

I SIT HERE EVERYDAY, WATCHIN' YOU RUSH AWAY
I WRITE DOWN WHAT YOU WEAR
WORDS IN PROSE OF SKIRTS AND SUITS
IN BLUES AND GREYS, SUCH BAD TASTE
YOUR RUNNIN' WHEN IT RAINS,
TOO LATE TO CATCH THE TRAIN
THE WORK JUST HAS TO WAIT
MOST OF YOU I'VE LEARNED TO RECOGNIZE BY SIGHT
AS YOU WALK BY
I WRITE IT DOWN IN RHYMES ABOUT YOUR BUSY LIVES
INVISIBLE TO YOU, A MIRROR OF THE EDGES OF SOCIETY
RICH IN POVERTY
I'M THE OUTSIDER, THE OBSERVER
THE OUTCAST, THE WORD CONSERVER
I'M INSPIRED BY THE STREETS
SOME DAY IT WILL BE IN MY BIOGRAFFITI
I'M JUST RECITIN' MY STREET POETRY
MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME
I'M JUST RECITIN' MY STREET POETRY
MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME
NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME
THAT GUY HAS GOT A MORTGAGE
AND CHILDREN, BET THEY'RE GORGEOUS
BUT AS I READ HIS EYES I KNOW HE'S UNHAPPY
WITH HIS GREEDY WIFE AND HIS DAILY LIFE
I'VE SEEN THE GREY MASSES, SLAVES TO HIGHER CLASSES
SOMEDAY SOMEWHERE SOMEHOW
SOMEONE WILL RELEASE MY BOOK OF POETRY
OR AT LEAST A PIECE
I'M THE OUTSIDER, THE OBSERVER
THE OUTCAST, THE WORD CONSERVER
I'M INSPIRED BY THE STREETS
SOME DAY IT WILL BE IN MY BIOGRAFFITI
I'M JUST RECITIN' MY STREET POETRY
MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,
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MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME
NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME
RECITIN' MY STREET POETRY
I'M JUST A WRITER OF STREET POETRY
MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU
BUT IT'S EVERYTHING TO ME