

# Basketball

## I Mother Earth

I'm barefoot, bristling  
Solitude  
On my rooftop, solid  
So like this come of stars  
Staring at me  
Who's out there?  
I can see the girl  
Across the way  
She can't see me  
And I touch myself  
With just a little bit of confusion  
But I'm all alone  
And that's all that matters

It's the chance  
I'm taking  
It's the danger I like

Within this  
Euphoric kind of feeling  
It's just a sex high  
There ain't no waterfalls  
There ain't no grassy grass here  
Just a casual nod  
And basketball  
I don't mind  
Cause I'm still alive

All thoughts and feelings  
Under my ceiling

This city  
Hangs a sensual tension  
This city  
Screams for more affection  
Hitting it from all directions  
Just a kid  
With the past of a grown man

Sold my sex  
In public places  
To junked out fags  
With yellow eyes  
Running  
For their Times Square lives  
Hit the river, swim in shit  
But never  
Tried to open my eyes  
In the dark  
I see dead young faces  
Fix me up  
And keep your Zen