Oh, There's Legwork

None More Black

I don't belong, singing these anthems. This fever is cunning. Deadly, it's running straight for the exit, detoured through my veins. Telling me to "Get the Fuck OUt". I don't recall how it all started. I tripped on a bass line. Now my guitar screams loud about living, loud about love, loud about loathing myself. When all is said and done. When all we've said, we've done.

I've howled at the moon. Been sick by the sunrise. I've taken abuse from those who have no right conducting the violins playing my song. Thee things that I choose require opinion. Demand satisfaction and commercial reaction. I'll just keep on moving losing every thread. Tied to the place I call home.

We are the brand new beatniks. We are the down and outers. We are the bleeding hearts, bleeding syncopated, broken rythm. Our speed is often break neck. Just need to slow it down some. Tired of being sleepless. Tired of being broken.

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