

Angel Hair

Omar A. Rodriguez-Lopez

Angel hair, floating over there
Well, you think I don't see?
I see clear through
I see little fishes in my sea, little sea
All the birds have turned to hawks in me
Living vicariously, you are 3
Stick your sickness inside my line up
And take your orders well done, says the one
And only you've left them all behind
Alone needing more floor hours of
You take your punishment well, swallow it
Just steal, stinking up from behind
Show me the way to the white
Bow to my people real
Shut, wide eyes, wide legs, shut, shut, shut
So you see, little sea, try to get me
You think I don't see, I see clear through
Stick your sickness, line up, take orders, well, line up
You think I don't see, I see clear through
Stick your sickness inside my line up
I don't bleed your state of mind

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