Michigan Left

Arkells

Driving to work, I had the radio on,
Only to hear Curtis Granderson's gone.
Reminders they come in empty lots,
67' took these city blocks.
Can we meet in the middle?
Can I turn you around?
Let's talk a little and we can go downtown.
Decorations won't be wated,
I'll be taking any beauty I see
And I'll try to give it to ya.
Let's not hear that story again,
One that's drilled in to our heads.
I'll hold dear neighbours and friends,
Who hold dear ideas of dissent.
I was confused the day that we met,
All I kept hearing was "Michigan Left".
Those old nicknames, they don't make any sense
He said let me explain...

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