

# Self, Wide Awake At Seven

If I was mummified  
Buried underground  
I'd be a millionaire  
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 \*