

# Kevin Gilbert, Imagemaker

Black asphalt carpet stroke my feet  
Internal rhythm clocks the beat  
Liquid refreshment indiscreet  
Poetic license so concrete

On the way toward the light  
Blind ambition blurs my sight  
The hand which guides me through the night  
Has left me alone

Sitting pretty on my chair  
My two way mirror shields the glare  
Narcissus bows in useless prayer  
This franchised ego needs repair

Imagemaker come to me  
Make me things that I should be  
I am only what you see  
And you're wanting more

Champagne Minds and Cold Duck Hearts  
And who knows where the bullshit starts  
The biggest grins on the biggest sharks  
In the only pond that pays  
Mass distribution through master relations  
Can you get a leg up on the favored nation  
Can you count your long career in days

So check the odds and place your bet  
Let's have some quiet on this set  
Some standard moody silhouette  
I'll hatch another image yet