

## **Mr J. Medeiros**

### **"This Is Not A Home"**

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Sipping a scummy pint  
Money is tight  
Clumsy is night  
High dunk types skunking the lights  
Funny they fight for no cause  
Only to hide in those bars  
And scoff from their L.A. lofts at smoke laws  
Fashion friendly the the act of trendy  
Laugh past you then master the craft of envy  
The Pabst half empty  
That or an M.G.D.  
Have an mp3 on me  
Now invent me  
Blog writers turn snob drivers for ad space  
A cog for hire  
The admires of fast pace business  
Infiltrate to earn the pass  
So now the privileged can imitate the working class  
And get they street cred  
Tradder Joes and wheat bread  
Catering their nose on the weekend  
See them on the deep end  
In the neon the city sleeps in  
And me just another pee on  
Man meet me where the leash ends

I need to find a home  
I'm looking for a home  
I'm thinking of a home  
I'm dreaming of a home  
The people need a home  
A man who needs a home  
A woman and a home  
Cus when the lights go off  
And the show has been played  
And you've got nothing but the smell of smoke to your  
name  
And a mirror that you look at  
Feeling the hook for every chance you took  
You need to look back  
Searching for a home

Lovers of apathy and irony  
These Iron Sheiks lining the streets  
Designer cheap blind eyeing me  
Lying asleep how they be finding me  
Relying on the files I leak  
Between the idols  
The sheep seeking the style they keep  
Needing a remedy  
As Ceci N'est Pas Une Pipe  
Feeds they identity  
Evolve  
They too self involved  
Their too many  
For you my two pennies on cool  
For who the self dissolves  
Felt resolve from a photograph  
My father his guitar and a phonograph  
A scholar in a bar with a foaming stash  
Putting a dollar in your jar for the culture clash

Holding fast to a flash made memory  
The past fades endlessly  
They ask in their veins to remember me  
Two vain eyes in a friendless sleep  
Who will remain disguised in every senseless tweet

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It's getting even harder to find friends  
Being without a car  
Believing the bartend  
Can see you for who you are in the end  
A lost rapper  
A Johnny Walker Black  
A sox ball cap  
A false rapture  
Now tell me something honest offend me  
Just tell me that I'm artless hem me

Tell me cuz I'm armless my mouth is harnessed  
I'm out of promise  
I'm harmless  
My honor won't defend me  
The dollar who lusts pop  
It lends me a damaging trust  
The Los Angeles bus stop is empty  
I pass them they mask it friendly  
The laughing the last one standing  
We acting like we stand-ins  
Tempt me  
My testimony  
I'm the moleskin I'm told in  
The sentence that left me lonely  
With nothing but a phone in my palm  
I was something back home with mom

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