

Blue Note Six

"Amnesia"

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I used to have Peace, serenity,
teaching divinity Break bread,
sipping the blood, eating with enemies Blind,
pearl on my mind thinking we fittin' to be This,
that, and the third Boy did I learn,
tables turn Billy holiday burned down to play when
my nerves drowned my folks away Swerving in the
locomotive,
far from my hopes and motives Back to boasting at
shows
to get a standing O From all the fans I know on some
of that sapphire rapid fire soul stuff I used to hit
'em off with But now I'm some ol' "pay the toll" for
the way I played the role Cautious when I lace a flow,
cause, pose? think I'm painting codes Patience grown
thin, home sick and haven't been home since Fuck a
rapper, I'm an actor in a film called: "Leave me the
fuck alone until I find a real job" Busting chrome
grills off at these soft hearted breakbeats bouncing
with 808's and gray ink Blue heart,
red skies, true art died in the heart of my mind Kept
trying to fulfill this, blank scribbled realness,
even if it kills this Poet inside Used to speak sweet
with sympathy Tease to mimic me,
sunshine every line you ever sent to me Heaven sent,
heavenly scent that later crippled me,
shit Simple men don't learn,
where was your empathy? Couldn't see the fork in the
road Kept straight forward,
straight towards a humble abode we both hate more
Now
that I fumbled and folded that open letter said "dead
men walking don't dream" You taped yours,
and you told me I could rent it Thought it was invented
for my viewing pleasure Human error,
the apprentice turned teacher,
preacher turned God Couldn't reach ya,
just a façade, the main feature Modified for blogs,
podcast the past, hi-definition,
she laughed Pass the message,
now I'm guessing that the jokes on me Cause I'm the

only one threatened The wretched by the windows
sketching
Pencil? the mural of the method,
don't sweat it, techniques turning,
burning incense Listening to Billy burn my intent,
definitive days that turn my nights to fiction Friction-
less,
just a pen trynna pimp this stress,
'cause I couldn't keep a lid on my life Na~ve as the
dry leaves on the ground, looking past the tree to
the blue sky asking: Why me?

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