

This Is Not a Home

Mr. J. Medeiros

Sipping a scummy pint
Money is tight
Clumsy is night
High dunk types skunking the lights
Funny they fight for no cause
Only to hide in those bars
And scoff from their L.A. lofts at smoke laws
Fashion friendly the the act of trendy
Laugh past you then master the craft of envy
The Pabst half empty
That or an M.G.D.
Have an mp3 on me
Now invent me
Blog writers turn snob drivers for ad space
A cog for hire
The admires of fast pace business
Infiltrate to earn the pass
So now the privileged can imitate the working class
And get they street cred
Tradder Joes and wheat bread
Catering their nose on the weekend
See them on the deep end
In the neon the city sleeps in
And me just another pee on
Man meet me where the leash ends I need to find a home
I'm looking for a home
I'm thinking of a home
I'm dreaming of a home
The people need a home
A man who needs a home
A woman and a home
Cus when the lights go off
And the show has been played
And you've got nothing but the smell of smoke to your name
And a mirror that you look at
Feeling the hook for every chance you took
You need to look back
Searching for a home Lovers of apathy and irony
These Iron Sheiks lining the streets

Designer cheap blind eyeing me
Lying asleep how they be finding me
Relying on the files I leak
Between the idols
The sheep seeking the style they keep
Needing a remedy
As Ceci N'est Pas Une Pipe
Feeds they identity
Evolve
They too self involved
Their too many
For you my two pennies on cool
For who the self dissolves
Felt resolve from a photograph
My father his guitar and a phonograph
A scholar in a bar with a foaming stash
Putting a dollar in your jar for the culture clash
Holding fast to a flash made memory
The past fades endlessly
They ask in their veins to remember me
Two vain eyes in a friendless sleep
Who will remain disguised in every senseless tweet I need to find a home
I'm looking for a home
I'm thinking of a home
I'm dreaming of a home
The people need a home
A man who needs a home
A woman and a home
Cuz when the lights go off
And the show has been played
And you've got nothing but the smell of smoke to your name
And a mirror that you look at
Feeling the hook for every chance you took
You need to look back It's getting even harder to find friends
Being without a car
Believing the bartend
Can see you for who you are in the end
A lost rapper
A Johnny Walker Black
A sox ball cap
A false rapture
Now tell me something honest offend me
Just tell me that I'm artless hem me
Tell me cuz I'm armless my mouth is harnessed
I'm out of promise

I'm harmless
My honor won't defend me
The dollar who lusts pop
It lends me a damaging trust
The Los Angeles bus stop is empty
I pass them they mask it friendly
The laughing the last one standing
We acting like we stand-ins
Tempt me
My testimony
I'm the moleskin I'm told in
The sentence that left me lonely
With nothing but a phone in my palm
I was something back home with mom I need to find a home
I'm looking for a home
I'm thinking of a home
I'm dreaming of a home
The people need a home
A man who needs a home
A woman and a home
Cus when the lights go off
And the show has been played
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And a mirror that you look at
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You need to look back
Searching for a home

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