

Brian Kirk And The Jirks, Witness

Hey my brother are you free?
Shaking up the pages of my history
The waking hours before my eyes
Are shattered by illusions creeping, into lies
I walk along with ageless songs like something I could be
Can I get a "witness for me?
The letter writing, slowed me down
From the crowd this clown appears to wear a frown
Pulling teeth to tune it in
And rustle up enthusiasm from within
Hey ma, I have saved the human race from blind reality...
Can I get a witness for me
Trouble me cause it troubles you
The music in your mind a black expressive fortitude
Hesitate and I'll bleed some more
For my minds an open chest contents ravaged by the poor
I'll wait for you to take your view on how I ought to be
Can I...witness for me