

Quarashi, Malone Lives

I wanna grow up to be a funky Euripides, the fly on the street, the beat, bat the breeze, what, the ease, what release, to be or to be not and see not and hear not (tah tah tah) come on. It's not that a big of a deal, just another mouth to feed and another breath to steal I feel I'm loosing my grip about to slip about to fall off the wagon and have another sip. Periodic fake divines, these times as we see 'em are packed with cons that can't wait to see him. The cave the cathedral, the peasant the pope, the hope of the people is a prayer for dope.

All night long we have to keep it up all night long. And right to the next damn day, we have to do the shit they say. All night long we have to keep it up all night long. And right to the next damn day, we have to do the shit they say.

And we choke in the vomit of our belief and we greave as we go on in disbelief. In this world in this life that we are living where it is nobler to take than to be giving. Stop. Get behind excess stress and no caress this form of society is making a mess. Moreover, it's over and it's a damn crime. How many we are killing in the meantime.

So I'm pushed to my feet so I can beat the air that was giving me heat way back over there. It's only fair to give guy a slack the big aphrodisiac, the new jack the ever confusing cool cat. Now see me fly on the Nashville skyline walking the fine line, reciting a new line, holding my balls while taking the calls, sorry we're closed. I'm on the bottom of the Niagara Falls. But I still believe and with so little to give I don't wanna deceive only Malone to live. We take it back that the hope is the dope. The dope's the hope in the shape of a rope.

We wanna dance tonight. We might dance into a fight. We wanna dance tonight. We wanna dance inside. We wanna dance tonight. We might dance into a fight. We wanna dance tonight. We wanna dance inside. We wanna dance tonight. We might dance into a fight. We wanna dance tonight. We wanna