

Basketball

I Mother Earth

I'm barefoot, bristling
Solitude
On my rooftop, solid
So like this come of stars
Staring at me
Who's out there?
I can see the girl
Across the way
She can't see me
And I touch myself
With just a little bit of confusion
But I'm all alone
And that's all that matters

It's the chance
I'm taking
It's the danger I like

Within this
Euphoric kind of feeling
It's just a sex high
There ain't no waterfalls
There ain't no grassy grass here
Just a casual nod
And basketball
I don't mind
Cause I'm still alive

All thoughts and feelings
Under my ceiling

This city
Hangs a sensual tension
This city
Screams for more affection
Hitting it from all directions
Just a kid
With the past of a grown man

Sold my sex
In public places
To junked out fags
With yellow eyes
Running
For their Times Square lives
Hit the river, swim in shit
But never
Tried to open my eyes
In the dark
I see dead young faces
Fix me up
And keep your Zen