

# Lily White Way

## Brian Vander Ark

I need inspiration, I'm so disconnected  
I look to the streets, but they're so disinfected  
I wish that I came from an edgier place  
With taxis and transients up in my face  
Where you write what you know and you know what you write  
Will be hailed as the second coming  
There's a buzz on the streets where you grew up homeless  
And begging for change  
Well, I'm begging for change  
Cause we're hung up on crosses and obeying bosses  
And there's no inspiration, just appreciation for  
Seventy and sunny and one for the money  
And two for the show on my lily white way  
There lives a black man, the seal has been broken  
And they marvel at how he's so very well spoken  
He must be a doctor or something productive  
His body let go, but his color seductive  
And all of the women, he's touching their lives  
While they're safe at home touching themselves  
And the men, they just love that there's something, anything happening at all  
Behind bedroom walls  
Cause they're hung up on crosses and obeying bosses  
And there's no inspiration, just appreciation for  
Seventy and sunny and one for the money  
And two for the show on my lily white way  
There's the sixties throwback who misses the Dead  
She's a liberal at heart but conservative in bed  
And she held out on Starbucks as long as she could  
But the mom and pop store in our neighborhood  
Well, the workers all look down their noses at her  
She'll go broke trying to please them with tips  
So she gets to the corporate run coffee shop early  
Where the smell of it hits  
Before it reaches her lips  
She's bearing the crosses of neighborhood losses  
And the uninspired and semi-retired  
She's seventy and sunny, but it's one for the money  
And two for the show on her lily white way  
We're hung up on crosses and old Pagan bosses  
And there's no inspiration, just appreciation for  
Seventy and sunny and one for the money  
And two for the show on my lily white way  
A little destruction makes way for construction  
The city expansion holds traffic for ransom  
And brand new brick buildings, of those I am certain  
Will leave our lives so much more sterile than urban  
And welcome the progress or be overrun  
Every third house a pool, every second a gun  
And on Saturday evenings the doors open wide  
It's a neighborhood waltz

That's the neighborhood pride  
And dresses disheveled from dances with devils  
Once hung up on crosses, now flipping off their bosses  
And everything is funny and it's one for the money  
And two for the show on their lily white way  
One night of living is Sunday forgiven  
All for the show on our lily white way  
I need inspiration, I'm so disconnected  
I look to the streets, but they're so disinfected

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