

Life Is A Loom

Outlandish

Sometimes you should just leave it to God
'Coz in one way or another we all puppets in this game
It's like life's a loom and the threads are the days
And only God decides when to cut
Even though the job's unfinished we're all by his mercy You know I can recall when pops left home
He used to write us twice a year we didn't have a phone
I grew up on my own my mama cried often
I mean he didn't even show up when she passed away She had a heart attack 'cause they said he got married
again
Cut all ties with us 'cause he had a new family and friends
So I was expected to step up to be a man
Quit school get a job you know just be there for my fam' You see I'm nothing like my pops I see my woman
twice a year
And one day I'll bring her and my kid up here
You see that picture there, that's our wedding she was 21
Ain't she pretty and my first born was a son
And now she's pregnant again Thank you
And if it's a girl I'll name her Fatima, give her the world
You see my friend life is a loom so you keep smiling like me
Oh is this where you get off?
25 bugs please Life is a loom
The threads are the days
God decides when to cut them
Even though the work ain't done Life is a loom
The threads are the days
God decides when to cut them
Even though the work ain't done Vamos! gente vamos pronto
Esta lleno el aeropuerto
Todo esta difuso
Tengo un sentimiento incierto Es el da de su regreso
Ha estado encarcelado
Tiene un temperamento!
Y atencin yo no le he dado Tuvo unos problemas
Nadie me ha contado
Nunca supe yo que mis palabras
Le han faltado Ahora s s la importancia de ser padre
El mo para m fue un cobarde
Pero eso es punto aparte
Lo primero ser un abrazo Una lagrima, coraje y alegria

Un grito muy oculto
Remordimiento y agonaLife is a loom
The threads are the days
God decides when to cut them
Even though the work ain't doneLife is a loom
The threads are the days
God decides when to cut them
Even though the work ain't doneShu, I ain't going for the American dream, it's too fucking far
Can't swim across the Atlantic too many sharks
Put me down for the Euro instead
I'ma walk the Mediterranean and que pasa in SpainDon't give me that weird look hombre, I got my passport
Name Chris, born Swiss in 1944 sport
Ain't no telling what I'll do just to get up north
I'm tired of watching them young guns come home building them floorsRolling fast cars, but why?
On our streets there's no asphalt!
I'm stuck here, stressed trying to open this door
They'd be cash money, bling-bling in front of my boysPlaya hating? Ya damn right
I hate these mo'fuckers
Act like their lives' like glamor and shit
Flash their visa
While my city struggle like GazaI dream too about looking nice when I cross the border
They come back on a sunny day and tell my mama, "I told ya"
Who said anything about illegal gots to be dirty
Affirmative action, next year, a wife and a mansionBelieve in the moment and you will be here with me
Here with me if God's willing
You know it

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>