

Little Kids

P.O.S.

Now baby get up out that water,
Cuz every castle in the sand's bout to falter,
It's like the Rock of Gibraltar,
Another sheep selfishly sent to the slaughter, holler,

(It's gonna be one of those songs,)
He lives like an audition,
He skipped his intuition,
Living like a nerve, on feelings and superstitions,
He swerves through classes and curves through lasses,
And passes a million dirty looks, he shuffles books,
His every moment is staged, He feels he's plagued with this playwright,
Who fails to give this character some insight,
Oh, and every time he gets the cue to speak his mind,
Enter stage left, an understudy steps on his lines,
Not a word, spoke, he goes unheard,
Is this a joke? His melodrama's now the theater bout the absurd,
It seems his author serendipities the music, comedy, drama,
Weathered and haggardly enters the muse in tragedy, cool,
Change his script, and change the block, and change roles,
Pulls the gun from his bag and gets to cockin',
Pulls the trigger at the kids who kept him as an outsider,
Turns that shit on himself, so he can finally meet his writer,
Little kids, ok,

Little kid walks out in the street,
Man behind the wheel looks for change under the seat,
Little girl belly hurt, she holds strong,
Woman gives up hope, says it's been too long,
Peace, love, unity, respect,
Parties over, dancin' with a needle in his neck,
Bright eyes, they be dark when dad comes home,
Pretends to count sheep so that she'll be left alone,
She only did for money once or twice,
Said he learned the true meaning of Minnesota nights,
A? sea breeze fixed his head,
Mother shakes and screams, tries to wake the dead,
Little kids live on incomplete,
Little kids trip without the prospect of a beat,
Steady comin' down from a roll all wrong,
Little kids stay little kids cuz growin' up is gone,

She was always well dressed, well groomed, well known,
But she hid behind a canvas the second she got home,
She loved to paint, nothin' in particular,
Just blues and grays, that's how she felt throughout her days,
Her landscape was shaped by friends and hangers-on,
From boys to the push-up bras they pulled on,
But she was always very wary, cuz popularity's scary,
Especially when sincerity rarely comes in clearly,
To her it was all fake, mock life, mock friends,
She wanted to paint it white, and start again,
She wrote letters to her little brother and mother,
And packed up her stuff,
Then she ran like water colors,
Now, a little change in scenery never hurt nothin' but still-life,
But still, life's been everything but real for her right?

Without her crew, she's like, without a clue, so like,
She don't know who she's like, know what I mean?
She found a crew she likes, started up new,
But the only thing left of her is the paint on her jeans,
So she'll be gone soon

Little kid walks out in the street...

Now baby get up out that water...