Comatose

P.M. Dawn

Pas quand jetais une femme solitaire, jai 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 linesOr 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 comatoseYeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah ooYeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah ooSo 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 talkAnd 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 comatoseYeah oo yeah
Yeah oo yeah
Yeah oo yeah
Yeah oo yeahYeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah oo
Yeah ooYeah
Yeah
Yeah
YeahYeah
Yeah

Yeah
YeahYeah
Yeah
Yeah
YeahYeah
Yeah
Yeah
YeahYeah
Yeah

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