

Ghostpoet

"Liines"

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I keep on scribbling
In the spare room I'm living in
Body's here but I'm living in
Why do I keep wasting time

I keep on writing, writing
But them folk ain't biting, biting
Maybe the bait ain't juicy enough
So I'm switching, chucking spice in, add some flavor,
Up the heat, silly rhymes and three-time beats, yeah

But that ain't me - nah, nah, nah
It just ain't me
So like me or lie me
These are the words that just be true
Sending them out with love and faithfully,
Hopefully, they'll mean something to me cause...

Life is too short to store our grudges
Life is too long to make no plans, plans
I'm counting up time that I ain't using (1,2,3,4...)
I need a good use for all these lines, and lines, and
lines, and lines
And lines, and lines, and lines, and lines...

[repeat all]

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