

# Comatose

## P.M. Dawn

Pas quand j'etais une femme solitaire, j'ai puieppe  
Oh, never mind me, man, Im just rhyming here  
Its an old one that no one knows anyways  
Thats the way it goes  
Kisses directions through my mind every time  
Guess he likes to collect blue hickies, I dunno  
I remain the same, comatose anyways  
So whateverAsk me that question again  
Who am I? What am I?  
Look at my face, the eyes dont lie  
If I was with a smooth tongue used for fun  
Id take a look at myself and ask myself why I got a thread  
A thread that Im holding on for Sandy  
My minds taking things that are going on  
Close to the soul and actually steppin on  
These people are doing wrong  
The list can go on and on for agesTangled up through mazes  
As lost as a meal thats pushed to a panther  
I keep my eyes on those who pass by  
They look to P.M. Dawn the quest for the answer  
Mercy mercy me till I see  
The end of the human race is grand prix  
Mr. Red knows I pose a threat  
Yeah, Id like to see him sweatDr. Vibe tends to get hypnotic  
Reality thinks the prince be is erotic  
The magic wand seems to be misplaced  
I cant see it if its covered in lace  
The best way to keep your word is not to give it  
I dont make promises 'cause promises die  
But those who use hate just wont participate  
So thats why I choose to use my eyes  
And stay comatoseYeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah ooYeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah ooA positive and negative impression on your brain  
Whatever remains, whatever stays the same

Results from an inside view or perspective  
Other than that persona snaps under strain  
But what remains to be seen is  
How you chose to use your time  
And still the point blank calculations unclear  
Of whether your text can catch these lines Or toss 'em to the side so you cant realize  
Illusion only lasts until the scene is through  
Approachin this scenario, what would you do?  
Lose your noodle or try some voodoo  
Accept defeat then whats the next phase  
Rely on the brave, rely on the copious  
The secret of any victory lies  
In the organization of the non-obvious in a comatose Yeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah oo Yeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah oo So they tell me a lie to keep my head straight  
But view sets the fronts like an unseen crime  
I like to watch a watcher close and see what they might take  
A tick from a tock, a line from a rhyme  
A leaf off an elm, a move might yell bold  
An unseen realm or what that realm holds  
Is nothing, nothing that makes sense  
They walk with small talk And I watch the consequence swell up  
And overflow into a large brook  
Maybe its the undertow of what the tide took  
The put together scenes, make it all seem clean  
A pacified pictures, the life-fiend dream  
Till its tried by the spies thats when they realize  
The rose aint red and the violets aint blue  
But those that are swift will pin point the trip  
And everybody elsell think its deja vu  
Except the comatose Yeah oo yeah  
Yeah oo yeah  
Yeah oo yeah  
Yeah oo yeah Yeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah oo  
Yeah oo Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah Yeah  
Yeah

Yeah  
YeahYeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
YeahYeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
YeahYeah  
Yeah

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