55 Stories

Home Brew

The street lights in the night look like moths from here
watch my spit skydive pop the top off a beer and reminisce
on times when sky's were limitless and in the mist I wonder how
I ever got into this infinite twist
and in that day I get lost until i snap back were i left off.
My stressed boss and my desk job
my ex-god and my dead dog, this is the best of.
Life can F-off I'm sick of living like this
while pretty city-siders sit there sippin ciders.
55 stories high I sit in silence
considering what my shitty city life symbolises.
The sky sympathises with a lightning flash
that lights up the nice bright life I might have had.
As i look to Avondale see my old lady's pad
and memories of my childhood that made me mad
my old crazy dad with his brown paper bag
smacked up next door playin jazz.
Wishin I could take a plane out the sky and make it crash
lookin down at the world tryin to find a place to land
prayin I could take it back but I cant I'm no magician.
Just a wishin broke musician in this solar system of infinity.
And none of these stars have ever noticed me
this moon don't want to grow on me and listen to my poetry.
And I could shout top of my lungs but I bet though
the only thing I will hear back in an echo.
But maybe if I threw a rock then i get heard
or maybe I should tie that rock around my leg first
cuz nobody knows what i been through
on the edge of ledge like 3.2.1
just another life wasted.
but shit maybe they will notice me splattered on the pavement.
Amen.
The idea of having different characters to really get the story across
coming from one particular character
all the time makes to me the story boring.
Everything just flows better
when I have multiple characters to portray the story.walking through the night kicking puddles.
its half twelve but I cant tell dark clouds blacking all the stars out
deep down I'm feeling beat down

I haven't slept in a week now maybe I'm asleep now
the only thing I have eaten is that E I dropped
and the lemon from the tequila shot
tell myself I need to stop drinking as I take the lid off my hip flask
take a sip and wipe the whisky from my moustache.
limp past the loners in the strip bars on fort lane.
feeling jealous of the bums sleepin in the door ways
wish I had someone to sleep with
someone to be with
someone to share my twenty cent piece with.
instead I throw it to that dude with the harmonica
cuz when he tips his hat at me
I feel like he has acknowledged my existence
and that is how it is these days
gotta pay to get an eyebrow raise.
Shit.fuck a friend I would be happy to have an enemy
or just someone to bump into me accidently.
I step to the left they step to the right
and we could do that for the rest of our lives.
and I don't even recognise my own reflection
catch my eyes in the shop window but there aint no connection.
I guess that I anit even someone I trust
maybe I should run in front of a bus.
So I take my seat up in the bus lane
got my red pumas on so they can hide the blood stains.
Take my last sip of johnny walker
as I hear the bus coming from around the corner.
and I'm counting time ready to die
then out of no were someone drops out the sky.
Some guy tryin to fly 55 stories high
and he's heading right for me like I'm the bulls eye.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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