

# Vert, Skaterism

here he comes with his long hair  
he sags I think he doesn't care  
he wears his skateboard in his hand  
eyes of fire heart of stone  
he learned to ollie on his own  
you'd think he was alone

she's a skater chick (with blades)  
her black eye liner lines her lips  
her hair is black her "wide legs" too  
but her tank-top's as white as her skin  
hand in hand they skate away  
to make out away from day

well I love them, I love them  
but their hearts burn with such a different fire  
it's the pain of knowing them that turns my eyes to water  
they're bound in chain yet loose, unlike religious me  
my God, what is it I'm supposed to see

it's their skaterism  
buried under the humanism  
I want some if just a little for me

I think it's in his nose ring  
I think it's in her belly piercing  
but I know they've run away from the restrictions  
while I've been forced to listen  
I see them in an hour glass  
despair to fade to pass,  
this world has pulled me down

it's the pain of knowing them that turns my eyes to water  
they're bound in chain yet loose, unlike religious me  
my God, what is it I'm supposed to see

she's the most attractive white dove  
her body's silk he wraps around his neck  
and we sit here and watch them  
just my conscience and me  
my God my God  
what is it I'm to see

it's their skaterism  
under all the humanism  
I want some if just a little  
for me  
just my plea  
and you tell me what you see