

The View, Gem of a Bird

Regulars reach for wonders desires,
Fed up with rain n forest fires,
There's nothing bold enough to say there is nothing at all.
These days are going fine, she's not a friend of mine,
There's nothing said so sweet,
Can anyone hear me?

I never wrote these lines see there rise from beyond,
See a friend of mine has a gift of song,
Delivered well, delivered clear my bird is singing in my ear.
I have a gem of a bird, sits in my pocket whispers to me wonderful words,
The most magnificent words,
She puts the pen and the paper in my hand, says things she does not think I understand,
But I know better than her.

Envision the position in the lower class den,
Think once then think again.
Money first then devastation
Won't pull these times are changing,
These days are going fine, you're not a friend of mine,
There's nothing said so sweet,
Can anyone hear me?

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And I tell you there's no one stealing Jupiter from me and I'll tell you there's no one sings in better h
No spaces for fickle minds on Kye Kye to fucking disagree.

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