

Rahsaan Patterson

"Humor"

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Strange sense of humor falling down from the ground
Covering my body in sunshine and mud
Am I a friend or foe? I'd like to think I know
But sometimes I feel like I'm bold

I'm down on my knees and beggin' for answers to
questions
Talk to me if you're listening
Open my eyes to the signs that they see you leave
behind
A blind man can see more than I

Music sounds so good to me and it's all so coveting
There's no hope when the sound's sweeping
Shall I reach into my bag of tricks
For anything I might have missed
Left over from a painful past

Humor, humor
Humor, humor
Humor, humor
Humor, humor

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