

#1

Rehab

All I ever wanted
Was to be excited
About right now-
We all wanna be number one.

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When I said goodbye she had a tear in her eye
I'm like mamma don't cry your little boy gotta fly
They say up in N.Y.
That's where it's goin' down
And I'ma have a million dollars
When I get back in town
She said, "You're just goin' through a phase
Can't this be a hobby?"
I said, "My friends say I'm dope, even Charlie and Robbie."
We said our goodbyes and I boarded the plane
I was lookin' out the window at the wings
As it rained.
We taxied to the runway
I could hear the engines howlin'
Threw a prayer up in the air
Felt the wheels leave the ground
The buildings and the cars and the towns
Were small as ants
I was destined for the unknown
Just lookin' for a chance.

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Landed at LaGuardia
I grabbed my bags and stepped
Into the cold, the snow was falling
I lit a cigarette
There was a million yellow taxis
Everybody seemed upset
A rugged voice from behind me
Asked me, "Where you tryin' to get?"
I said, "The closest motel,
But no tellin tomorrow."
Said, "You must be from Atlanta"
I said, "Georgia, how did you know?"
"I could tell by your accent
That you were from the South."
Threw my luggage in the truck and said,
"Get in," and we pulled out
Into the sirens and the honkin' horns
The hustle and the bustle
And the traffic and that's when he said,
"Welcome to the jungle."
I looked up at all the buildings until we got to the Mo-
Before I left he said, " Hope you find
What you're lookin' for."

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Then a 19 yr old kid
In a motel room in New York
Dug his cellie out his pocket
Called his parents to report
He was alive and doin well and doin fine
When he got off the phone
He sat down on the corner of the bed

All alone

With the TV on the volume muted
Grabbed his pen and pad
And jotted down ideas about some things
That he wanted so bad
That he would risk it all to get 'em
And it wasn't very long
He was asleep and right beside him
lay the lyrics to a song called

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