

Loosley on My Mind

L.A. Salami

I was fine when I carried a knife.
When I was packing things felt safer at night.
It's not that I ever to fight
But I'd kill anyone who didn't look at me right. And despite my initial intentions
I was driven to prove my worth
And I had only planned to frighten
The Nigerian boy at first. So we followed him to his estate block
And the 3 of us followed him there
Where the flats around were silent
And no neighbours dared to care
So we then proceeded to beat him
Until he cried out in despair
And the pathetic sound he was making
Was just too much to bare
So I stabbed him in the leg And he bled
And he bled
And he bled And we were braver when
We ran and left him for dead. He was 10, I was near on 20
When fate done took his life
And all his blood lay loosely on my eye.
He was 10, I was near on 20
When fate done took this knife
And all I'd done lay loosely on my mind.
I was stronger now that I carried a knife
And I had greater concerns than wrong from right.
I had a status to uphold and money was tight
And the lawmen could never understand my plight. And at the sight of the silhouetted stranger
I had to take him for his change
And he had the nerve to fight me back
So I gave in to my rage. "This is for my missing father, And this is for my pain,
And this is for the life I'm leading,
I feel like I'm looked in a cage.
And this is just because I can,
To me it's all the same.
You were in the wrong place at the wrong time my friend
You've only yourself to blame.
There's a reason why you're dying," I said
"that I just can't explain. And if I have to, I'll do it all again." He looked about 18, I was 20
When fate done took his life

And all his blood lay loosely on my eye.
He looked about 18, I was 20
When fate done took this knife
And all I'd done lay loosely on my mind. I was invincible now that I carried a knife.
Any sensible man would avoid my sight.
I wasn't always looking to kill, but I just might.
Now I was the one to be feared at night. But despite all of my best efforts
To make sure the weaklings knew their place
I could see the lines of defiance
Forming on each face. So I'd beat them as often as I could
"And tell them that this is just a taste."
But despite their disgrace
It was no longer safe on the streets
As far as I could see. Because these weaklings began to carry knives
Because of me. They were 10 to their mid 20s
When fate done took his lives
And all their blood lay loosely on my eyes.
They were 10 to their mid 20s
When fate done took this knife
And all I'd done lay loosely on my mind.
And I was in my early 20s
When these weaklings took my life
And fate had paid it back to me in kind.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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