

Tavares "Hardcore Poetry"

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It depends on who is looking at the tenement walls
Whether he's coming home or passing through
You can walk the streets and find so much to criticize
But that would be the easy thing to do

'Coz there's beauty in the concrete
If you see it with your heart
The sidewalks only hurt you
If you hate them from the start

This is a song not necessarily sweet
I'll pass it on to folks that I never will meet
And if my words don't make history
Just call it hardcore poetry

You can blame the world if troubles come and knock at
your door
Let your weakness cut you down to size
If you find some fault with everything surrounding you
Maybe it's your narrow-minded eyes

'Coz there's music in the city
If your ear is to the ground
Only nonbelievers
Never hear a single sound

This is a song not necessarily sweet
I'll pass it on to folks that I never will meet
And if my words don't make history
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