

Serú Girán

"The Night We Called it a Day"

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[Verse 1]

When the moon shines at noontime, and the sun blazes
at midnight

Dark and Night coincide, I stay inside and keep the lid
tight

Catch side of the morning that passes by through my
window

Another child is born, another dies, and still the wind
blows

Spin slow, drawn into strong voice of reason

Standing there in soul thinking of summer -

Just longin' for another season

For no particular Reason hear I stand-

Just rocked another show, just can't remember where I
am

And my families far from here, but the stars are bright
this evening

On this morning on this afternoon, just got here now
I'm leaving

And I shall remember the marble just as clear as I do
yesterday

Never dance with the Devil, cuz I cant afford the hell to
pay

When I blast through your speakers every time your
pressing play

When I fish the phonograph so we could set the record
straight

Dear god I pray-

Just let me show this world a better way

How you helped through to your heart and all the times
you fade away

I get to, say these words and speak my piece to
Catholic Crowds

Not certain if it's Day or Night but I know the time is
NOW

And if we ever lose the purpose as a prelude to the
sound

Lets just call it a Day, and burn my empires to the
ground...

[Verse 2]

Ya, amazingly, Cask of Amanciatto
Cracks wide open and vibrates your bravado
So I escape, body-bagging, like I'm kinda like Monte
Christo
World Tour, DL, Koffeshop, and I'm coming to your
Bistro
We show bright when it comes to your ability
I'll be yellin' out homonyms 'cuz I dwell in possibility
We gonna call it a Day, 'cuz I know your feelin' me
Listener, Rapper, Popuri of Life- all synonyms of
Cornucopia
I'm so glad you have a wife- In this wolf eat samurai
world
You better grab your swords and saw your nads off
You'll get chopped off by the needle as it spins over to
my rhyme, yo.
Rap Music guys have a self-title: artist to life
Please think twice before you say your things in the
microphone
I might not be, but I take it seriously
When you really listen to the words, an your not just
hearing me...

[Hook]

Day and Night
Wrong or Right
Spill our guts with every breath on the mike
And hope you call it tight
If it's blind give it sight
If it's Dark make it Light
Some call it Music
Deepspace calls it Life

[Verse 3]

Workin' it out (out), placin' my feet to concrete
Hittin' the street with vengeance, steangence, so sweet
What bitter we consider every circle we pass
Probl'y the reason that I reason with class, so step fast
We pushed and finally pushed that was burnin' staying
determined
And yearnin' 'cuz the lessons we learnin' were life long
(life long)
Its my song, I place to erase
And transpose all these average Joes
With weak flows-
Who knows not, -
The true livin' roles who ascended, blended
With the beat, compete, and apprehended
Today's feelin' all right, color all right
Being blocked by the shotgun and pray every day and
night

Now I've gone a full day without some wackness heard
The One's speakin' absurd-
Are finally heeding my word. (ya right)
And now I'm left with nothing else to say
That be the Night that I Called it A Day (Called it a Day)

[Verse 4]

I'm gonna throw thoughts to a page
Let 'em fall where they please
Let 'em rise to the sky, rain down, on four seas
An ocean of possibilities that dwellin'
Yellin' at the top of my lungs convicted by stone tablets
as a felon
A nocturnal being of love since the grown of time
Watch the sunrise with both my daughter's eyes
Permanent Shine, refine my reflection inside
Livin' to die, dyin' to live, and all glory given back to
God

[Verse 5]

It was the Night that 24 turned into 12
Had to adjust my spiral off, from the top of the shelf
On the blank page, using the utensil of potential
I'm diggin' in my Brain so I could Rip the Instrumental
With 20 bars left, and I'm consistent from the intro
Lighting candle sticks, as the rain hits my window
Need to focus in, take the topic and let it flow
Got 8 down for the count and 16 to go
The Writer's blocks are stepping stones
Towards the metronome
I'm racing dead last
I'm head last
Placed on my prose
Nocturnal with my journal, a wordplay professor
The aggressor, resembling soda cans under pressure
I'm shakin' but not stirred, deterrent from my train of
think
Now I'm aligned, readjusted to infuse the ink
I wanna handcuff the hands of time
No great spirit here allotted for here's the sunshine...

[Hook]

[Verse 6]

Bet I'm casting nets and dreads
The deep blue ways are wet?????
God's Silhouette, I wanna palettes painted pink by suns
and sets
BURNT from a long days work, but feelin' fine
Tip his cap and path the moon on his back, his day
declines

Candlelight Switch as you slip into the evening
A courtesy to the sun, as it dips below the ceiling
Feeling sort of satellite, like the wind beneath my wings
Or the tightrope, or gravity keeps lunar kites on orbit
strings
Man on the moonlight, dream before my time
Like the moon reflects the sun, I make the black begin
to shine
Like the moon rewinds the waters, makes the ocean
recline
I collapse your mind; I'm Syntax, but melancholy kind
Redefine the best, framed fresh in terms of holiness
Bless the mike, device, 'Cuz I get nice to keep the
conscious
And I split tense mint's spit words like sentence
fragments
Moon dust the must 'cuz I aint' in it for the cabbage
The incandescent presence spins, as I'm your present
flame
But my name would flicker out my name syntax the wax
and wane
For the name above names, I'm so glad that Christ
came
The black bird bright the night, we called it a Day...

[End Verse]

Shadows step on the one, on, under every tongue, run
Spoken sentence frags., spoken on shattered breaks
It's a black hole soul with my faith as I take

Break Minutes back with father time to coordinate
seconds
I surround the 11th hour with sound as my weapon

Villain threatened to sweat the syndrome of the wicked
Heading for your Auditory where the Listener would
stick it

Fiction, we're steel, when it breaks from the
construction
Crushing your framework and far surpassing your
presumption

Sunrays, like a score with notes my surfacing
Great mad at meteors or record the all heed

And when the, Sun Sets
Some one lets the mike down
We pipe down, unplug it and leave it hide down
But not before we retire the pen
'Cuz yo tomorrow we'll be back just to do it again

Uh, shackled and scarred
I still maintain my praise of dark days
A sullen world covered in pain
So from Dusk 'till Dawn, I represent his word
Deepspace 5: set to serve
We travel in this land of the lost and we understand
We battle with the possible chance you take the cross
On your block, in your speakers Dudes is paid
We out for a change, in The Night We Called it a Day...

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