Man Looks On the Outside

Shakhan

Friends why am I full of words that need to be born.
Yet when I squeeze the pen they come out deformed.
I do really love books even though Ive been on the borderline.
Thinking whether to stab that dictionary through the spine and let
it bleed its black blood.
Sorry my dear friend Ive forgotten your unusual name.
Its just slipped off my tongue Ill try and find it again.
I know your name's written right at the top of your dusty file the
question is which part of the brain where in what aisle?
Oh if I could I would yes take your file down.
I have been questioned by intellectuals putting me in the dock.
Yet in their head they locked me in a wooden box.
Who cares if when they go to the library they take a small cart.
Dont be a pseudo intellectual thats got no heart.
I know its time for them to change the way they think.Man looks on the outside but my G-d looks at the heart.
Man looks on the outside but my G-d looks at the heart.

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