

WP

Matisyahu

slap me Jack, we sat down in the back of the class
to seize knowledge we don't need, I forgot my late pass
but I'm early to a rival beatbox, you got raps?
meet me on the football field, don't sleep on field, the quarterback
no one clapped when we locked in, it was removal of our class
but my flag got captured and I fell between the cracks
my tool for inspiration turned into a handicap
no matter how I tried, I just couldn't fill the gaps
those whipper snappers, they got trapped old chap
they lost the way, they never had the right map
needed a sneak attack to slap the demons off my back
so I packed for the shtetl dreamed big I wouldn't settle
put the pedal to the metal and returned to fundamentals
I'll never forget running through the hall with all y'all rebels
roaming through the Highlands, young bucks invincible
echoes in my brain. if kids report to the principlesubstance dulls the mind
traife wine clouds the heart
you can't sew a stitch with one hand
While you're taking it apart
bright lights might look nice
but they sure won't make you sharp
you can't sew a stitch with one hand
While you're taking it apartyeah, misty morning and my mum's a mess
to make matters worse dog my pops is stressed
life is a test, make the grade or catch an F
now death is all that's left to ponder
I wander off hoping to catch my breath
and hold it, mold my memories from untold scripts
and roll up in a tornado twist, now I'm certain
there's a pertinent reason I'm on this earth
seasons change in white plains, but we remain alert
when new school years appear, fools fear for a failure
and crawl away in tears
I play Popeye the Sailor and stay with spinach
we walk the halls with a grimace
yeah they gossip in groups
I try to mind my business and tell the truth
for instance, I listen, see it all with basketball court vision
ignoring ignorance in fields of fiction

we lean back in the calmest position
and embrace the honesty found within our tension
what's good? substance dulls the mind
traife wine clouds the heart
you can't sew a stitch with one hand
While you're taking it apart
bright lights make you blind
but they sure don't leave you sharp
you can't sew a stitch with one hand
While you're taking it apart
trapped in the elevator of your mind
is it real, what will you find behind the door
your imaginations put you in a bind
around you there's a cloud of gloom
swallow the key, lock yourself in a room
can't see outside of your Universe
no more war, there won't be anymore hunger
no jealousy, not even competition
let go, release, you hold the keys
time we evaporate into the breeze
we are nothing, we are something
let go, release, you hold the keys
it's time we evaporate into the breeze
we are nothing, we'll be something
welcome to the desert of my soul
you can stay if you like
there's room for one more
there's room for one more

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