes
my brain wants to show me
a firework flashing so bright !

My mouth is an ashtray,
there's vomit in my bed ! One of
the ten beers must have been bad !

My bathroom-light's broken
my toothpaste is gone;
this day seems to become big fun.

I feel rising anger and it comes to hate
as I slip on a dirt-covered plate.

I put on my jeans and head for the door
to go to the grocery-store...

This is when I met Paul !
...and I punched him in the face !
he didn't understand at all...

the only reason was that he
just had been unfortunately
at the wrong time in the wrong place
and that's all!

I'd never seen him before
but that was meaningless to me
I watched him struggle and then fall,
I didn't know his name was Paul !

Somebody must have called the cops
...and they didn't hesitate to arrest me instantly.
this was when my gigglin' stopped.

but then everything changed,
as one of the cops saw paul...
I felt totally strange
when I heard him call:

"Hey; guys, be cool, let this man be, don't you see, this is Paul?!"
and the other two laughedand set me free.

From the day of this short story
in our hood Paul came to glory
as the loser of the week
he's the hitman in our street

every time you feel so shitty
in your self-constructed pity
feel like lost in endless masses
and you wanna kick some asses

Go outside and look for PAUL!
stop him, punch him, watch him fall !

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