

Publicerad 2008-11-26 05:06 av Korpral Kavalkad

Confessions of a Pauper King

Sitting at the edge of the pavement picking belly button lint
feeling stealing attentions of passersby when they buy
false promises from my nemesis moral and mortal
enemies of life in various forms and shapes
creating propaganda bombs and provocative tapes

I get up on my own three feet under
digging my way to the surface emerging covered in mud
beginning to scratch the surface of buying me a shot that goes dud
taunting flaunting my poverty as progressive anarchy
showing blowing the fans away
time to go another way? 'kay!

listening to the amazing lyrics of Saul Williams
beginning to uncover the What I'll Be's and What I Am's
cause just like him I was left at the scene of the rhyme
and they're making this up to be about my so called crime
clothing torn and tattered like it ever truly mattered
second hand garage band grand stand

calling me J-bone trying to figure out my way back home
oh, I wish I had some Sage Francis in me
not physical, but lyrical, but cyclical
if I am then I am, but will I ever truly be
anything else than a Pauper King searching for my Bandit Queen
Looptroopin' my way to freedom like any other Has Been
So don't go hater on this player not mayor of hobo town
playin' in this crazy merry go round

so I got my crew of look-a-likes not taking hikes
riding bikes cause they use up less gas
the energy equivalent to the mass
being freaky leaky dripping down the side of what I can
a funky junky pushing slinkies down the stair
hippies covered in lots of facial hair

now give me twenty bucks and be on your merry way
I'll take it and buy drugs and booze, hey
you think that's me and all I'll ever be

is another penniless writer trying to score chicks for free

but nothing is for free in this messed up world

you have to work to be somebody, at least that's what I heard

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Korpral Kavalkad med Poeter.se id #16923 innehar upphovsrätten