

## 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.