Carousel

Kyprios

1977 I arrived a heavenly present
The old man didnt want me
Five boys before me five mouths to feed
No sleep stressed out
I guess the old boy changed
Instead of giving me up
He done gave me his name
David J little Day
They use to call me Baby Day
But my brother couldn't say it
So they called me Bayday
Hand me downs and beat downs, what...
Lippy little mother fucker gettin' tossed around
Lost and found childhood
I'm only learnin' now,
Life is like a carousel the way it turn around
[Chorus]Seems like a tail that I long to tell,
Jutebox quarter from the wishing well,
These are the days that I know so well,
Life keep turnin' like a carousel,
Yesterday has past me
I must let it go,
Be the lonely poet they call Kyprios
Yo, You remember when we use to play,
Hide and go seek,ya, and nicky nicky nine doors, hell ya,
We'd just like bang on the door and run the fuck out
Livin' weeks for the weekend,
Sneakin' out to meet friends,
Snowy day was holiday,
Fought with my pops so I had to run away,
A natural, sabadical, man I mean an actual,
Dramatic adic escape, now aint that radical,
Coz thats the way we use to talk,
Had a skate board so I never had to walk,

Tony Hawk with the grip tape,
And if that break, what a day, such a great mistake to have made,
Cus pops was the guy who had paid, sorry pop
[Chorus]Seems like a tail that I long to tell,

Jutebox quarter from the wishing well,
These are the days that I know so well,
Life keep turnin' like a carousel,
Yesterday has past me
I must let it go,
Be the lonely poet they call Kyprios
Life is short with the complex,
No map and no compass,
Lifes a bitch givin' bad sex,
She'll fuck you if she can and I'm only being honest,
See I've seen a turn around,
Of the carousel,
Had the bridge and burned it down,
Life is not a fairy tale,
How very well I know,
How rich can turn to poor,
I use to have money,
I don't have it any more,
Just an optimistic pesimist,
Glass half empty but its full of bliss,
Use to be half full of piss and pestulence,
Now I learned that ever of a ways a search for happiness,
[Chorus]Seems like a tail that I long to tell,
Jutebox quarter from the wishing well,
These are the days that I know so well,
Life keep turnin' like a carousel,
Life keep turnin' like a carousel,
Life keep turnin' like a carousel,
Yes the day has past me I must let it go,
And be the lonely poet they call Kyprios

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