

Self, Wide Awake At Seven

If I was mummified
Buried underground
I'd be a millionare
If I was petrified
My body turned to stone
I'd be afraid to walk home
Call it good luck
The right place in time
Call it a stroke of genius
Through my window pane
She comes creeping through

Sunshine, she's from Heaven
Sunshine, Wide Awake At 7
What do I do to keep her
All couped up alone in my room

If I was Rakim
I'd have a gold chain
That costs more than I could make
If I was sensitive, I'd be so sensitive
That I could never relate
Doesn't matter now, It didn't matter then
Patience is wearing thin
If I was popular, I'd only talk to her

- chorus -

You come around, you crazy intellectual you do
You make a sound, I take 9 steps to you

* repeat 1st verse *

* repeat chorus *