# 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 faceWhere 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 changeCause 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 wayThere 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 seductiveAnd 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 wallsCause 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 wayThere'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 neighborhoodWell, 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 lipsShe'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 wayWe'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 wayA 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 urbanAnd 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 prideAnd 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 wayOne night of living is Sunday forgiven
All for the show on our lily white wayI need inspiration, I'm so disconnected
I look to the streets, but they're so disinfected

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