

## **Ken Broke**

### **"Shirt Sleeve"**

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{\*scratched: "My love is audio"\*}

[Verse 1]

I love the half moon; it gives me something to look forward to  
It teaches me to wait upon the Lord before I move  
And I love the butterfly 'cause he used to walk the earth  
Gives me hope that one day I can spread my wings for what it's worth  
And I love the tortoise shell; it's a place to be alone  
And I love the porpoise tail 'cause it gets to sail the sea  
And, yo, I love the sea; it's bigger than my ego  
And it swallows me completely like the canyon eats the echo  
And, yo, I love the metro, it brings us all together  
With a popper in the windshield they mince words for the better  
And maybe I like cheddar but I like to call it blessings  
Cause it's got nothing to do with what I drive or how I'm dressin'  
And I love a broken pot; it's probably learned a lesson  
But it wants to keep us guessing so we'll learn it on our own  
And I love a good book cause you can look into the author  
Like a cup is just a place to pour the solstice of the potter  
I love a rocking chair; it makes me feel old fashioned  
Like a can of Daper Dan when I'm asking "How's my hair?"  
And, yo, I love a mirror 'cause it always tells the truth  
But it's got nothing to say about the soul inside of you  
I love the ink black eyes of a cow because they're quiet  
And I wonder if there's thinkin' between the blinkin' of the eyelids  
And, yo, I love the water as it peaks into a whitecap  
And slaps against the shore as if to say "I'm goin back"  
And I love a quiet night, eating pizza with my wife  
Cause It proves we love each other more than life, word up  
I love Osama Bin Laden 'cause he was made in God's

image

And no matter what he does we're called to love him  
just the same

And it's a shame we can't see it, how to put our faith in  
practice

Like a palette full of paints who never gets to press the  
canvas

I love the whippoorwill 'cause it likes to sing the blues  
And laments up on the fence about the choices that we  
choose

So I bought a clay myrtle 'cause I thought it made me  
happy

But I learned that being happy's something more than  
just a tree

It's family and future and obedience to my maker  
And sometimes writing dope rhymes that skip across  
the fader

[Chorus] X 2

Yo, I'm a sensitive man; I wear my heart on my sleeve  
And these are just a few of my favorite things  
So I invite you to see what it means to be me  
But only ask that you walk lightly when you step in my  
dreams

[Verse 2]

Yo, I love J-Treds; he always sticks the landing  
And he taught me that the clever seldom ever get  
respect  
And I love catchin' rec with my crew outside of Denny's  
'cause their words are good food when my tank is  
feelin' empty

I love the milk crate, the beat break library  
Where the weary lay their burdens down on wax for  
heads to carry

And I love it when you barely catch the clutch before it  
tarries

Off the topic that cypher said, for sure, would set you  
free

I love my baggy jeans, hangin below my hips  
Cause they represent pop sentiment and how I never fit  
I love the record skip cause life is never perfect  
And reminds me that summit makes the climb worth it  
Love 30 bar verses, kids that rhyme with purpose  
Being nervous before a show, knowin' you haven't  
rehearsed

The local record shop that stocks independent hip-hop  
And hits me on the celly when the latest jem drops

I love piano drops, jazz loops, and rim shots  
Its samples in hip-hop that make my heart beat stop  
I bought an 840 to pull my passion down on Zip disc

Exchanging french kisses with my mic to show my  
interest  
But life is not a wish list, it's better to give than get gifts  
So I wish for everybody all that you're in love with

[Chorus] X 3

[Verse 3]

I love Your name cause it's the highest and nobody can  
deny it  
Rip the flyest title, takin' false gods and beat biters  
I love the wall writers; sprayed your peace before we hit  
it  
Sent end to end burners back to the lab for more  
revision  
Love the records that You're spinnin', music for  
righteous livin'  
Got the tightest turntablist itchin' to feel your scratchin'  
I love Your foot action; break your body, save us all  
You were the first b-boy before these toys could even  
crawl  
I love Your "yes ya'll"s, "don't stop"s, and breaking  
dawns  
It's Your same stage presence, when You call, heads  
respond  
Love Your patience: it's long, salvation cause it's my  
song  
Your passion for Your people cause Your mercy's never  
gone  
I'm a sensitive man, I wear my heart on my sleeve  
Hard rocks break before the body that bleeds  
Cause I love You  
I love You

[Chorus variations until end]

Deepspace 5 team  
Syntax the Terrific  
Love God, your neighbor  
Then love yourself

{\*scratched: "My love is audio"\*}

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