

Raking Leaves On A Blacktop

Bargain Music

Had a conversation about your frustration
Don't want to love a local sensation
Damn I'm sorry son
Drove out to Vegas courtesy of Cuervo
The next 24 hours went by in slow mo
I just want to go home
The turtle and the shovel the hope he came mine
That's the best memory I have from when I was age nine
Now I found God and him relaxes me

You know I tried to love you
But I couldn't get through
It all came to an end with my little brother's friend
And since you there's been quite a few

The thrills, the life, the wind,
Your eyes, the this, the that, the holy crap,
It's just like,
Raking leaves on a blacktop

The first time I saw a dead body
It was the summer of 1980
I knew that he could see me looking down on him
Taking all the shit
All the people that are still missing him

I had a dream last night that I became you
But my feet stayed the same they were too big for your shoes
But what could I do
Can't remember who was there when I first shaved my hair,
Got a tattoo next to Washington square
Damn ghetto flight of stairs
Screaming at papa, searching for rhymes
Wanda screaming how many times can two people cry
Oh you know we'll give it a try
Damn the gate into the dub sack
So I got rolled, couldn't even get my stack
Put your clothes on your in a parking lot
Go ahead take the first shot boss you know that I've got your back

The gun, the knives, the wind
Your eyes, the this, the that, the holy crap
It's just like,
Raking leaves on a black top

The thrills, the life, the wind
Your eyes, the this, the that, the holy crap
It's just like,
Raking leaves on a blacktop.