

Agans Craig, A Couple Ideas

The downstairs girls have alot to say
about the uptown boys that always get their way
There's a loner on the corner and a stoner on the border
A schizo who's two faces eyes show lots of empty spaces
Next to a workingman, who does intend
to make a stand in front of his dead end..
If anyone has got the nerve to try him..
The local columnist writes his word
he's flying the flag of all he calls absurd
and the body politic, of the town, is working thru a panic
to elect a clown..
And the never ever boy endeavours on a clever ploy
his motive like a locomotive, he'll go till there's nothing else for to
live
the tracks he's on end.. and he has got to walk..
It's just an idea that i'm tryin to say..
There's more than black and white that make up gray..
Nothin' won't move that's not in my way..
Can't you hear that train, cause it's comin'
It's a loud one..
This morning i poked myself in the eye
it wasn't the only reason i had to cry..
Someone i know is quite misleading, she doesn't go where she's leading
Her present's no longer her past, she's still always first class..
Others i know, are all too clear
in making it well known that they've got nothing to fear
Except their boss, because, he can fire them..
The unqualified beggars' lifes gone up in smoke
now he finds it hard, to take a joke..
To the burning of fires and a squeeling of tires
a cutting of wires in a circle of liars
The law stretches far, to reach it's mark
and there's nowhere you can hide when it's after dark
and you're paranoid, you can never be alone..
It's just an idea that i'm tryin' to say
there's more than black and white that make up gray
There's nothin' won't move that's not in my way
can't you hear that train, cause it's comin',
it's a loud one..
A poet's been down, but now he's on the rise
on forbidden thoughts he will theorize
On a paradise lost, an exaggerated cost
A well shined gloss, and a summer frost
Flying like rockets thru writings in red
are the ghosts of great spirits, both alive and dead
Standing on the corner where the bricks are piled high
and the first floor windows touch the sky..
and looking up, there is nothing left to say..
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