

The Outskirts

Buck 65

Young and attractive. Quote-unquote "old soul". Down in a cold hole. Playing my controlled role The world is mine, good and bad. I never sleep. Odd charms Fire trucks and squad cars. Struggling in god's arms. Tempted and restless. Blood in my arteries. Floods in the armories. Drugs are a part of me. Circus and fun time. The surface is sunshine. Brush your teeth. Stunned police. So much darkness underneath. Parties and funerals. Nurseries and graveyards. Lotteries and robberies. An old couple plays cards. Company and visitors. A frequent surprise on Weekends. A sequence of secrets and lies. Oddities and prodigies. Fireworks and parades bore me. Same story. All my decisions are made for me. Reading from loose leaf. Misleading. Seduce me, I'm so full of love I'm bleeding profusely...

Concrete and steel. I remember these drums. A chill in the air. In September she comes. Pretty and sad. Trying not to cry. Trying not cry. So pretty and so sad. (repeat)

These are my telephone poles, my dark trenches, My broken windows, my park benches. Raccoons and back rooms. Giants and small childrens. Glittering traffic. The outlines of tall buildings. Still, in self defense I kill, yes I will. They make me do things against my will. Some make fun of what I wear, they cut my hair. Goblins and problems - I got my share. And I bitch and complain. I admit that it's strange. Parts of myself that I wish I could change. Insecurities and complexes. X's for marking spots. Complicated beauty of abandoned buildings and parking lots. Sparking thoughts and impulses. Rebellion and upheaval. Tribal. Indescribable pleasure and such evil. Review the proof - crime is going through the roof. Accuse the youth. You'd puke if you knew the truth.

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