

Listen Close

MC Frontalot

Frontalot is on appointment
To rock the microphone with a style that's got
Disjointment.
Some point went out the window, got lost.
This MC is unwilling to absorb the cost. I foster
Indignation,
Don't care if my lyrics are obtuse and yo I'm losing my
Hair.
And you don't stare at the man on the bus who's got the
Voices in his head.
If he led a life of reason, yo you know he would have
Said:

Listen close, listen close, listen close to the sound:
I don't wanna be down, I don't wanna be down.

I know what you're thinking, you could sink into this
State.
I suggest you plug—yes—your ears and concentrate.
Fate of the man who paid too much attention was the
Depths he plumbed.
Some dumb fate it was too, the way he succumbed.

Might have, um, imagined a world without despair,
And for that matter, I could keep my hair. But beware:
Some thoughts are fantasies and others cold hard facts.
Once you've given your attention, you can't take it
Back.

And Frontalot comes talking in the oddest of ways
On the record that plays. Never meant to order stays
Of execution for the speedily dispatched.
Now the man on the bus repeating like a record with a
Scratch
His name and number, number, name and number, number
Name.
Suspect that if you ask him again he'll tell you the
Same.
To the casual ear the words I say and sense do not
Endure an intersection.
To such a sentiment I stake objection.