

Pursuit Of Happiness "Little Platoons"

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My neighbours in the real world
Are like the people in my dreams
The numb walk with the wicked
And I walk in between
They're really hard to talk to
But they've always something to say
It's either thick and incoherent
Or undercut with rage
Things out here can get a little crazy
People are aimless - not so smart - a bit lazy
Things in my neighbourhood can get a little rough
But that's where my room is, that's where I keep my stuff
Women around here don't fare all too well
There's usually a comment or a taunt from some loser who smells
The ones who get married or shack up don't last too long
Their men like to fight - sometimes with guns
Things out here can get a little crazy
People are aimless - not so smart - a bit lazy
Things in my neighbourhood can get a little rough
But that's where my room is, that's where I keep my stuff
Some of the old ones have lived here for years
They keep their places nice in spite of everything
Once they had a meal for the lonely and downtrodden
Now they lock their doors tight - those days are forgotten
At night there's a lot of yelling at each other and to themselves
I hope I never hear somebody's final cry for help
There's a lot of hate out there so I keep my head down
Past the 7-11, down my dark street till I get home
Things out here can get a little crazy
People are aimless - not so smart - a bit lazy
Things in my neighbourhood can get a little rough
But that's where my room is, that's where I keep my stuff

