

Tammany Hall NYC, Something 'Bout Some People

Theres something bout some people some of the time
and I know them cause they are like me
And every now and then theyre losing touch
They are waiting on some train that never comes and getting angry
Cause the tunnels falling back
And the heat hangs on the rise
The swarm is a closing pack
And the station shrinks in size
And they dont like it (shouldnt have to)
but their life they just cant undo,
so theyll touch whatever comes through.
Theres something bout some people some of the time
and I know them cause they are like me
And every now and then they take a hit
And question why theyre taking it
Blowing dreams and reaping envy
And they look for something more, but their tracks are still the same
And the questions from before digging tunnels in their brain
And they dont like it (shouldnt have to)
but their life they just cant undo,
so they take whatever comes through
Theres something bout some people some of the time
and I know them cause they are like me
And every now and then they catch a break
Every hit they ever took at stake
And for a moment, they could be happy
Cause their train is coming in
and their touch is back for sure,
but the pain of when you win
"isnt winning" anymore
And they dont like it (shouldnt have to)
but their life they just cant undo,
and their train, they are attached to.