

## Common Market "His Eminence"

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"... Politickin' with the big boys... prince of eminence  
Small town royalty... salute the procession.  
Jimmy had a six-string, Jimmy had a drum  
Jimmy had a six-pack, Jimmy had a gun  
Jimmy had a problem and Jimmy had to run  
And since, I've resented that jimmy ever had a son  
Where you been, jimmy? You know a lotta things  
changed  
After you left  
On who rests blame? We're all clueless  
Effects of undue stress caused a few to lose breath  
And question, 'after you, who's next?'  
The true test of how strong the bond's tied  
Comes right around the time the patriarch dies  
How many McKinney's left? You can count 'em on one  
hand  
Your legacy's as petty as you - understand?  
It's a cold world & I've seen a grip of cats freeze  
At times you had me thinkin' I'm sick with that disease  
Contemplatin' my fate, .38 ways to face it  
Put the metal in my mouth at nineteen, just to taste it  
The flavor of black powder requires an acquired  
palette  
Look at me preachin' to the choir about it, I doubt it  
Ever even crossed your mind, tryin' to shoulder  
The weight of raisin' a daughter demands a harder  
spine  
Stunned, shocked, what one shot could do to the fam  
The bough breaks, nowadays I call your mother  
'ruthann'  
She hardly know me, slowly we drifted through the  
Breeze  
Recently I visited to introduce my seed  
Trouble breathin', oxygen helps mask the wheezin'  
Ashtray in the kitchen overflowin' with the reason  
'Them's Johnny's.' he passed through when we was  
Leavin'  
Lookin' like he seen a ghost in my frame - he started  
Weepin'  
We talked for hours; told him 'you gotta let go.'  
Imagine in twenty years how many others said so  
I can't connect with him, so I stop - he's not ready

Lost touch with reality + Josh and Debbie  
It's a heavy burden [he] struggles to find steady work  
And he hasn't played the drums since y'all was last  
Rehearsin'  
I heard your moms gave him the house, it caused  
Conflict  
With Cheryl and Becky especially when he lost it  
It's pitiful, your little brother is literally  
Trapped in a void and that bad choice was pivotal  
Damn, you got him stuck in a rut, I'm singin'  
'Johnny was a good man...' but you fucked that up  
Aiyo it's complicated commiseratin' with the  
complacent  
The blank stare on his face remains vacant  
What a disgrace, he wastes every day he lives  
And I still can't decide if that's your fault or his..."

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