

Back in N.Y.C.

Genesis

No-one seems to take up the chase, and with the familiar faces fresh in his mind he moves into a reconstruction of his old life, above ground - Too much time was one thing he didn't need, so he used to cut through it with a little speed. He was better off dead, than slow in the head. His momma and poppa had taken a ride on his back, so he left very quickly to join The Pack.

I see faces and traces of home back in New York City -
So you think I'm a tough kid? Is that what you heard?
Well I like to see some action and it gets into my blood.
The call me the trail blazer - Rael - electric razor
I'm the pitcher in the chain gang, we don't believe in pain
'Cause we're only as strong, yes we're only as strong,
As the weakest link in the chain.

Only after a spell in Pontiac reformatory was he given any respect in the gang.

Let me out of Pontiac when I was just seventeen,
I had to get it out of me, if you know what I mean, what I mean.

You say I must be crazy, 'cause I don't care who I hit, who I hit.
But I know it's me that's hitting out and I'm, I'm not full of shit.
I don't care who I hurt, I don't care who I do wrong.
This is your mess I'm stuck in, I really don't belong.
When I take out my bottle, filled up high with gasoline,
You can tell by the night fires where Rael has been, has been.

Now, walking back home after a raid, he was cuddling a sleeping porcupine.
That night he pictured the removal of his hairy heart and to the accompaniment of very romantic music he watched it being shaved smooth by an anonymous stainless steel razor.

As I cuddled the porcupine
He said I had none to blame, but me.
Held my heart, deep in hair,
Time to shave, shave it off, it off.
No time for romantic escape,
When your fluffy heart is ready for rape. No!

Off we go...

Your sitting in your comfort you don't believe I'm real,
You cannot buy protection from the way that I feel.
Your progressive hypocrites hand out their trash,
But it was mine in the first place, so I'll burn it to ash.
And I've tasted all the strongest meats,
And laid them down in coloured sheets (laid them down in coloured
Sheets).
Who needs illusion of love and affection
When you're out walking the streets with your mainline connection?
Connection.

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