

Quarashi

"Model Citizen"

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A silent verse of a final chapter, a last paycheck,
enough to break another fool down. Feeling awful with
a shudder winter blast blowing, a cold snowin', the
fucker's gonna be feeling, can't with a frozen finger.
'Cause I'm inclined to bless the future, and I don't give
a thought to those psychotic creatures. I turn a lavatore
before they reach us doing time in your own state,
smokes in a better way. A war never ends so face a gun
and catch a lead down deep, at least you know where I
stand. I'm taking a hit- it's all for medicine. And now I
hate to rave about the shadow by the way I stand. I pull
a little closer baby feel it, and when I burn this house
down, I am the model citizen. All of the fans remember
by name. When I hear the white flag, c'mon living in the
fast lane.

Lost ooh, ooh, ooh! Living in the fast lane. [x4]

Of course you know back then we smoked all that shit
up. We smoked that weed right through the top yeah
we smoked that year's crop. And we loved it, we
thought it was cool to be stoned. But now I don't know, I
don't want to be for the rest of my life. A smoking fool
but if you've got it I can play. I don't want to spoil the
fun and it is better than a smoking gun? Beh, argue, oh
well, fuck it, go ahead roll it up, light it, and just smoke
that shit up.

And if you would like to breathe us out of the scene,
come again and here I am. I'm trying so hard to be
clean. I never touch the ground or when I run around
the circle. Polite & lazy duplicating us up on a dirt hill.
Raising down, to be the first, second for none. A silly
drunk, double deep into feel the second run. Flew into
fief and the frequency showing the hour. Wait until the
sun sets down, I'm on the tower.

Lost ooh, ooh, ooh! I'm on the tower.

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