Looking for Gabbio

Grim Skunk

In a bone dry shack
Down on Oceanside
Drive where the boredom fools urban people insideThe thrill of the hunt on the glowing tube
A gang of deadbeats blow a last dubeIts a hardluck life, a skid row ride
And we'll be working the strip till after high tideHe's a 2-bit man in a 3-piece suit
Sucking money from a straw
Like nectar from a fruitIt's outrageous looking for Gabbio
It's contagious making plans to go looking for GabbioHard times and the street is what he knows
Gabby is a soldier living in the ghettoIn a rubbish heap, want food to eat
Anything goes when you livin on da streetGun shots make other youth fall
Feel you're bad but you can't kill dem allThrough tribulation he still stand tall
Gabby know soon will be the final callHacking a taxi brings a tear to an eye
Of who wanted it all but now needs to get highDown on the corner in a bridesmaid's gown
Shattered and shivering and going to town to see this...Salt stained shirt, leather pants & a tie
Sunbleached hair and a bottle of ryeBut we got cheaper and better from a guy I know
That's why I'm making plans to goLooking for Gabbio

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