

## Sheep

Us3

Walking, thinking, feeling, responding  
Uncovering and discovering new things about myself and  
this mad  
world around me  
Many philosophies, many tongues, many dialects and  
tones  
Different styles but wild is wild, calm is calm, but  
cool is  
mature  
Most cool cats are kids at heart  
Now there's business along with the art  
A chef with words, a chef with herbs, a chef with  
vegetables,  
soy products and bean curd  
Some look at my face and say you're quite absurd  
And I say why, 'cos I'm not down with the herd?  
Of the world I haven't seen much, but with the mind I  
escape the  
ghetto's clutch  
Loose cigarettes, ass bets on celo games, abandoned  
cars and  
colourful names on walls  
Suburb days were filled with sun rays and crooked cops  
who  
looked at me sideways  
Singin' that same old song, where ya from, 'cos round  
here you  
don't belong  
Long strolls unravel my soul like a scroll telling many  
stories  
untold  
But some look at my face and say you're quite absurd  
And I say why, 'cos I'm not down with the herd?  
I an' I light up the sky, who be the sun, to stir up  
your  
adrenaline like African drums  
Status quo, no. Along with the grain, no. I got my own  
flow  
Similar to none, dangerous like itchy fingers on guns,  
yet  
graceful like swans  
But there's a built in bomb  
Must defuse, must choose, right or wrong, win or lose  
Born to die, that's why I ask why is it so hard to get  
a piece  
of the pie  
Some look at my face and say you're quite absurd  
And I say why, 'cos I'm not down with the herd?