

Kindred, Far Away

I'm tired of broken street glass
Not getting no ass
Unless the babies sleep, but even then seems like we're trying to creep
Tired of paying taxes, sending emails and faxes
Tired of crooked cops, tired of black folk complaining that crime don't stop

I wanna go to a place where lovers go
Do the things that lovers do
No stress, a sweet caress from me to you
I wanna do the things we used to do,
Say the things we used to say
Just lay, everyday (all day)

Far away from here, far away from here, Far away from here,
Just jump in a taxicab, pack a bag, and get away fast. (2x)

I'm tired of late subway trains
Tired of undeserved fame
Tired of watching something, on the TV doing nothing
I'd rather be looking at ya
I'd rather be laying with ya
And I don't want to forget all the love we captured the day we met

I wanna go to a place where lovers go
Do the things that lovers do
No stress boo, a sweet caress from me to you
I wanna do the things we used to do,
Say the things we used to say
Just lay, everyday (all day)

Chorus

Far away from here, far away from here, Far away from here,
Just jump in a taxicab, pack a bag, and get away fast. (2x)

(music playing)

Far away from here, far away from here, Far away from here,
Just jump in a taxicab, pack a bag, and get away fast. (4x)