

P.O.S. "Little Kids"

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Intro:

Now baby get up out that water
Cause every castle in the sand's bound to falter
It's like the rock at Gibraltar
Another sheep selfishly sent to the slaughter, holler

Verse 1:

He lives like an audition, he skipped his intuition
Living like a nerve on feelings and superstitions
he swerves through fasts and curves through masses
and passes a million dirty looks, he shuffles books
his every moment is staged, he feels he's plagued with
this playwright who fails to give his character some
insight
oh, and every time he gets the cue to speak his mind at
the stage-left an understudy steps on his lines
not a wordâ€¦spoke, he goes unheard
is this a joke? his mellow drama is now the theater of
the absurd
it seems that off the serendipities the music comedy
drama weathered and haggardly enters the amusing
tragedy
who changes script and change the block and changes
roles
pulls the gun from his bag and gets to cocking
pulls the trigger at the kids who kept him as an outsider
and turns that shit on himself so he can finally meet his
writer

Chorus:

Little kid walks out in the street
Man behind the wheel looks for the change under the
seat
Little girl belly empty she hold strong
Woman gives up hope says it's been too long
Peace love unity respect
Parties over dancing with a needle in his neck
Bright eyes Debbie dark when dad comes home
Pretends to count sheep so that she'll be left alone
She only digged for money once or twice
Said he learned the true meaning of Minnesota nice

A Springerville (?) Sea breeze fixed his head
Mother shakes and screams tries to wake the dead.
Little kids live on incomplete
Little kids trick without the prospect of a peak
Steady coming down from a law all wrong
Little kids stay little kids cause growing up is gone.

Verse 2:

She was always well dressed, well groomed, well
known
But she hid behind the canvas the second she got
home
She loved to paint, nothing in particular
Just blues and grays, that's the way she felt throughout
her days
Her landscape was shaped by friends and hangers on
From boys to the push-up bras they pulled on
But she was always very wary cause popularity's scary
especially when sincerity rarely comes in clearly
To her it was all fake, mock life, mock friends
She wanted to paint it white and start again
She wrote letters to her little brother and mother and
packed up her stuff
And she ran like water colors.
Now, a little change in scenery never hurt nothing but
still life
But still life's been everything but real for her, right?
Without a crew she's like without a clue so like she
don't know who she's like, know what I mean?
She found a crew she liked, started up knew but the
only thing that's left on her is the paint on her jeans
So she'll be gone soon

Chorus

Intro x2

get up out that water
Cause every castle in the sand's bound to falter
It's like the rock at Gibraltar
Another sheep selfishly sent to the slaughter, holler

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