

La Rocca, Sketches (20 Something Life)

All i have's this journal that i write
sketches of a 20-something life
glory pieces shining on a page
boxing night of disappointing rage
legends never leave an ounce of flesh
colour fades a memory like death
i mistook with all the sense i had
words laid down in mornings' turning sad
left a window seat for who may pass
long to see a skirt or cotton blouse
inside of a womans' changing room
got invited back, gave opinion too
coloured queen a winters' night in a bath
can you feel this prose tease out a laugh
all i have's this journal that i write
sketches of a 20-something life
never got to see the mighty sands
settled for a back-row in the stands
many New Years Eves' i spent alone
shaking with the fear while crawling home
digging even deeper down for oil
to fuel the fires roaring in my soul
of course i wanted credit where its' due
i feel so very blessed to play with you
we get over everything it seems
wide awake while all around is dream
dig your Autumn taste and marriage needs
for half a piece of mind, i mined your peace
using every face i run into
take a seat and tell me something new
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maybe when we travel left of town
i could play the 20-something down
pretend i've won the lottery and sing
get into the mansion house and
bring, a bottle opened slowly at the door
added to the missing linos roar
didn't we go looking for the place
where all my inspirations wrote their face
telephone kept buzzing on the plane
filming what could never be again
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