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I used to walk down the streets on my way to school
Grinding my teeth to a rhythm invisible
I used my feet to crush dead leaves like they had fallen from trees
Just for me
Just to be crash cymbals
In class I'd pass the time
Drawing a slash for every time the second hand went by
A group of five
Done twelve times was a minute
Shameika said I had potential
I used to march down the windy, windy sidewalks
Slapping my leg with a riding crop
Thinking it made me come off so tough
I didn't smile, because a smile always seemed rehearsed
I wasn't afraid of the bullies, and that just made the bullies worse
In class I'd pass the time
Drawing a slash for every time the second hand went by
A group of five
Done twelve times was a minute
But
Shameika said I had potential
Hurricane Gloria in excelsis deo, that's my bird in my tree
My dog and my man and my music is my holy trinity
Hurricane Gloria in excelsis deo, that's my bird in my tree
My dog and my man and my music is my holy trinity
Tony told me he'd describe me as pissed off, funny and warm
Sebastian said, I'm "a good man in a storm"
Back then I didn't know what potential meant and
Shameika wasn't gentle and she wasn't my friend
But she got through to me and I'll never see her again
She got through to me and I'll never see her again
I'm pissed off, funny and warm
I'm a good man in a storm
And when the fall is torrential, I'll recall
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