

Aesop Rock, 6B Panorama

I was sitting on my fire escape and I saw...
sturdy bridges, decorated with dirty pigeons
a vagabond begging for three pennies and a princess
a junkie tourniquet surgeon urging the needle in
a batty senior citizen flashing that awful toothless grin
I saw a corner store merchant rest on a milk crate with a stog'
a pierced nose, a model with a stalker, cheap hooker, jay
walkers
a table on a sidewalk with four old men slappin' dominos down
a city, a village, a neighborhood, a ghost town
I saw vandals catching tags and Puerto Rican flags
I saw a pregnant woman on the verge of bursting (boom)
I saw a blind man with a dog screaming 'someday I'll see it all'
and then he sat down with his hammer and saw
business men with multi-colored ties, cashmere checks
a nazi with tattoos on his neck, a Vietnam war vet
a Caucasian man with a limp and a cane, a pimp with his names
a thug circus, a pack of shook tourists hugging their purses
I saw freaks with rainbow streaks in dayglo hair
a mother smackin' the grin off her child, replaced it with a
stare
a pothole, a storefront with a broken open sign
a hole in the wall bar kicking drunks to the gutter, it's
closing time
I see a f**k up, a bum knuckle up with a taxi driver
a squatter, a grandfather, an angry right-to-lifer
I can see the roof garden on the apartment across the street

and kick myself because somewhere along the way I lost my seeds
I see a rat, a roach, a bat approach, a happy student
a black man with a horn and a will to make you sit and listen to
it
I see a little girl on the corner with bubbles, braids and
barrettes
I see a teen mother with similak pacifier and regrets
oh, a day turned stale, a hammer with a rusty nail, a failed
marriage
a universe of brick buildings slightly off balance
a challenge, I see a chance to add real colors to my favorite
palette
raise my mighty mallet towards the gods and swing my talents
I see a crack in the sidewalk
a slide show of six civilians gripping bottles of gideon
sitting inside bent meridian
there's a fun house ooh, a sun spout
spraying yellow beams above yellow back dreams
and children in the hydrants
tyrants(?), I see sirens
the wall to the glamor standard
a dead bird, a bent curb
a bus stop of commuters waiting to have their souls towed off to
work
I seen the slap dash habits of bike messengers paws
and hug that good leaf on the way to damaged packages,
dependence
oh my lord, I see bandwagons, all aboard
a carnival amusement park where a heart is a luxury
I see a gas galaxy huddled behind those pearly doors
maybe I should sit up on my fire escape a little more