

I SIT HERE EVERYDAY, WATCHIN' YOU RUSH AWAY  
I WRITE DOWN WHAT YOU WEAR  
WORDS IN PROSE OF SKIRTS AND SUITS  
IN BLUES AND GREYS, SUCH BAD TASTE  
YOUR RUNNIN' WHEN IT RAINS,  
TOO LATE TO CATCH THE TRAIN  
THE WORK JUST HAS TO WAIT  
MOST OF YOU I'VE LEARNED TO RECOGNIZE BY SIGHT  
AS YOU WALK BY  
I WRITE IT DOWN IN RHYMES ABOUT YOUR BUSY LIVES  
INVISIBLE TO YOU, A MIRROR OF THE EDGES OF SOCIETY  
RICH IN POVERTY  
I'M THE OUTSIDER, THE OBSERVER  
THE OUTCAST, THE WORD CONSERVER  
I'M INSPIRED BY THE STREETS  
SOME DAY IT WILL BE IN MY BIOGRAFFITI  
I'M JUST RECITIN' MY STREET POETRY  
MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,  
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME  
I'M JUST RECITIN' MY STREET POETRY  
MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,  
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME  
NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,  
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME  
THAT GUY HAS GOT A MORTGAGE  
AND CHILDREN, BET THEY'RE GORGEOUS  
BUT AS I READ HIS EYES I KNOW HE'S UNHAPPY  
WITH HIS GREEDY WIFE AND HIS DAILY LIFE  
I'VE SEEN THE GREY MASSES, SLAVES TO HIGHER CLASSES  
SOMEDAY SOMEWHERE SOMEHOW  
SOMEONE WILL RELEASE MY BOOK OF POETRY  
OR AT LEAST A PIECE  
I'M THE OUTSIDER, THE OBSERVER  
THE OUTCAST, THE WORD CONSERVER  
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SOME DAY IT WILL BE IN MY BIOGRAFFITI  
I'M JUST RECITIN' MY STREET POETRY  
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MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,  
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME  
NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU,  
BUT IT'S THE WHOLE WORLD TO ME  
RECITIN' MY STREET POETRY  
I'M JUST A WRITER OF STREET POETRY  
MIGHT MEAN NOTHIN' MUCH TO YOU  
BUT IT'S EVERYTHING TO ME