

Rustic Overtones

"Feel"

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Juke blastin faster slow it down
If I huff and I puff san i blow it down
In every disco in San Francisco
I had a chance but I missed though
Can I write the hit though?
The kind they play on the radio stations
Patience is a virtue if the agents haven't
Heard you, preferred you
They'll desert you like Benedict Arnold
I won't be dicked around, no
Drinking water while they are sipping wine
In their condo or mansion
I'm off in a tangent again
Before I make my way to the end
The sentence must mend or be bandaged.
A slight disadvantage.
I know we sound full but we're famished.
We get feast, we get famine...all the time...
They say it takes a song so I went along
Tripping and falling, bawling out my eyes
Wishing that I was recording.
They say I'm gonna have to wait
Another week for the cake
I say oh my soul what is this ringamarole?
Always dealing sour card so I fold.
I don't wanna get rich before I'm old
Just wanna get my belly full.
We get feast, we get famine...all the time...

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