

Apostle Of Hustle, A Rent Boy Goes Down

Shadows on the wall
Shadows in the depth of his face
Shadows taking everybody's place

Paris was a young man, he wore his hair up in a trick
He quit the house made of roses and rose flavored spit
Paris with a dagger on his mind and romance in his hand
Tough and hard, in the yard, now nothing but a stranger in a strange land

Socrates in swaying the youth away
Branches thick with heat and syrupy decay
Picks up a book commands him to read
"The part where he kisses him on the roof"
Breaking dawn, woe be gone, hit the dope
And hope they become pure and aloof

Paris glittering in the war forced to compete
They all tried to bully him, buy him, score it for cheap
Hungry boy, he's a wolf, falls down, and bricks a sheep
Says, "you're gold for a moment but gold
Isn't anything you can keep."