

Waterlines

Why?

I'm something unheard and bound under harbor sound,
but my words are heard loud when I'm on the mound.
And with the vocal duress of a lone thrush in a bush,
that's a quote from a book of my local press push.

The doctor of ramble and word scramble,
from the land of proctor and gamble and cop scandals.
Rocking soccer socks in sandals like yeah bro,
Talking crude a tad too verbose and way too close.

I'm colder than most,
older than the youth.
Always under oath
and sober in the booth.
One man's filth is another man's truth.
Big mouth filled with one long tooth.

Do you all?
When you find yourselves in your late twenties, wanna make money.
Do you all?
When you find yourselves with three tens you'd gladly ante on the wind.

The crucibles proof and fire fused, poof,
with the liars view under my skirt up. Dude,
You wanna peruse the tattoos you heard word of?
Any excuse I can use to move my shirt off.
Girls used the fawn over my locks to kill.
Now the girls are gone and I'm on minoxidil.
I'm in decline but women like be jocking still
cause I rhyme with skill and talk so chill and youthful.
Bird dog in the mating yard to be truthful.
Quake 89 trading cards with me tubes
so three white felt gloves are crucial.
Yes the one left one right one neutral.

Do you all?
When you find yourselves on stage running for fame wanting.
Do you all?
When you find yourselves well known, you learn you're only more alone.

I can't sleep in rental cars or airlines, yo
and so I keep a deck of cards for down time.
The road and other solo christmas and valentines.
No it's not the hobo's wish list i had in mind.
Then when I'm free off a mission
I'm sorta like filled with ennui, indecision, and more strife.
Life long bouts with depression, lone fights.
Down in the town unheaven, I'm fine in time, though.
Standing with the will to start a bike up hill with pride.
Ringing the bell and riding straight outta hell.
But waterlines fine like ink from porcupine's quills
are etched beneath my skull, but that's all.

Do you all?
When you find yourselves in the late morning come awake yearning?
Do you all?
When you find yourselves amongst friends attempt to blend in with the men?

I'd prefer to be some unknown with a sports car,
than pen the dump pun poems as a poor star.
You wanna just come home through the courtyard
your son run to greet you with the perfect report card.

Lyrics submitted by adamsmith.

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