

# Imani Coppola, Black&White Jingle #2

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Fuckin up

I know you're fuckin up

It happens to the best of us

So you can give it up let go,

Start again just because you can

I know it's a rainy day but sunshine comes from with in sunshine

After all we are just chickens who figured out how to fly

And we collide in the air

Too much traffic in the sky

You can't fly away

Your problems on the plane

Cause it likes to stay warm in the skin you're in

Underneath that stupid palm tree there's a stomach in your mind

And your pain is like a rock

That lays there waiting for some resolve