

6B Panorama

Aesop Rock

I was sitting on my fire escape and I saw...
Sturdy bridges, decorated with dirty pigeons
A vagabond begging for three pennies and a princess
A junkie tourniquet surgeon urging the needle in
A batty senior citizen flashing that awful toothless grin
I saw a corner store merchant rest on a milk crate with a stog'
A pierced nose, a model with a stalker, cheap hooker, jay walkers
A table on a sidewalk with four old men slappin' dominos down
A city, a village, a neighborhood, a ghost town
I saw vandals catching tags and Puerto Rican flags
I saw a pregnant woman on the verge of bursting (boom)
I saw a blind man with a dog screaming 'someday I'll see it all'
And then he sat down with his hammer and saw
Business men with multi-colored ties, cashmere checks
A nazi with tattoos on his neck, a Vietnam war vet
A Caucasian man with a limp and a cane, a pimp with his names
A thug circus, a pack of shook tourists hugging their purses
I saw freaks with rainbow streaks in dayglo hair
A mother smackin' the grin off her child, replaced it with a stare
A pothole, a storefront with a broken open sign
A hole in the wall bar kicking drunks to the gutter, it's closing time
I see a fuck up, a bum knuckle up with a taxi driver
A squatter, a grandfather, an angry right-to-lifer
I can see the roof garden on the apartment across the street

And kick myself because somewhere along the way I lost my seeds
I see a rat, a roach, a bat approach, a happy student
A black man with a horn and a will to make you sit and listen to it
I see a little girl on the corner with bubbles, braids and barrettes
I see a teen mother with similak pacifier and regrets
Oh, a day turned stale, a hammer with a rusty nail, a failed marriage
A universe of brick buildings slightly off balance
A challenge, I see a chance to add real colors to my favorite palette
Raise my mighty mallet towards the gods and swing my talents
I see a crack in the sidewalk
A slide show of six civilians gripping bottles of gideon
Sitting inside bent meridian
There's a fun house ooh, a sun spout
Spraying yellow beams above yellow back dreams
And children in the hydrants
Tyrants[?], I see sirens
The wall to the glamor standard
A dead bird, a bent curb
A bus stop of commuters waiting to have their souls towed off to work
I seen the slap dash habits of bike messengers paws
And hug that good leaf on the way to damaged packages, dependence
Oh my lord, I see bandwagons, all aboard
A carnival amusement park where a heart is a luxury
I see a gas galaxy huddled behind those pearly doors
Maybe I should sit up on my fire escape a little more