

As the sound bounds in the street
And you settle down to your back seat
And the movement seems to be

.....

And all the jokes that you use to poke
At all the dopes you were once seen with

And every word that you had ??
Was looking up to you for a reason
And you joke at all the words that you spoke
And you say hey man I was only teasing
And the rhyme is no longer in time
And all the words are not the words you been needin'

Well your not alone, you can feel right at home
You've been fully wronged, into position
Its the nature of the race, in an old type of place ??
Cause they'll spit in your face in their conditioned

And now you think to yourself, what is left for tomorrow
And it seems kinda strange, there's nothing left to gain
And nothing left to borrow
And the mistake your about to make
Will be the final take of your sorrow