

Tear Da Club up Thugs "Phoenix"

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Hit "rewind". You sit surrounded by a frame, your laugh infectious.

Hair in flames, your star was lonely but it lives.

And we don't have the time for tears. A step beyond.

Deep in the corner of my eye I swear I saw a curtain rise.

I can't be certain it could be that I'm just seeing what I want to see.

But just who guides these hands when they're shaking with frustration?

When scraping in the sand, who provides the inspiration?

And who whispers from outside when all seems desperation, "Seize the future..."

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