

Slug, Keep Steppin'

(Verse 1)

It goes job after job after blow to the self value
He doesnt get along with powerful people
The mind is a box kept locked
Inside is the pride and the ego and he cant find the keyhole
Compensates with alcohol and hate
And contemplates whether or not he wants to be awake
Bounce around the words, all the nouns and verbs
But better late then never doesnt work for work
Cant hold employment, cant hold a girl
But he can hold a weapon and keep this whole world steppin
Another angry arrogant american
One frustrated step away from where you stand
Put your hands up for fear or fear itself
Or write it off as balances and cheques
Or take the sign out the window and change it to say you want to help
And maybe we can talk him into walking up these steps

(Chorus) {2X}

Keep looking up
Try to count them
How many left
Look em up
One at a time, until your out of breath
One foot infront of the other
Right, left
And spend your whole life climbing these steps
(Brother)

(Verse 2)

For every boy that she allows to step on her heart
She comes one step closer to findin what she needs
The sad part is shes still stuck somewhere behind the start
Still doesnt know what it takes to make it leave
That tattoo bleeds upon the paid dues
Break the rules, to balance the odds, challenge her God
The untrained eye thinks shes got it all together
But the first time I seen her smile I knew better
Right down the letters, piece them in order
Make sense out of a sentance, give the picture a border
Got to sort through the images that clutter the soul
But the photo got fried cause the shutter didnt close
Over exposed, too many steps, too soon
Killed the pain with a jameson under a blue moon
She climbs, she cries, she waits
How many more can she take before her legs break

(Chorus) {2X}

(Sister)

(Verse 3)

So if you're doing bad I'mma sing about you
And if you're doing good I'mma sing about you
Whether or not you knew I've been singin about you
It's all I know, I don't know what else to do
When you take a step I take a step
Or maybe it's the other way around I'm not too sure
Right and wrong got together, the vision was blurred
The path was crooked but the intentions were pure
And I count these steps getting closer to home
And I love each step like it was my own
And when I reach the top of the goal or whatever
Maybe finally they'll let me forget her

(Chorus) {2X}
(Don't stop looking up)