Placing The Blame

Self

Yesterday I met the postman
Bringing packages from England
I smiled as to not provoke him
Then asked "What's up with the gun, man?"
Its been so hot in here for days
The ice creams melting
Given the means and the ways
The sex is helping
I lost directions to the microwaving meals
And my Captain & Tenelle"Now I try to keep my head above my shoes
Especially in front of new wave Hair-Do's"
A dying man said to me
With his dead lips
Selling crack in Eubonics
As not to offend or annoy
Or strike a bad note
As not to damage or destroy
Or say a bad word
I gave directions to the nearest Coffee Shop
So maybe he'd stop, so maybe he'd stopWake up World it's time to go
'Cause this life can bring you down, so down
Wake up World it's time to go
And turn around the opposite wayAre you man enough to take the blame for this
-repeat-

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