

Sorry for myself, I've lost my
Kharmic wealth but
I can take from you with antiseptic stealth
I'll dig my own grave, get my
Front yard paved
There's always a penny earned
Another dollar saved

What lies ahead

I always make my point, soak
Bread in dirty oil
"Right's" too strong a word
The neighborhood's been spoiled but
I know what I know, stuck that
Inner glow
I don't have time to learn
I said I know what I know

I'm wrong, I won't admit it
I won't get it