

Project Pitchfork

"Dead Love"

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Excuse me Mr. Coban, I just want a chance to speak
I don't mean to annoy you, bother you, or disturb you
while you sleep
I admire you what you did, cause you wrote music from
your heart
The media labeled the grunge, but I just labeled it art.
I feel we are in the same boat from what I see or where
I stand
They try to label this rap/rock, which is two poets in a
rock band.
If I could travel back in time and carry out one simple
plan,
I would transform into your shotgun and I'd make that
trigger jam.
It's not the fact you sold millions of units
You turn music into a movement
Seattle become the blueprint
So I try to carry the voice of a thousand teen spirits
Your memory lives on through your songs, thoughts,
and lyrics.

If I could live through you
For just one day of my life
Of my dead love
If I could hold on to
Just one memory
Of my dead love
If I could paint a picture like a portrait that you left
behind
For the world to see
Of my dead love
If I could hold on to
For just one day of my life
Dedicated to my dead love

Excuse Mr. Bruce Lee if I could have a moment of your
time
I just want to share some thoughts, that been going on
in my mind
See you're like a combination of honor, passion, and
glory

I gotta tell you I've been inspired of your entire life
story
You prove to the world the size of a man doesn't matter
It's the strength of the mind that makes one a "true
master"
I read every chapter that surrounds you with
mysterious death
I mean we all going to die someday at least you die
without regrets
You left us with a collection
A beautiful introspection
I study your philosophy and use it towards my
profession
So when I chase my hopes
I just read one of your quotes
There always be a part of my life like music notes
Farewell to the Dragon

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From the lyrics of John Lennon
The spirit of Bob Marley
The mind of Amen Dasa
The personality of Chris Farley
The voice of Janis Joplain
The comedy of Andy Coughman
The raising star of Regge Lewis
Before he collasped on the court in Boston
The genius of Randy Rhodes
The way he play, the way he taught
The hands of a pioneer
The boogie down productions of Scott Larock
From the future of Big Al
To the love of Sid and Nancy
The national hero in Trudeau
The great pride in John Candy
The potential of River Bleaks
The expectations of Brandon Lee
The tragedies of Easy E, Richie Vallins and Buddy Holly

The rise and fall of Owen Hart
The beauty of Marilyn Monroe
The creative sounds of Jimmy Hendrix
The innovations of Joey Ramone
The power of Phil Lident, JFK and James Dean
Draze Impetchavitch and Pelly Lindberg would have
died for there teams
The past of Frank Sinatra
To the present of Lane Stanley
The crowd of Elvis Pressley and the career of Patrick
Swayze

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