

# Sofa Surfers, Notes Of A Prodigal

Poor black  
Thinks his freedom lies up a skirt  
Liberation a magic elixir  
Can stroke away the bonds about his wrists  
Poor black  
Thinks he can loosen his fists  
Caress from his brow  
Centuries of scars  
He knows hes bound to pass on to his seed

Watch him dancing  
Watch him singing  
Watch him shaking his ass on the deck  
Watch as his smile is slowly widening..  
Watch him dancing  
Watch him singing  
Watch him shaking his ass on the deck  
Watch as his smile is slowly widening  
And theres a rope around his neck

Im clearing my throat  
Cause Im finding my voice  
Getting braver by the second  
Gonna scream out my choices  
Ill scream and Ill wail  
And Im a son reborn  
Im the mouse evolved to lion  
And the shepherd is shorn

Watch him dancing( usv)

Immersed my self in euro-lunacy  
Deserted my divinity  
My skin and my tongue  
My flesh  
Left behind and threw to the future  
The sublimeness  
The enuffness  
The completeness lasts forever

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