

Publicerad 2010-11-04 16:23 av Johan Lazer

Small-timer nebula

nostalgic look took
back rockstars bending over guitarrs
in an explosion of light
colors of nebula
dying stars
to the inner isles of sight
ones colors revealed indeed
as he stole the coke and smoked the dope
staggering debts to dirty scales
a little lady snitch and an o.d.
three years down under the apex
of what I dream and will to be
you is a doctor that diagnose only what's on yer mind
never taking care of real business
going at it like a punk thinking
"I'ma fucking smile"
making 'em calm n' all that
so they don't go rapidly, happily sniffing were ye once sat
speed is time, running late
luck used up, ran out of risks to insufflate
grenades, goldchains and guns
fencing goods in pawn shops, damn deal done
harsh times and I'm a small timer
perhaps be doing time but for now hash is some peace of mind
go figure! born star, die a rhymer

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Johan Lazer med Poeter.se id #22144 innehar upphovsrätten