

# Eligh, Forks In The Road

I came to a fork in the road and I did what you told  
Came to the fork in the road you foretold to me  
When I made a decision I felt like you were there with me  
I admit to the faults in character no matter how embarrassing  
and the mediocre way I could take care of things  
In a couple of months Ill be a man in the number scheme  
21 under the blackjack table hiding things  
I remember the way you made that guitar sing  
You have no idea, I never express what it means to me  
I attribute my love for the arts to your love for me  
Openly raising a child in LA family with glee  
a terrible twosome, never that gruesome not that extreme  
we learned to grow and prosper as a family, team.  
Touch to the fingertips to the strings can bring about a symphony  
In the middle of chaos, brush off your loss and be your own boss  
Define your mind and say odds over the beat not chalantly pause, never digress to that stuff ?  
Mom told me to never be sluggish  
slow down keep your feet movin  
right left  
know when ? the light crept through the window cover would be shining on my face  
reminded me of the warmth of the sunshining day  
I release my energy on sheets of bark  
Park my focus on the streets and after dark cuz it's amusing  
it's confusing and it's a struggle and it's a poet who lets you know it  
without the ease who pops the weeds without a hammer  
made of steel to reveal im real  
in my reality i see in green ya feel me?  
sometimes teal dyou know the deal?

came to the fork in the road  
and i did what you told

i wanna tell you  
i wanna show you what you did for me  
and all the fickle fights that ever broke a promise of you loving me  
i wanna be with you  
i wanna die beside your comfort and your energy  
cuz i cant live without your presence in this life  
i be en entity with more insurance of another place  
for me and you to pass on to another conscience space  
and never lose our place  
as mother's son i see another one  
i see another face that lives in me  
where everyday until the century ends,  
ill be an alien friend

i cant pretend any longer  
i cant fit any costumes any longer  
all faces wont fit further than i cant throw em so  
poems and clips from here and there  
stand for who i am and how i foretell where im goin  
and where will i end up  
fuck it  
gandalf is the identity  
eligh is his assistant  
we try within our ? to formulate  
underground dictionaries  
documents to show how long it's been since  
our generation moved our culture faster up the ladder than us  
everyone purchasing items  
self made in the house  
to realived? this outfit is all about  
no doubt for the world when people realize whats real  
that might be the day when the skies turn red

but better late than never  
sealed with the lick of a guitar  
and a spitfire drum came to get you lit  
higher than pluto  
with senses you know

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and i did what you told  
came to a fork in the road

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i see another face that lives in me  
where everyday until the century ends,  
ill be your alien friend  
friend, foe, no

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